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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE FRONT PAGE

Taxation Inequality

WE MAY as well recognize the fact that the taxing power of governments—which is now of such enormous social and economic importance because of the vast revenues required by governments and the intensity of the resultant taxation rates—is being systematically employed not only by Socialistic governments but by governments elected for the specific purpose of resisting Socialism, in such a way as to handicap private enterprise and benefit Socialistic enterprise wherever the two are in competition with one another.

The whole theory of the exemption of Crown properties from all kinds of taxation needs to be revised in such a way as to confine it to those types of Crown property which are actually needed and employed in the true business of the Crown; namely, the carrying on of the government of the country or the province—the only business in which the Crown was engaged when the doctrine of exemption was first established. It has no proper application to any property or activity of the Crown employed in the business of producing or distributing goods or services for sale. In that business the Crown should be on exactly the same footing as any private enterpriser engaged in similar activities.

Even when the activity is supposedly non-competitive, as in the case of the distribution of alcoholic beverages the tax exemption is a hardship to the authority which would collect the taxes if there were any. When the activity is competitive, and is bidding against private enterprise for the patronage of clients, it is an injustice that the private enterprise should be taxed and the public enterprise should go free; but worse than that, it so loads the scales against private enterprise as to drive it eventually out of business, and so bonuses public enterprise as to deprive it of all incentive to efficiency.

It is true that both Socialistic and co-operative enterprises can avoid any form of taxation which is aimed directly at profits, as such, because they are under no necessity of making profits, and can reduce their rates to the exact equivalent of their costs. It is a rather striking evidence of the superior efficiency of private enterprise that it is usually able to meet this competition, to offer goods or services at the same rate as its non-profit competitors, and still to make a small profit for its owners—though that profit is doubtless often no more than a bare equivalent of a moderate interest rate on the capital which they have provided, and which the Socialist or co-operative enterprise has had to obtain by the issue of bonds. But when the earnings of the private enterprise are heavily taxed before the balance is made available for distribution to the owners while the earnings of their competitors go scot free, the rules of the game are certainly not fair to both sides. The corporation income tax is a deliberate and substantial weighting of the scales in favor of non-incorporated enterprise, and if it cannot be abolished it should certainly be placed on a more scientific basis.

Today "Florence Nightingale" wears a helmet. Belgian nurses have rendered splendid service to Canadians busy cleaning up the Scheldt Estuary in order to open the port of Antwerp to Allied supplies and reinforcements. This nurse of the Belgian White Army, bandaging a wounded soldier in the Antwerp dock area, was imprisoned for one and a half years by the Germans for underground activities.

Partial Repudiation

THE new Government of Saskatchewan is certainly displaying great ingenuity in drawing distinctions between different kinds of taxable objects which have never been drawn before. It has long made clear its intention to differentiate between income derived from interest payments made by debtors in the province to creditors in the province and interest payments made by debtors in the province to creditors outside of the province. It now announces its intention to differentiate between income derived from one particular kind of property, namely natural resources within the province which have been disposed of by the Crown to private ownership, and income derived from any other kind of property.

It will not make any difference whether the Crown was adequately paid for these natural resources, in cash or in any other kind of consideration, or not. Indeed it is quite safe to assume that one kind of natural resource, namely agricultural land, a great deal of which was disposed of by the Crown to private owners without any consideration at all except that of occupation and use, will not be subjected to the discriminatory tax.

The proposed tax is simply a form of partial repudiation—more or less complete according to the intensity of the tax rate—of the past actions of the Crown in granting natural resources to private owners. It is a general, allover, repudiation without any inquiry into the merits of the transaction by which the resource was alienated. It is a repudiation without any regard to the number of hands through which the resource may have passed, for value received, since the original grant, and therefore a repudiation without any regard to the "innocence" of the present holder. It is a repudiation which undermines the security of every kind of property in natural resources in the province of Saskatchewan.

A large part of the natural resources whose value is thus to be partially confiscated was alienated by the Dominion Government before the prairie provinces were given control of their own natural resources; and it is an interesting point that Saskatchewan received a large sum of money in cash from the Dominion in consideration of these alienated resources. It seems reasonable to suggest that the Dominion has a responsibility towards the owners of the property rights which it thus created, and for the creation of which it has already compensated the province.

It is a fairly well established principle that where there is a vested interest created by the Dominion, the Dominion has the right and duty to exercise the power of disallowance upon provincial legislation which invades the rights of that vested interest. It is true that the present invasion is partial and temporary, that it is a tax measure which can be changed in any succeeding year, and that it probably will not take one hundred per cent of the proceeds of the natural resources involved. On the other hand, if the Dominion permits the legislation to go into effect when first proposed, with a rate of perhaps twenty per cent, it is hard to see how it can logically change its mind and intervene when the rate is subsequently raised to ninety per cent. It is not the rate that matters, but the whole principle of the taxability of this special kind of income as distinct from all other income.

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Broadcasting Rumor

A RECENT brief despatch with reference to a national radio conference in Mexico City raised a point of cardinal importance in days when radio divides with the press the function of news distribution. It recorded a recommendation that steps be taken to eliminate rumors from radio newscasts. Apparently the conference, though under national auspices, invited international advice because the resolution on this subject was presented by Thomas P. Gale, Mexican representative of the British Broadcasting Corporation. It sug-

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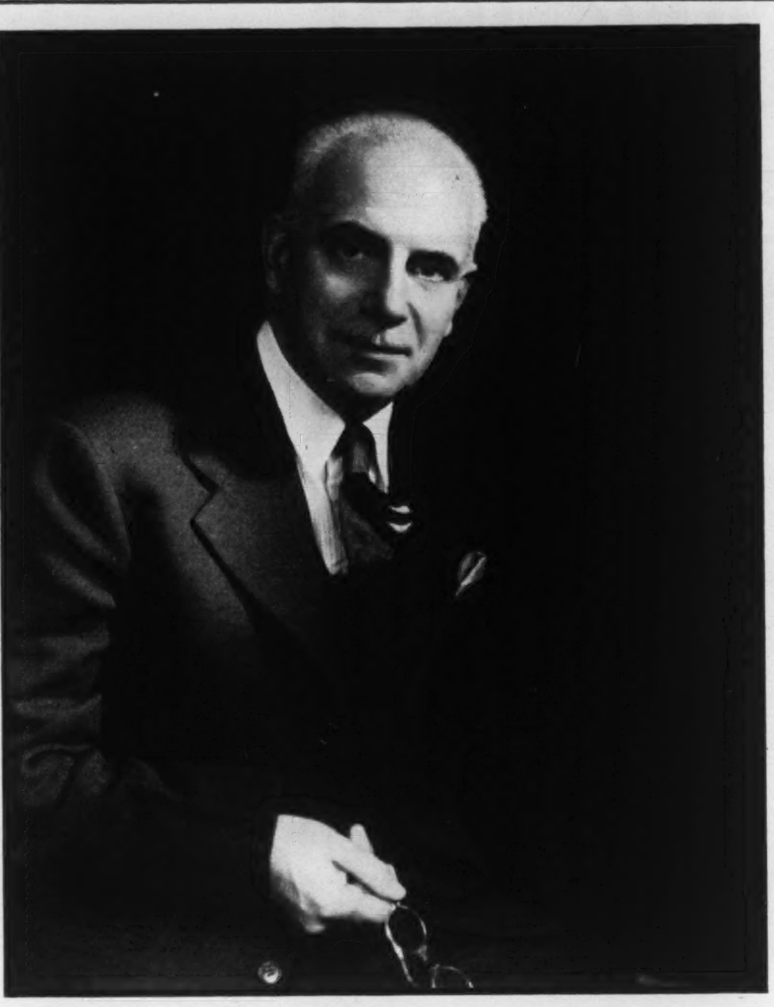

Omer Lussier —*Photo by Audet.*

NAME IN THE NEWS

Godfather of the Movement to Nourish Quebec's Good "Bush"

By COROLYN COX

WHEN you speak of the *young* men whose initiative—or indignation—is today causing the Province of Quebec to stir in its long sleep, you can't go entirely by years. Omer Lussier, for example, was born down in Sir George Etienne Cartier's village, St. Antoine, on the Richelieu River in 1889, but he has one of the youngest minds in Quebec. His fifty-five years have permitted him to register accomplishment, but haven't dulled his outlook.

Lussier describes himself as "a simple citizen," which is probably the most inspiring fact about the man. For if simple citizens, of the stock of Quebec, when their minds are opened, can achieve what Lussier has done for the welfare of the Province, it only needs numbers of other citizens to raise the blinds in their minds and exert themselves—and giant wheels will turn over.

Omer Lussier learned self-reliance at an early age. When he was three years old his mother died, leaving his father with five children to raise, the eldest only twelve. The eighty acre dairy farm provided the physical needs of the Lussiers, but not domestic care. Result was, in addition to doing the usual boys' jobs about the farm, the lads all took a turn in the kitchen as well, dealt with their own problems of buttons off clothing, hunger, dish washing et al. When Omer got to the age for secondary school, his father was able to send him to Sherbrooke College, but he turned family cook when he got back home on vacations.

A Forestry Course

The farm prospered. Omer went on to Laval University for a three year course in forestry. He was sure of what he wanted to do for his living—something in Quebec's grand forests—and his summer vacation work in the bush during his Laval years confirmed his decision. He took his forestry degree in 1914.

Lussier's first job thereafter was with Belgo Pulp and Paper Co. He went into the bush for them, stock taking, as it were, reporting what they had, what their soil was, etc.

Quebec Province had set up its Forestry Service in 1909. In 1915 Lussier went into the service, was sent to the Abitibi district to inspect the settlers' clearings developing out of the government's colonization scheme, reporting on the general state of affairs, what quality of wood they were finding, how organization of the parishes was proceeding, what classification of soil was there. The settlers he found had a hard but by no means an unhappy lot. Lussier put in three years on this sort of work, making reports on bush exploitation from various angles.

Exploring Southward

In 1919 he set forth on a year of travel to find out for the government what went on in other places. He spent a summer at Cornell University, partly to improve his English, as well as to investigate their forestry department and experiments and get an idea how the U.S. was running things. The next step was the nearby State University at Syracuse, New York, where he spent four months. Lussier found the professors fine—and very "leftist". He came in contact with mental outlooks he had never known before. He was puzzled to know what to think, and it took him many years to make his mind up about the various ideas he first heard of here.

After returning from the U.S. Lussier spent a year studying the bush in Europe. He visited France, Belgium, Germany and Sweden during 1920-21. Quebec, he found, had much to learn. We were still crude here, he felt. France had the outstanding accomplishment in his view, but her sylviculture was of a very different type from what we needed, a proposition of small woods. There is a saying that every single tree in France is known to the authorities by name. Sweden was the place where he gathered ideas about what Canada should and could do, found there big forest lands and conditions comparable to much of our own. They were far ahead of us in sylviculture, but we were out in front in our methods of cutting.

Lussier came back to the service in Quebec City, stayed with the government until 1928, the while studying law in his spare time, with a view to eventually getting out into business. He finished his law course, took his degree. Then in 1929 he set up on his own and joined Louis Francoeur for two years running the weekly, *Le Journal*.

Back to forestry in 1932, Lussier set up his own office as a consultant forestry engineer and has had most of the big paper and lumber companies on his list of clients.

Life-Work Begins

Six years ago Omer Lussier started the grand piece of work for Quebec Province that was recently acclaimed when Laval University conferred upon him an honorary doctor's degree in sciences. He founded and till last year remained President of the Quebec Forestry Association, an organization to draw together all those concerned with the welfare of the forests, which means ordinary citizens as well as forestry engineers, lumber jacks and lumber men, executives and employees of the pulp and paper companies whose profitable exploitation of "the bush" depends upon habitant labor as well as sylviculture for its continuation. All these groups in the Province have supported both the man and the organization. Business circles, the public and the industry have united in making the project ten times the success Lussier ever dreamed of attaining.

The Association publication *La Forêt* proudly claims to be the forestry magazine with the largest circulation in Canada. Lately the Association has sponsored 4H Forest Clubs for Youth, in two years has organized 75 clubs in the Province and now affiliates its activities with those of the four million members in the United States. Mr. Lussier's little booklet, "Forest Policy," published by the Association has called the public's attention to its responsibility in seeing that neither fire nor bad forest methods and pests dissipate Quebec's vast treasure bestowed upon her so liberally by the Creator. The Province is losing nearly 400,000 acres of bush a year by fire!

Doctor of Science

In his speech of acceptance of his honorary degree at Laval, Omer Lussier addressed a distinguished audience. The Convention of the Quebec Forestry Association had drawn pulp and paper men, lumbermen, forestry experts and bushmen from all over the continent. They all gathered at Laval University to do honor to the distinguished and universally loved and respected founder of their Association. Well they realized the value of the service he has given the Province and their own interests. Mr. Lussier gave forth a picture of the Quebec situation that could well be widely considered at this time. Quebec Province, said Mr. Lussier, contrary to what has been the philosophical desire of many, so often expressed, just isn't a good farming country. Only about 10% of the land is suitable for farming at all. The conception of little rural communities with large families growing up on poor farms may be charming in spirit, but it is a narrow objective economically speaking.

Now comes the day of industry in Quebec, big pulp and paper mills employing thousands of men in mills and in the bush. Mr. Lussier has ideas about the establishment of communities in the bush, whole families going into settlements in which the full amenities of modern community life will be provided for them by co-operation of government and the companies. He has also ideas about the necessity of reorienting the education of the citizens of Quebec, the need of a good part of them learning to speak the language of the vast United States below the line if Quebeckers are to take their rightful place in their own industries and on the scientific and administrative staffs of American companies operating in Quebec.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Warm Objection to the Theory That People are Parasites

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. SILCOX has a perfect right to his opinion as voiced in your issue of Oct. 7 that "The fortunate should not be penalized for the benefit of the unfortunate." But he has no right to claim, as he does, that the unfortunate, even if maleducated are necessarily "imprudent, inefficient, careless and inconsiderate." One cannot help wondering how and where he has spent his 20 years in social research without discovering that these theories, so fashionable in certain quarters, are just not true. They indicate a complete ignorance of the character of many of our finest Canadians.

It is true that there are a few drones and parasites among them as there are among the "Aristocracy of the payers of income tax" and probably in the same proportion but it has never been suggested that the aristocrats be deprived of the family allowance which they have enjoyed for many years in the form of income tax exemption.

Are we to be forever frozen at our present stage of progress? And is all constructive legislation to be delayed or vetoed because Ontario hates Quebec or the rest of Canada hates Toronto or the Gentiles hate the Jews or the Natives hate the Foreigners?

In our home, as in so many others, there was an empty seat at the table this Thanksgiving. To those of us who have seen our boys go to fight a vicious system which has flourished in Europe on class hatred it is discouraging to find a faction here in Canada trying to promote the same poisonous doctrine.

HAZEL BELL MCGREGOR.
Toronto, Ont.

The Aid to Marconi

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SATURDAY NIGHT of October 14 paid a well-merited tribute to the late Sir William Mulock, referring especially to the encouragement he gave to Marconi and his Wireless Telegraphy. But the statement that Sir William was the only Minister interested in assisting Marconi is a little less than fair.

When I accompanied Marconi to Ottawa in search of Federal assistance I went first to Mr. Fielding, and he became so interested that he asked me to go at once and see Sir Wilfrid Laurier. This I did, and I found him not only aware of, but well-posted on the experiments at St. John's and on the difficulties encountered by Marconi there.

Ottawa, Ont. ALEX JOHNSTON.

Provincial Tax-Rights

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOU would not likely, prior to 1916, have written so strongly as you did in your issue of August 26 regarding the right of the Dominion government to levy income taxes. In 1916 Sir Thomas White, needing additional funds to finance the first world war, instituted that most cordially hated of all Canadian taxes, the Dominion Income Tax. In doing so, when rendering his budget speech, Sir Thomas made a profuse apology to the Canadian people and promised unequivocally to abolish the act immediately after the war, a promise that none of his successors in office has ever been willing to implement. To make matters worse, in this second world war the provinces have been induced temporarily to hand over to the Ottawa government their whole right to self taxation and now it is being proposed that this new arrangement shall be rendered permanent.

It is quite true, regarding the right of direct taxation, that the B.N.A. Act, as in many other respects, is not as clear as it might be. On the other hand the fact that the act enumerates the several methods of indirect taxation granted to the Dominion Government and disallowed to the provinces, and specifically allows the right of direct taxation to the latter, was always accepted throughout Canada, not only prior to 1916 but long after that date, as giving a monopoly of direct taxation to the provinces. There is no gainsaying that fact.

There was no Hansard for the pre-Confederation conference at Quebec in the Fall of 1864 but there was in the more important one of 1865. The King's Printer at Ottawa has that Hansard on sale. Possibly a reference to the discussion of this matter would throw some light on the subject.

As you say, Provincial governments are not inclined to give up any of their rights, particularly that of self taxation. Certainly this is the case with the Maritime provinces for, controlled as the Ottawa government and caucus are by the two central Provinces, especially Ontario, the Maritimes could be starved into acquiescence with the demands of the Dominion. Until such time as Ontario and Quebec realize that the Maritimes entered Confederation on the strength of certain specified promises which have not been kept they must expect a constantly growing feeling of dissatisfaction in the Provinces by the sea.

H. K. S. HEMMING.
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

To Continue The Spoof

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR issue of September 30, under the heading "Our Emblem Dear" you criticize the Maple Leaf as the national emblem of Canada, on the grounds that it is not common and in fact is practically unknown in many parts of Canada. You mildly suggest the poplar leaf, or the needles of the jack-pine as being more appropriate since better known.

You really have something here which should be considered very carefully. In some way I seem to recall that the beaver is also emblematic of Canada, and I wonder how many beaver there are wandering around the Labrador regions or the Rocky Mountains; indeed I wonder how many people of Ontario or Quebec have ever seen a beaver except in a zoo. If we substitute the needles of the jack-pine for the maple leaf, what could we substitute for the beaver? Since it must be something well known in all parts of Canada, and I presume as industrious as the beaver, I would like to suggest the common house fly, or possibly even the mosquito. Both are widely known, and at certain seasons of the year at least are sufficiently industrious to please any one.

Hamilton, Ont. C. E. BURKE

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The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

gested that only news items of "good source" be permitted on the air. The matter can be effectively dealt with only by agreement among the radio authorities of many countries, because the newscasts with which we are all familiar originate in many lands.

Though, during the present war, B.B.C., C.B.C. and the large, privately owned U.S. networks, have their own observers or correspondents on many fronts, it can hardly be denied that, for news, radio leans pretty hard on the despatches of regular press correspondents; and it is in this connection that the problem of "good source" becomes all important. In Britain a stiff control of the press prevails; and in Canada, by co-operative effort among all daily newspapers the public is effectively protected against the diffusion of false rumor. But from the United States an army of correspondents has been sent overseas, and the evidence of our own eyes shows that at a high estimate not more than fifty per cent of them are reliable. Rumor mongers who announce operations and triumphs which do not come to pass, or are delayed for weeks, are very numerous. Even when they clothe these rumors with cautionary phrases, the heading writer throws caution to the winds. The radio news announcer uses the flash headlines, and after a brave stab at pronouncing unfamiliar geographical names, further distorts the rumor.

Conquerors Trouble

"WE COME AS CONQUERORS," General Eisenhower has proclaimed to the German population. In the small corner of Germany which the American First Army has occupied around Aachen, we are sampling some of the problems which a conqueror must deal with. The sharp change in atmosphere from the friendly surroundings of France and Belgium, where almost everyone welcomed you as friend and liberator and was eager to help against the Germans and give information on their movements, to the hostile surroundings of German towns and villages, woods and fields, where almost everyone must be reckoned an enemy, anxious to report your movements if not to snipe on you, has been noted by all correspondents entering Germany.

There were a few cases at first of fraternization between our troops and the better-disposed Germans, but when photographs of these were shown on this side, the sharpest orders went out against such conduct—it is said, on the personal intervention of the President and Commander-in-Chief. Most G. I.'s, however, did not need the admonition. They had seen too much of German beastliness on battlefields and towns and villages all the way from Normandy, so those in contact with them report, to feel the slightest kindliness towards these people.

This is the background for a description cabled a few days ago of the evacuation of 3,000 civilians from smouldering Aachen, "under the stony glances of our troops." Old women wept as they looked back at the fiery ruin of their homes. "But had they wept for the poor homeless victims of Louvain and Rotterdam, Coventry and London?", asks the correspondent. Old men trundling baby carriages laden with the poor salvage of a lifetime's possessions cringed as fighter planes roared overhead. But they were our planes; they did not machine-gun the helpless as the brutalized German youth had done in 1940, yes, and in 1944. "Thank God, they are American planes," the wretched people muttered, without realizing the meaning of what they said.

"Oh, it is awful! It is cruel! Why has this happened?", these German refugees cry. And the correspondent coldly asks, what of Warsaw, where you started all this, what of the unspeakable murder factories at Lublin; what of little Lidice—the thousand Lidices from France to Russia, from Greece to Norway? A woman rails against the English. "It is their fault! If only they had given in in 1940, we would have had peace before now."

But another woman cries, "Hitler is a devil! How I hate him! He has stolen our young people." A companion supports her, saying "Yes, we hate the Nazis," but adding carefully that they were nevertheless "all good patriotic Germans." These people the correspondent ticks off with the rest, wondering if they believe that by saying what they think we want to hear they can make the world believe again that the German people were not behind the war and Hitler. "They want to be friends, but the boys aren't falling for it."

—Photo by Karsh.

Clare Boothe Luce, who is obviously the icing on top of the Congressional cake, tied with the Duchess of Windsor as 1943's best-dressed woman. This is deftly stressed by Karsh in his photograph of America's most glamorous public figure, in private life the wife of publisher Henry Luce—and playwright, editor and author in her own right.

Anti-Nazis?

ARE there real anti-Nazis among the Germans? The skepticism of Allied observers is understandable. It is even healthy, for a beginning. But can we really persist in such an attitude towards those Germans who openly declare that they are anti-Nazi or hate Hitler? Is it seriously proposed that we are not going to work with any Germans whatsoever? Without going into the question of the "good" and the "bad" Germans, it is a fact that many Germans have always been anti-Nazi. As long ago as 1936 and 1937 many said grimly: "It will take a war—a losing war—to rid us of this brown horde."

To say that then, meant to risk one's life. To say "Hitler is a devil" within the hearing of fellow-Germans is still a risky thing. It marks a man or woman who is ready to defy the underground terror which the Nazi Party and the SS will seek to maintain after defeat against all who oppose them or who show themselves willing to work with us to lay the first foundations of a democratic Germany. Himmler's *Schwarze Korps* only last week threatened a bullet in the neck for all German "collaborationists."

But just as we intend to hunt down the SS terrorists, so *we must protect those Germans who are willing to work with us.* We must beat the Nazi game of making themselves and their underground out as the true patriotic Germans. We must draw a large number of Germans into the open fight against Nazism, as the destroyer of Germany. We must do everything in our power to strengthen their conviction that, although they hate the Nazis, they are "good patriotic Germans"—in fact, *the* patriotic Germans.

To reject all German co-operation is to put ourselves voluntarily in the position in which the Germans found themselves in Poland, with every man's hand against them, exactly the pattern which they are trying to copy for their underground war in Germany. Just as in the publication of the Morgenthau proposals for destroying all German industry—which, whatever their merit, should not have been revealed to the enemy to stiffen his resistance at this time—we have in this story of the Germans of Aachen another reminder of what it will cost us to try to defeat and occupy Germany without any clearly decided policy.

Daylight Saving

EMPLOYERS and workers may have differences many, but they're agreed on at least one point. They can sing in unison "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning" and mean it. For Daylight Saving, however pleasant in Spring and Summer, gets worse and worse as the sun moves south. It is bad enough to have breakfast in the dark, but to go to work before the lark leaves her watery nest is tough. "Lates" are too common and drowsy work is likely to be inefficient.

In summer a real saving in electric energy justifies putting on the clock an hour. There is no such clear cause in winter even though "there's a war on." For that reason a considerable number of business men and workers are about ready to argue with Ottawa on the question.

Originally each municipality determined whether or not it would operate on D.S. time. There was some inconvenience when railroad time and city time were not alike, and when, for example, neighboring cities differed. For that reason the Federal authorities made the clock-tinkering a war-measure. If it still is to be considered so, Ottawa might well suspend the regulation from October to April. If not, let them suspend it altogether and go back to the old system, the "confusion" having been then more apparent than real.

The Passing Show

A New York writer, throwing glamor over a new singer, announces that she could play Bach fugues on the 'cello before she could read or write. They do a lot of things in New York. Any time now we may hear of one man singing a male quartet.

•

Uncorrected

I HAVE waited for you,
Dear, lovable creature of grace,
For thirty long minutes or more,
And the time is now due
For sternest rebuke, face to face,
As soon as you enter that door.

I shall say with a frown
"Have you no understanding of time?
We are due there for dinner at eight,
Yet you fuss with your gown
Unheeding the Westminster chime,
And force me to wait—and to wait."

Ha! Now you come in.
I look at your beautiful eyes,
At the soft, raven crown of your hair.
Lord! How could I win
So gentle a mate, and so wise,
And I—such a clumsy affair!

Your witchery oft I have owned.
The well-earned rebuke is—postponed.

J. E. M.

•

Concerning the American Presidential Election we are neutral—but not in thought.

•

It must be a little embarrassing for President Roosevelt not to know until November 7 if he should put in the winter coal, or let Tom do it.

•

An Eastern Port

BUT let's get down to solid facts.
I s'pose you'd really like to "ax,"
About the Town of Halifax;
Where people love to wait in queues,
To get their meals, or pay their dues,
Or even buy a quart of booze;
Where uniforms, with crowns to pips,
Are worn by little female snips,
And admirals come off the ships;
Where Waacs and Wrens are looking swish,
And all the water you could wish,
And—odorous with ghosts of fish.

STACCATO

•

The visiting firemen now in Germany may not get civic receptions, but we still believe that they are not unwelcome — any change being for the better.

•

The Timid Ones

A SOLID citizen, years ago,
Considered the mail-coach fast enough,
With a four-horse team and a horn to blow,
And dubbed the railroads "radical stuff!"

His conservative grandson, whiskers white,
In a plushy Pullman fled afar,
And scarce could endure the vulgar sight
Of a low-slung, radical motor-car.

And *his* posterity, at the wheel
Of a limousine, peered up at the sky
And said with an inner scorn, "I feel
That only an idiot wants to fly."

But each of them (if the truth be told)
As the Tory view of life he aired,
Was not so strong for the ways of old
As
he
was
scared!

J. E. M.

•

Speaking of postwar adjustments—everybody is—perhaps the war-commentators will enter the ministry. They have the voice already.

•

Exception

A COLLEAGUE girds at penicillin
(New curative in the surgeon's books)
And wonders oft if that blue-mold kin
Will taste as terrible as it looks.

We find blue-mold a delightful thing
We always go for it like a breeze,
More than anything else the waiters bring;
The dear blue-mold in the Roquefort cheese.

A. J.

•

Some of the non-objective painters running around loose should try to put on canvas the yearning of a soldier in Holland or Italy for a Canadian hallowe'en party complete with girls—and fudge.

Much Here That Is Spirited, If Controversial

"Riders", by Fritz Brandtner.

"Beauport", by Jean Paul Lemieux.

"North Shore, St. Lawrence", by Peter Haworth.

By Paul Duval

THE "Adventure In Art" show held recently at Eaton's, Toronto Galleries was probably as fair a cross section of Canadian art as one is likely to see. It included impressionism, abstraction, expressionism and realism, but no surrealism (which shouldn't surprise anybody, since the number of exhibiting Canadian surrealists can be counted on one hand despite the fact that some misinformed persons call anything possessing an element of free-association "surrealist".) The major fault with this exhibition was the chasm which separated its stimulating title from the nature of the paintings actually on view. While no one is going to suggest that the word "adventure" applied to painting is only synonymous with cubism and its immediate relatives, one does expect a certain venturesome vitality such as is displayed in the work of John Lyman, Marguerite Fainmel, Sydney Borenstein and Fritz Brandtner who were among those represented. As it was, a fair amount of the stuff hung was completely devoid of any sign of that experimental attitude which accompanies all true "art adventure".

Of the truly venturesome artists Lyman, Fainmel and Borenstein were significantly represented. John Lyman is one of the most accomplished painters this country possesses. He is essentially a classicist, and is much more concerned about appealing to the spectators' visual sensibilities than to their moral sense. But, though primarily an intellectual painter, he rarely permits his theoretical concerns to force any *a priori* mould upon his work, and almost everything he does bears the imprint of a sensitive and active creative process rather than being the result of some pre-conceived, sterile anaesthetic "plan". In the exhibition under review, Mr. Lyman had three paintings: a very solidly composed portrait, "Marcelle"; a figure study, "Oriental"; and a symbolical canvas, "Presage", a reminder that even a quite good painter occasionally descends to the commonplace in design and conception.

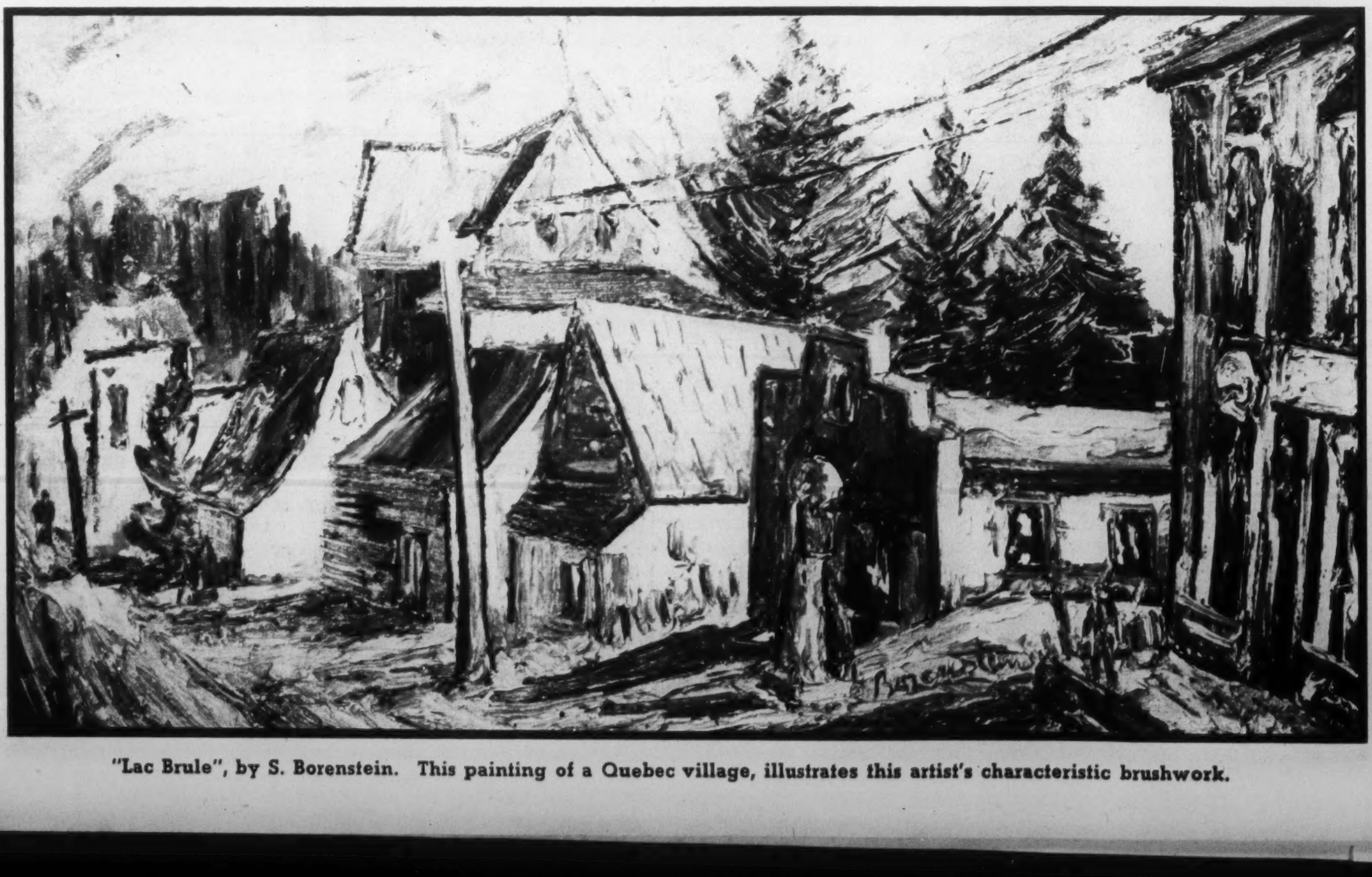
The Montreal expressionist Borenstein's explosive talent was best exhibited in the richly textured, highly-keyed "Montreal Street" and a summer landscape, "Lac Brule". Sometimes Borenstein is apt to lose his forms in the violent application of his pigment, and I feel that both the physical permanence and the pictorial effectiveness of his canvases would be increased if he applied his paint somewhat less thickly and a little more deliberately.

Visitors to this exhibit were enabled to see three distinct manifestations of Marguerite Fainmel's versatile and considerable talent. Her two figure pieces, "Girl and Flowers" and "Young Girl" are both accomplished works, displaying much charm in conception and a delicacy of surface handling not common among Canadian painters. Her two brooding cityscapes, "Montreal Street" and the luminous "Shacks", reveal a very different but equally impressive side of her art. One of her most recent creations included in this exhibition, "Driftwood", represents a very distinct departure for Miss Fainmel and gives promise of a development along quite individual lines of fantasy.

Lack of space precludes mention of other painters and paintings worth noting. But there is one thing I should like to remark about this exhibition and those held in Canadian commercial galleries generally, and that is the withdrawal from exhibitions of admirable paintings—in this case John Lyman's "Oriental"—because they happen to portray nudes. Now it ought to be more widely broadcast that the nude human figure happens to be the richest source of those subtleties of lines, masses and volumes which supply most artists with their chief inspiration. And, while artists are going to go right on painting nudes whether prudes approve or not, it would be pleasant to see such paintings get a fair deal in our commercial public galleries.

"Marcelle", by John Lyman.

"Marie", by Madeleine Laliberte.



"Lac Brule", by S. Borenstein. This painting of a Quebec village, illustrates this artist's characteristic brushwork.

"Young Girl", by Marguerite Fainmel.

"Bloomer Girl" Gives Hoopskirts Tuneful Razzing

Its charming star, "Evelina" is Celeste Holm.

Mabel Taliaferro, as Serena Applegate, her mother.

By Don Stairs

CANADIANS who have prowled around the theatrical purlieus of Manhattan are familiar with the petite and bustling thoroughfare that parallels Broadway at the rear of the Astor Hotel and permits them a short cut from 45th to 44th Street. At the 44th Street corner will be found the main entrance to the Shubert Theatre. Before you enter, however, these days you may like to dawdle a bit and gape at the minor stage door shenanigans, for it is there that you may brush shoulders with the elite of "Bloomer Girl". This is New York's latest musical and terpsichorean smash hit.

Inside, if you are as fortunate as I, as to seats (which reputedly sold on opening night for $100.00 a pair) your theatrical spirits will be wafted to the skies by the lilt of the tunes and ballads with which this latest piece of theatrical Americana abounds. The colorful costuming, at which the illustrations on this page can only hint, is in the spirit of 1861 and contrary to Broadway productions of a few years ago effectively conceals every trace of the show girls' anatomy and epidermis. The play deals with the revolt of the women of '61 against the hoop skirt, but the Russian coat and pantelet effect didn't add much sex appeal although innovations of succeeding decades, as we all know, scandalized the prudish and for a while titillated the prurient.

The play's chief adornment is the serene but bewitching beauty of "Oklahoma's" ex-star, Celeste Holm. Her Southern suitor, David Brooks, a resonant baritone, was trained in the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. And heaven help you if you don't fall in love with the pert and adorable Joan McCracken (ex-"Oklahoma") and her antic dances and quaint bellowing of the ballad "T'morra T'morra' ". Not to be overlooked is Dooley Wilson (remember Sam in Casablanca who sang "As Time Goes By"), Brooks' negro servant, who as an escaped slave thrills you with a patriotic tune, "The Eagle And Me". Another darky, with a torso like a rum cask, comparatively unknown Richard Huey, stops the show with a chant titled "I Got A Song" which is delivered with consummate artistry.

The music ripples through the piece always integrated to the changing moods of each scene. Any song could be a hit. I brought home "Right As The Rain" and "The Eagle And Me". Others might prefer "Evelina" or "When The Boys Come Home"; disc-dancing hounds will go for them. Radio fans ought to be hearing the music pretty soon on the dance band programs. It is to be hoped that someone will bring Dooley Wilson and Joan McCracken to the microphone to sing their specialties. The show is worth a repeat visit in 1946 or 1947.

Evelina, with handsome and melodious hero, David Brooks.

Joan McCracken, lively dancing star, is pretty special.

David Brooks, Celeste Holm and Margaret Douglass, as the original bloomer girl, who staged the revolt against hoopskirts.

M. Taliaferro with Matt Briggs, as Evelina's stuffy parent.

Rigidity Governs U.S. Political System

By MIRIAM CHAPIN

With United States politics so much in the limelight, the strong contrast between the American and Canadian political systems is again strikingly evident.

Rigidity is the essence of the American system, as contrasted to flexibility in ours, and this is behind both the opposition to the fourth term and the persistence of the two-party system. Indirectly, it also explains why the Southern Democrats can hate Roosevelt and yet support the Party and why the CIO Political Action Committee supports one of the present organizations rather than branching out on its own.

CANADIANS peering over the border at the quadrennial shenanigans which now engross their neighbors find it hard to see why the fourth term issue is so important. After all, Prime Minister King has been running Canada considerably more than twelve years; the mere fact that he has been in office for a long time is not in itself regarded as an argument that he should continue no longer, rather the contrary. Any time the people get sick of him they can elect a parliament that will put him out. But that President Roosevelt has served three terms is used against him almost as an accusation.

In the rigidity of the American system lies the probable reason for the difference in feeling. For without extraordinary measures it is not possible to get rid of any American President until he has completed a four-year term, whereas a Prime Minister has to go when a majority of parliament fails to support him.

A President can be impeached, but it has been done only once, in the case of Johnson, Lincoln's successor. The move failed, since his accusers could not muster a two-thirds majority. While the trial went on, government was nearly at a standstill, and passions were roused that took years to allay. While the British system sometimes stakes the life of the ministry on trivial issues (it is quite conceivable that many English M.P.'s wanted equal pay for women schoolteachers who still were unwilling to dispense with Mr. Churchill's leadership in war) it does provide a far more flexible response to popular will than the American.

Americans do not vote either directly for a President, nor for members of a congress who will elect a leader. They vote for electors who have no other function than to vote for one or another candidate chosen at a political convention, which was never planned for in the Constitution. At the same time they vote directly for their members of Congress, and for a third of the Senate.

Freedom of Department Heads

Theoretically it is quite possible to have a President of one party and all the Congress and Senate of another. It has happened too often that the President could not command a working majority in one House or the other, sometimes in both. That can never happen in Canada. When it does, in the United States, as in Wilson's second term, government flounders.

It follows under the American system that in order to have the President's advisers and heads of departments men of his own choosing, he appoints them from outside Congress. They never have to face the electorate, never have to report to any elective body. While wartime in Canada has seen the growth of a similar bureaucracy (using the word simply as a name for a kind of organization) headed by a cabinet which acts through Orders-in-Council, still there always comes a day when the most remote of Ministers must walk into the House and reply to questions any member may put to him.

In Washington only the occasional congressional committee gets a chance to put a Secretary on the grid. Newspaper conferences are the nearest thing to an ordeal they face. For that reason both presidential and secretarial conferences are far more important than similar functions in Ottawa.

Third Parties Not Successful

It is this same rigidity which has fastened the two-party system so firmly on the United States. No third-party has ever broken through to power. The Populists back in the 80's, who expressed the discontent of the western farmer with the eastern banker, the Bull Moose Progressives of the first Roosevelt, made good tries but the cards were stacked against them.

Wendell Willkie, in spite of his disillusionment with both old parties, knew it was hopeless to form a new grouping. The American Labor Party has never spread beyond New York State, and is so torn with internal dissension it has ceased to amount to much. The Socialists have dwindled since the time of Eugene Debs when they really counted in influencing opinion if not in votes, to the present few thousand who listen to the peevish cry of Norman Thomas denouncing the war and the capitalists. The Communists have gone out of business as far as running candidates is concerned, and are all out for Roosevelt and winning the war.

In Canada new issues make new parties. The CCF has come on in ten years from a handful to a real hope of taking power. Social Credit, Bloc Populaire, Union Nationale—it isn't hard to start a party and elect a few M.P.'s. In the States the splits come within the old parties but they don't break away—they fester. The Southern Democrats hate Roosevelt and his wife for their attitude to the Negroes they want to keep down. They are Democrats only by tradition, remnants of the old cotton-growing white supremocrats, turned demagogues. As the South grows toward industrialization, they fight a losing battle. If they went into the Republican party, they could not hold their supporters. Yet it was coalition of Southern Democrats and Republicans which has given President Roosevelt his worst headaches in this last unruly Congress.

The Willkie Republicans?

The Willkie Republicans are a new leaven in an old party. No one knows how they will vote, how their leader would have decided if he had lived. They are against the New Deal, but they support the Roosevelt conduct of the war and foreign policy. They may swing the election.

As in 1940, most of the newspapers, expressing the sentiments of their owners, oppose Roosevelt. His last victory underlines the tremendous change which radio has made in politics. Twenty years ago no man whom every great paper fought could have won. Even those who snapped off the radio when they heard "Fellow Amurricans, my record is an open book—", listen to the President and Governor Dewey. A hundred million people laugh when they hear that wonderful voice "resent the insult to my dog Fala." The air is the field of decision in the political contests of our day.

Another factor is the growing influence of the columnists. In Canada they do not usurp the place of the editorial page. But below the border, whether because editors are weak or columnists are strong, fewer and fewer people say "I see the *Times*—or the *Post*—said this morning." Instead it is "Drew Pearson says—", or Dorothy Thompson, or Marquis Childs, or some other favorite. Westbrook Pegler is surely better hated than any editor ever was. Frequently they take a different and independent line from that approved by the hand that feeds them, and they get away with some very plain-spoken comments. They are a new and curious development, extending the special correspondent technique to the political field.

The biggest new power in the situation is the CIO Political Action Committee, which has aroused so much acrid discussion. Some of Governor Dewey's speeches sound as if he thought Sidney Hillman, if not Earl Browder, were his opponent. This anti-communist line may backfire—too many people remember the Reichstag fire. Hillman has never been a communist, but he is an able labor-leader. His committee, supporting Roosevelt, has been working to get people to register, and then to get them to go and vote. There have been attempts before to form labor parties; this is a try at organizing the strength of labor within the existing framework.

Canadians are deeply interested in the Nov. 7 election. They know the President; the Governor is little known to them. Their chief concern is that their neighbor should have a government that will work in collaboration with other nations for peace, and not retire to isolation as it did before. The election of a president and a Senate which will work with him for a common purpose, to make world peace secure, is their hope.

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Extent of Canadian Participation in the Pacific Becoming Clearer

By G. C. WHITTAKER

ALTHOUGH progress in the German war is not now as rapid as it was thought a while back it would be and the end is not as clearly in sight, it is becoming possible to assess some of the prospects of Canada's part in the Japanese war and in the military occupation of Germany after her surrender, and to glimpse something of what lies ahead on the home front in the interval between the defeat of Germany and the defeat of Japan. To do so may help us to cut our cloth to fit our needs.

The Minister for Air, Major Power, has revealed that for our offensive operations in the Pacific we are going to take, from among our airmen who have been engaged against Germany, only those who volunteer for this further service. He has not told us how many are likely to be required, but recruiting for the R.C.A.F. was discontinued some time ago. It is expected that more R.C.A.F. men will volunteer for a crack at the Japanese than can be used even should our part in the Pacific be in the same proportion to the contributions of our allies as it has been in the European war.

It requires no official disclosure for it to be understood that, since our air operations in the Asiatic war are to be on a voluntary basis, our land operations, at least as far as the men who have been on active service against Germany are concerned, will be also, for you can't, if it can be avoided, make flesh of one arm of the fighting services and fish of another. It has, however, we understand, been so determined. Now, since you may wish to know roughly what this will mean in terms of our army strength in the Japanese war, let us try to find out by process of deduction.

It has been planned for some time to cut down war production in both the United States and Canada by at least fifty percent as soon as Germany collapses. But word we get from Washington lately is that there has been some revision of estimates as to equipment and munitions requirements for knocking out Japan and that on the basis of this revision war output is likely to be cut back a further twenty-five percent in the three or four months immediately following the German surrender. If the United States makes such a reduction in war production Canada will do so also. It follows that the estimate of the fighting forces, apart from the navies, to be maintained against Japan is about a quarter of what has been required against Germany. Assuming that Canada's proportionate contribution is to remain about the same, our land forces for the Japanese war should be in the neighborhood of one hundred thousand men. This, we gather, is just about the way the figuring goes in authoritative quarters.

It seems somewhat too bad that Colonel Ralston could not have found it fitting and proper to do some such figuring for the men he visited on his trip to the Italian and Western fronts. To judge from the account cabled from Rome at the time of his interview with soldiers serving in Italy, what he managed to avoid saying in answer to direct questions from those most directly concerned as to their future disposition amounted to considerably more than a mouthful.

In all our experience in observing members of governments in action we have never encountered such a sustained performance in the noncommittal as that achieved by the senior Minister of Defence in his talk with the boys in Italy. We have watched the cables to see whether he was able to keep it up in France and the Low Countries, but he is home now and we have seen nothing more.

Navy Share Indefinite

The share our navy will have in the bringing of Japan to account is more difficult to assess. There can be no doubt that it will want to be, as Mr. Churchill put it, "in at the kill". But it has been suggested, whether on the inspiration of informed authority we do not know, that our ships of war are for the most part too small to be well adapted for operations at such great distances from their home ports as would be the case in the Pacific. If this is so, we might take over full responsibility for maintaining command of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean and even for guarding the shores of Britain herself, while her own heavier and more powerful ships sailed to ensure that "her pirate (sic) flag is flying where the East and West are one and her drums, when the day is dying, salute the rising sun".

It may not be without significance that on the same day the First Lord of the Admiralty stated that Britain would have in the Far East a fleet capable of engaging by itself the full power of the Japanese navy he also announced that the largest ocean convoy in history had arrived in British ports under the sole escort of the Royal Canadian Navy.

The chances, however, are that we shall contrive to have our navy represented in the conquest of Japan just as our army and our air force will be, and on a creditable scale.

What it all boils down to is that Canada is going to have about the same proportionate part in the Japanese war as she has had in the Hitler war. Which is as it should be, since Japan is as much the enemy of this country as of the United States and Britain, as Mr. King recognized when he jumped in ahead of our allies in declaring war on the oriental aggressor in 1941. Under the provocation of Pearl Harbor the Americans would like to regard Japan as their own particular dish, but the Quebec plans seem to have disposed of any impulse to greediness.

Also, having done our full part in bringing about the defeat of Germany for the second time, we are not going to pull out and leave it to the others to see that she stays defeated. The Canada badge will be seen in the Reich long after Hitler has departed—a few tens of thousands of them. Our share in the military occupation will be on about the same proportionate scale as our share in the land operations of the war.

All these matters are much easier of determination, because for the most part they are determined in conjunction with our allies, than some of the questions pertaining to our postwar course, since these we have to decide pretty much for ourselves. Consider for instance the question of postwar international air control which is coming to a head at the United Nations air conference in Chicago next week. In preparation for it the nations of the British Empire have been holding a preliminary air conference of their own in Montreal this week. Canada, of course, is represented at the Empire meeting and will be represented at Chicago.

Canada's Job at Air Talks

But did you notice something just a little odd in the Prime Minister's announcement of this representation? It shouldn't be overlooked, because it is significant. Mr. Howe, who has ministerial jurisdiction in air transport matters, is to head the Canadian delegation to the international meeting in Chicago. It might be thought that it would be a natural and convenient if not a necessary part of his preparation for Chicago to attend at Montreal. But, as Mr. King was careful to mention, Mr. Howe has not been favoring the Empire meeting with his presence.

Mr. King could have told you why, but he didn't want to provoke any more domestic controversies at this time. The reason Mr. Howe is going to the international air conference without having first gone to the Empire air conference is that, although Canada was the first of the United Nations to submit a plan for the international use and control of the postwar skies, and although the main principles of this plan have been substantially adopted by Great Britain and other Empire countries, the Canadian government does not want to appear at Chicago to be a party to anything that might look like a common Empire front on air policy. Mr. Howe, sponsor in parliament last March of the plan which has found favor in the eyes of the Empire, has stayed away from Montreal this week in order to avoid entanglement or commitment.

This may seem a little strange, but it is in line with the established course of the government in other matters, and in this course there may be a high degree of statecraft if Canada is to play the role in which no less a person than Mr. Churchill has pictured her, that of the linchpin between the two sections of the English-speaking world. The function of a linchpin is to hold together the two things it couples.

The United States, it is expected, will submit at Chicago a plan for postwar air control considerably at variance with the British plan. The Prime Minister, by holding Mr. Howe away from the Empire meeting, aims at keeping him free and unfettered for the linchpinning job—the job of dissolving any differences between the British or Empire proposals and the United States proposals, of bringing them together in compromise. It's not an unworthy part for Canada in great affairs.

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Rehabilitation Plans Need Full Publicity

By SQUADRON LEADER J. O. PLUMMER

This is the story of a veteran of the last war who found out only by accident, when he was demobilized, that quite a good educational program was available for him, of which he took full advantage. But he very nearly missed it.

Perhaps the facilities to be provided after this war will be better publicized.

SPEAKING as a veteran of World War One who was demobilized in England and received an education grant from the British Government to enable me to continue the college education which the war had interrupted, I am naturally interested in the plans now being made to rehabilitate members of the armed forces after World War Two. Of course, the present plans are superior in scope to the efforts of 1918, which, as far as I am aware, were given little publicity; in fact, it was only after making numerous fruitless attempts to find a job, once I was back in civilian life, that I learned—and then it was quite by accident—of the government's rehabilitation program.

The Division with which I was serving had returned to Belgium after its tour of duty as part of the original Army of Occupation in Germany, when one day a chit was received from Brigade asking for the names of officers and men who wished to enjoy the benefits of a college education at the government's expense. Requests of this kind emanating from higher authority were quite common in the service in those days. One became hardened to them, and few results were looked for. Consequently, it was more the urge to get away from Belgium and into some more active form of employment that prompted me to send in my name than anything else. Then I promptly forgot all about it. But not many weeks elapsed before I was on my way to England (via Paris, where I stopped off for a spot of "French leave"), and reported to a camp at Ripon, Yorkshire, where I was enrolled as a student in what was called the Canadian Khaki College. The instructional staff was gathered mostly from the forces, with the addition of several civilian professors who had been loaned to the Army by Canadian universities. Our history lecturer was no less a person than Professor George M. Wrong of Toronto, whose lectures will long be remembered for the interesting and inspiring manner in which they were delivered.

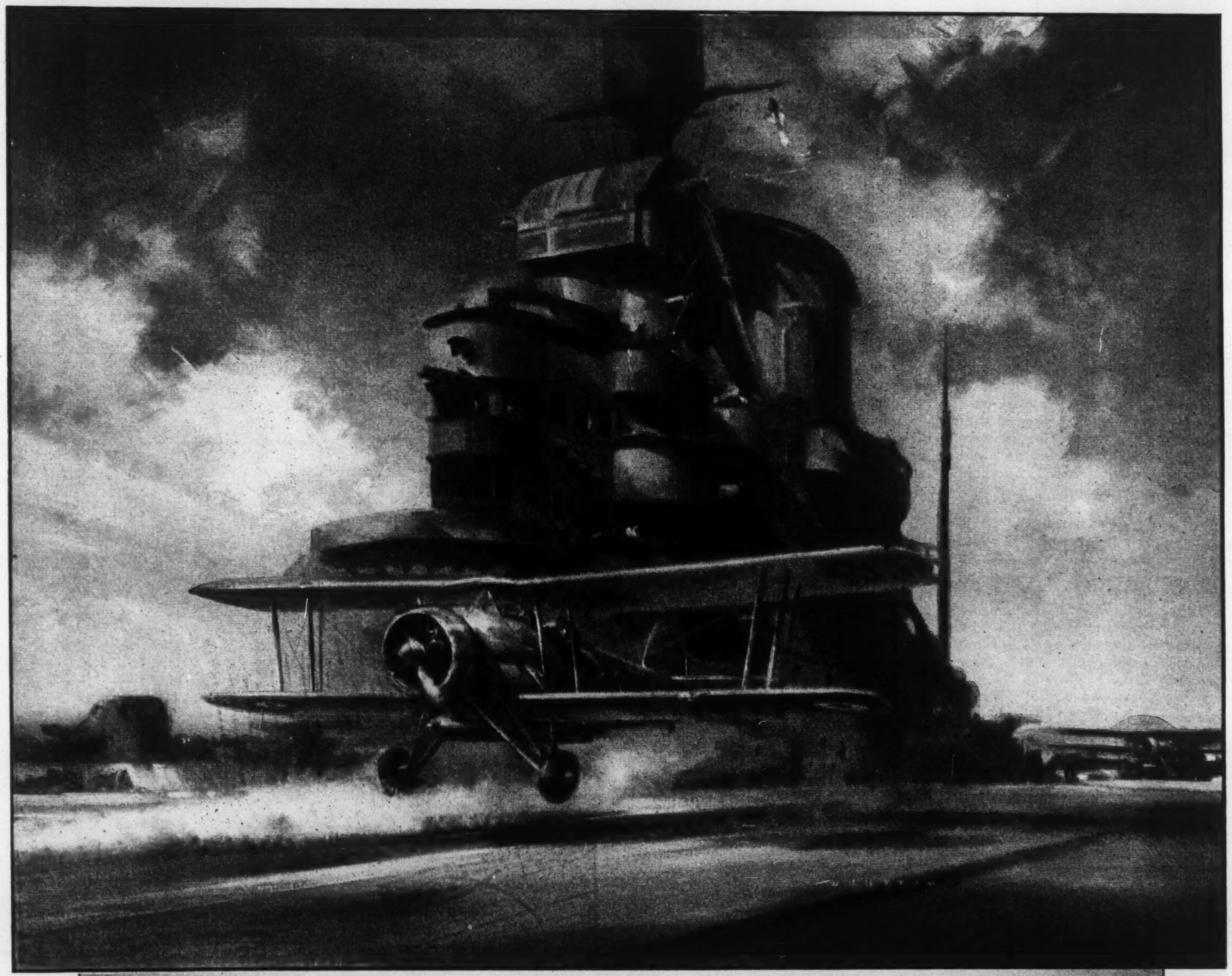
Khaki Courses Sketchy

The different courses at Khaki College were naturally somewhat sketchy and of short duration. They were designed, I imagine, mainly for the purpose of accustoming the troops to the discipline of study, before they embarked on regular university courses later, on return to Canada. The diplomas that were issued on graduation were approximately the equivalent of a Senior Matriculation certificate. Altogether, it was a sound idea.

The diploma I received, however, was of little use to me, since, having decided to take my discharge in England, it was necessary for me to look for a job immediately after obtaining my freedom. London was crammed with ex-servicemen, most of them bent on the same pursuit; men of all ranks and ages; but there were not nearly enough jobs to go around, and the young fellows of my vintage, who had had no business training prior to the war, found the going very tough indeed. Prospective employers, to whom we were sent by various labor and welfare organizations interested in making the world a fit place for heroes to live in, smiled at us very politely, asked a few desultory questions about past experience, and on being told we had none, shook their heads ruefully, promising to let us know if anything for which we might be suited turned up. It was all most discouraging. How could we ever expect to gain experience as long as no one would hire us and thus give us a chance to acquire it?

Just when I had practically given up hope altogether, I met a leading Canadian educationist then resident in England, who said, on learning my plight: "Did you ever think of going back to college?" I had thought of it, of course, as I told him, but it took money to go to college, which I did not have—at least not enough. "I think we might do something about that," he said, and I thought he was the kindest old man I had ever met. But what could he have in mind? Well, he sent for his secretary and asked him to acquaint me with the steps to be taken in applying for an education grant from the Ministry of Labor. The whole thing was quite off-hand and casual. But I was exceedingly grateful for the helping hand which had come from so unexpected a quarter. Actually, I had called on the old gentleman to ask him to use his influence in getting me started in journalism. I had not known then of the opportunities which were thus open to me for setting up in life, and I doubt very much if many ex-servicemen then at a loose end in England, who were in the same predicament as myself, knew of it either.

An even greater surprise awaited me when, after filling out innumerable forms and collecting various testimonials to character and stuff of that sort which no government department can take a step without, my application for the education grant was approved, and I was awarded the sum of £175 annually for maintenance and upkeep, with an additional sum (the exact amount of which I have forgotten) for payment of college fees. The maintenance grant was later increased to £200 per annum, which, I believe, was the outside limit.



The Royal Navy pioneered the technique of torpedo air attack. Fairey Swordfish torpedo-bombers—most successful of Britain's operational biplanes—made history the night they crippled the Italian battle fleet at Taranto. They have been a major weapon in defeating the U-boat menace to Allied shipping. The Swordfish is powered by a Bristol Pegasus engine

COMMAND OF THE SEAS

Many are the complicated problems which British aeronautical engineers have solved in design and production of seagoing aircraft.

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Numerous honours have already gone to British naval aircraft in this war. The first enemy aeroplane to be shot down at sea; the first successful torpedo air attack against a capital ship; the first ship to be sunk by dive-bombers; such achievements star their history.

Aircraft of the Royal Navy are built to withstand extremes of climate. In the first few weeks of the war the squadrons of one carrier alone swept more than seven million square miles of sea. In ice, fog, blizzard, tropical rains, sandstorms and burning suns these aircraft have satisfied the most exacting demands of active service.

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Yes, Capitalism Can Yield Higher Living Standard

By R. J. DEACHMAN

This article—another in a pro and con series on capitalism vs. socialism—is a reply to Frank A. Ferguson's "But Can Capitalism Give Us a Brighter World?" in Saturday Night of Sept. 16. Mr. Deachman says that not even socialism can ignore the fact that the most effective means of increasing purchasing power is the reduction of prices. Productivity has been enormously increased by mechanization of industry but wage rates have been forced up and the consumer has not had the full benefit. Thus unemployment was created. Capital and labor must be set free to attain their real objective—full employment.

IN A RECENT article (SATURDAY NIGHT, Sept. 16) Mr. Frank A. Ferguson replies to a story of mine in which I pointed out that the greatest period of material progress the world has ever known took place in the last hundred years and was the natural fruit of the capitalistic system. That the effort did not reach perfection I freely admit. If I did not do so Mr. Ferguson would quite rightly register his own adverse opinion. After all there are human limitations. Perhaps the closest we may ever come to that ideal of perfection is a dream of an untried socialism in the mind of a true believer.

Mr. Ferguson does not agree with my point of view but I am glad that he found, in my story, "an unexpected amount of sweetness and light in these days of embattled economic philosophies." Perhaps we are both old enough to know "that a soft answer turneth away wrath"—while angry words inhibit thought and make discussion wholly useless. An article should be consonant with the medium in which it finds expression. SATURDAY NIGHT is not a publication in which it is necessary to strain, by over-emphasis, expressions of opinion in regard to divergent views, sincerely held.

Mr. Ferguson puts the case this way: "Socialism undertakes to solve, by collective action, problems which defy solution by individuals. Chief among these are the efficient (i.e. full) use of our resources and a fair distribution of the resulting income."

I am afraid I must deny both these assertions. They represent precisely the things which socialism can not do. There are times when it even denies a desire to apply collective action to particular problems—this is true of the present government in Saskatchewan. Yet one of the principal problems of the last few years has been the relative weakness of the position of agriculture in our national economy. Agriculture is important. It is the basis of our export trade. It employs a million people, yet, with the possible exception of fishing, there is more instability of earning power in agriculture than in any other sector of our economy.

Farmer's Income

The proportion of the national income going to the farmer varied in pre-war days from approximately 18% to as low as 5%. I admit these figures are, in some respects, open to challenge. Comparisons between the earnings of farmers and urban workers are difficult to make, but for anyone who desires to form a general conclusion the relative decline in prices of farm products in relationship to other prices is a sufficient answer. The price of farm products has been low over a period of years. In 1939 the index was only fractionally above the 1913 level. The wage rate of the workers had advanced in the same period by practically 100%. Agriculture pays too much for the things it buys, gets too little for the products it sells—and labor, not profits, must take the blame and suffer, as it has already suffered from this misguided action.

The ready socialist answer to this statement of fact is to suggest that this is the natural result of capitalism. That might be a smart reply but it is not a remedy. Socialism has no remedy and admits it. It has tried its proposals in New Zealand and, in the last election, no agricultural constituency in the sister dominion voted for the continuance of a socialist government. This is not surprising. The price of farm products is lower in New Zealand than in Canada. Prices of farm machinery and other essentials of farm life are much higher. The attitude of the farmer of Ontario towards socialism is somewhat similar. The rural constituencies of Ontario did not vote for the CCF at the last election.

Saskatchewan is an exception to the rule. That was the result of a period of adversity for which nature was, at least in part, responsible. In many years low prices for farm products coincided with crop failure. If socialism had a remedy for the condition in Saskatchewan it didn't offer it at the last election. It has not since come forward with a solution though it has mentioned certain palliatives which are already in existence, for instance, co-operation. It did not propose to socialize agriculture and placed great emphasis upon its argument that the farmer must still retain his land. The battle-cry of the election was: "Your home and farm will be safe under a socialist government." The socialist party in Canada will not attempt to apply collective action to this problem — its remedies for other problems will make the position of the farmer worse, not better.

Wage Rates

Consider now the socialist proposal for a general increase in wage rates. This is a rather vital problem. Prices of farm products depend on the market. Labor on the other hand determines, to a great extent, its own wage rates. It fixes the rate it receives for its work but the market determines the number employed at the rates fixed. If they are too high, there is unemployment. High wage rates are possible through the capitalist system. But there is a better way. It involves real wages and full employment and leads inevitably to a greater total volume of real wage payments. As production, per man, increased, the price of commodities should have been permitted to fall. This would have increased real wages. It would have extended purchasing power throughout the whole community. If this had been done, the economic history of the period would have been strangely different. The total real income of labor would have been higher than it was, much higher than it could be under socialism.

It is not necessary to discuss, at the moment, whether the hen or the egg existed first, though in this case it is an interesting study. Did labor demand higher wages, get them and thus compel increased mechanization—or did capital lead in this effort and, driven forward by the hope of higher profits, improve its methods of production and increase the volume, only to have its expected gains pass into the hands of labor?

It's a moot question but we do know that capacity to pay depended upon the increase of capacity to produce. The fingers of labor were not more deft in 1938 than in 1914. The increase in production was due to mechanization. Labor, with the machine, could produce more than labor without the machine.

Labor persists, even now, in its search for a formula for the reduction rather than the expansion of production. Witness the suggestion of a 6-hour day and a 30-hour week from the Trades and Labor Congress! With these demands actually presented to the Reconstruction Committee went the further suggestion of an increase in the school-leaving age, pensions at 60 paid by the State of course, and retention of the present weekly wage despite the shortening of hours.

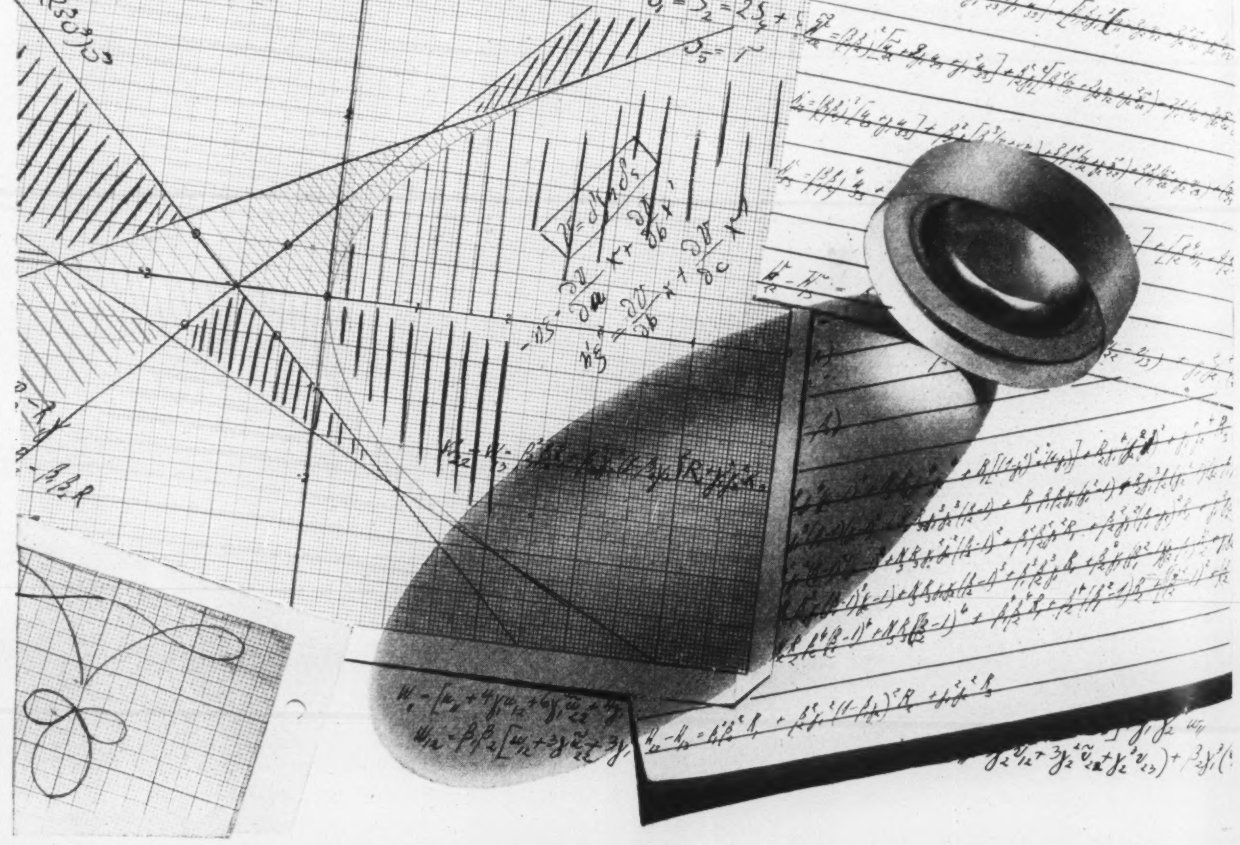
Purchasing Power

Not even socialism can ignore the fact that the most effective means of increasing purchasing power is the reduction of prices. The whole progress of civilization is an effort in that direction. Now when we are in a position to do this, so far as the means of production are concerned, barriers are erected against progress. Mr. Ferguson mentioned the problem of cartels and combines and there is need of effective controls, but he fails to mention the action of trade unions, operating in the same direction, with precisely the same end in view. In the words of an old farm aphorism: "It makes a difference whose ox is gored." If it had not been for the acquisitive action of certain groups, already specified, in seizing for themselves the gains resulting from technological improvements, we could have had a low-cost economy and with it full use of our resources of labor and raw material. Capitalism could have given the world the solution of the problem—labor and certain cartels and monopolies stood in the way. I am profoundly sorry for labor. It missed the mark it strove to gain. It was the blind Samson pulling down the pillars of the temple of labor. It should have co-operated with capital to increase production and lower prices by active efforts against those who wanted to block the path of progress.

The possibilities are startling. To get the picture more clearly in our minds, assume a fairly prosperous society back there in 1914. The standard of living was not as high as in 1938, because per capita production was lower. Let us say that the index of industrial production was represented by an index figure of 100. Capital was active, far-sighted, dynamic. The effort was to improve its own position by increasing production. There was the incentive which could have lifted the standards of the human race. Lower prices would increase sales — increased production would have lowered costs. The burden of taxes would have diminished through greater capacity to bear. The vision was one of an expanding economy.

Plants Mechanized

Industry went to work. Plants were mechanized — more efficient methods adopted — production, per worker, per hour, went up 100%. The index of production was now 200. Wage rates had been forced up as production increased and wage costs, per unit of work done, were as high as ever. Prices did not fall. They went up. Labor was unemployed. So efficient was labor in shifting itself out of employment that in the high-wage industries of the U.S., manufacturing, mining, steam railways, there was an actual decrease in employment between 1909 and 1938, despite an increase of 44% in population. Of course the results would have been the same if all the gains had been taken by the landlord or by capital—the story would have been entirely different if they had been passed along to the consumer in a lower cost of living. Once more we see the need of co-operation between labor and pro-



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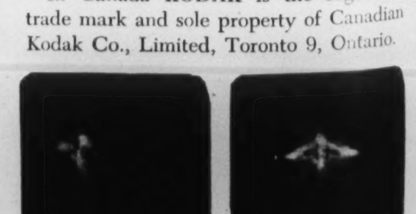

STARS BAD AND GOOD—At left a "bad" star, at right a "good" star, as seen in the lens bench microscope. In a lens which passes muster, the star must be symmetrical as to shape and color, and not exceed a maximum size. These star images were photographed at 11° off axis.

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gressive capitalism. They have a common objective.

The gains from technological and mechanical changes in the means of production belong to society as a whole. The situation does not call for a change of ownership. Let ownership remain where it is, democracy can see that it functions wisely. I refuse to be a prisoner of either monopoly capitalism or of monopoly labor. I desire free enterprise because it has proved its capacity to produce. Socialism has done no such thing, nor is it likely to do so. It worships ownership as a fetish, a source of power rather than a means of progress.

What now becomes of my position and the position of Mr. Ferguson? I do not want socialism. Mr. Ferguson does but in the process of evaluating our position, I am afraid that I have become a socialist—that is, to the extent that I want society, as a whole, to have the benefits arising out of these improvements, while Mr. Ferguson has become a labor monopolist in the sense that he wants to continue to give to labor the gains which arise in the future. The necessary adjustments may be quite perplexing for both of us but more simple in my own case. I hope Mr. Ferguson does not object to the reversal of our positions and that our respective groups may be willing to accept the change. I want a functioning economy. Mr. Ferguson will be happy only if he gets socialism. Socialism will not function in bringing forth a larger supply of commodities at reduced prices—therefore I am opposed to it. Besides I dislike monopolies either of labor or capital.

This answers also, one of Mr. Ferguson's questions. In his second paragraph this statement appears: "Mr. Deachman fails to show that capitalism has an answer or that socialism has not a better one." The answer, it seems to me, is quite clear. It involves nothing more than clearing the tracks for free capital—freeing at the same time the forces of labor, setting them free to attain their real objective—of full employment. This could not fail to bring higher total real wage payments. The socialist can have no answer to these problems for to him the problem is one of ownership and a change of ownership will solve no problems—socialism cannot hope to be as efficient as a system of free enterprise.

I see no reason why we should not give to society the things which belong to it—that is a common starting ground. It would be foolish to assume that the fruit of achievement should go to one group only and, that this group should be the one, which even now, seeks to restrict production. It seems strange that, in this program of limitation, cartels, combines and certain sections of labor should act in accord. It is not a natural and common alliance. They accept the same mistaken policy, one which, in the end, cannot fail to be injurious to those who undertake it.

This program which strives to give to society the gains which belong to it should satisfy the desires of Mr. Ferguson—it will give full and efficient use of our available resources of labor and capital. My personal gain—if I am not to be excluded from these benefits—is a lower cost of living and a happier world.

The Real Problem

This is the real problem which confronts the nation today: The building of a system which, while preserving freedom and individual initiative, will prevent the strong, through organization, from aggregating to themselves the fruits of progress. Is it conceivably possible that the mind of labor should be so changed by the adoption of socialism that it would cease, at once, to strive for a dominating position in the division of the national income? I admit the process will take time but in the end the action of labor must be in accord with the real interests of all labor.

This case against monopoly was well stated by Henry C. Simons in a recent article in the *Journal of Political Economy*:

"Organization is a device by which privilege may be entrenched and consolidated. It is a device by which the strong may raise themselves higher by pressing down the weak. Unionism, barring entry into the most attractive employments, makes high wages higher and low wages lower. Universally applied, it gets nowhere save to create disorder. Surely we cannot all get rich by restricting production. Monopoly works when everyone does not try it or when few have effective power."

John L. McDougall, in his booklet: "Railway Wage Rates, Employment and Pay" stated the case in these words:

Case Against Monopoly

"This is a problem in monopoly pricing. The initial consequence is to exploit the junior men for the benefit of their seniors. The secondary consequences are to make it harder for the railways to give a desirable service and to meet the competition of other industries. The results are shown in shrinking employment and a loss of competitive power. But the unions have never been required to face the question squarely and state their objective precisely. Do they want ever-rising wages for an ever-shrinking body of employees, or do they want to remain in balance with the rest of the community, to work for general prosperity and an enlargement of the total wage bill?"

Which is today the true friend of labor, the one who urges labor to strengthen its power by means of monopoly or the one who wants it to work for general prosperity and "an enlargement of the total wage bill"?

Then there is confusion of thought in Mr. Ferguson's reply to my statement that free enterprise which brought us increased capacity to produce had given us also a sense of responsibility and a feeling of pity for the unfortunates of the world.

It cannot be denied that this has come about within the last 100 years. To suggest that it is the fruit of socialism is little short of ridiculous. Human life has always been cheap when men lacked the capacity to provide for the relief of human suffering. No matter what were the feelings of men and women in regard to the needs of others, a century or more ago, their own struggle was so hard and bitter that it was impossible for them to come to the relief of others. Surely no one is so foolish as to think that all the humanitarian heroes of the past were inspired by socialism.

Our whole organization of medicine, hospitals and sanitation, and even the Red Cross, reveal typical capitalistic forms of organization. There is efficient organization coupled with economy of man-power. It is absurd to imagine that if socialism had never existed, mankind would have been less thoughtful of the suffering of others, less willing to come to their relief.

A "Blessed Event"

I often wonder what socialism would have done without the depression of the 1930's. That was to it a "blessed event" for which it waited long and welcomed gladly. It feels in its own mind that a transfer of the certificate of ownership would solve the problem—was ever before such faith known among men? It starts with the assumption that under socialist direction industry would move forward to triumph after triumph. There would be with it no ebb and flow of tide, no alternation of the seasons. It would try to enforce the policies which it now commends, and the spirit of socialism would take care of everything else, and all things would work out in strict conformity to its hopes.

But the Fabian Society of England, one of the world's best-known socialist organizations, has recently made a report. It is somewhat chastened in mind and spirit. It recognizes now that complete nationalization of industry is not a matter of immediate importance and Mr. Morrison who wrote the preface of the report, supports this contention, states that the people of England would not agree to anything more than the taking over of a few major industries and then adds: "Even if they did, speaking as one with some experience of administration, I do not believe it possible that their wishes could be carried out."

Mr. Ferguson closes his story with the quotation from Harold Laski telling us of the great progress of Russia, how, while its armies triumphed, "civilians toiled and sacrificed in laughter and in song." Surely that could not be possible—Mr. Ferguson must be addressing the 12th century—not the 20th. The standards of living in Canada are higher than in Russia and "things spiritual" according to Mr. Ferguson, are, largely, a matter of calories.

This, as I recall it, is the same Mr. Laski who told us that Britain could not hope to conquer in North Africa until it had changed its system of government and accepted broadly the doctrines of Mr. Laski. History, at times, refutes its prophets and a system which makes Mr. Ferguson admit, "with reservations, that it has made a splendid job of it", must have some virtues and perhaps has still within it the power of further accomplishment.

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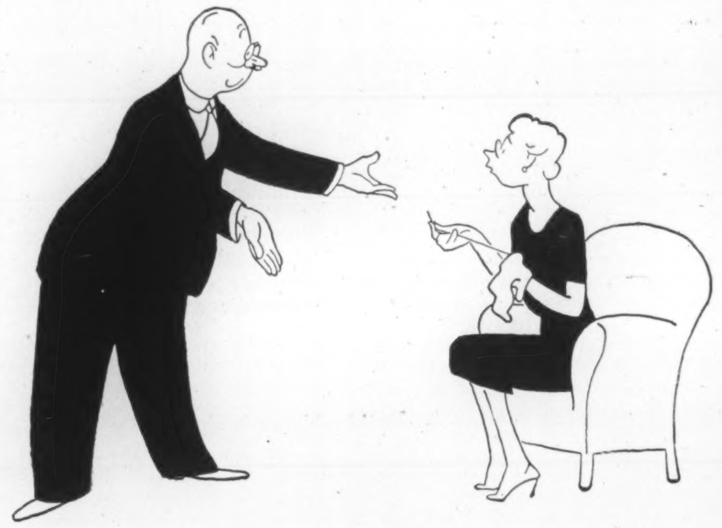

"But Four Freedoms aren't enough!"

Says Bixby: "Freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom from want and freedom from fear are great stuff—as far as they go. But they may never go very far beyond the stage of bright idealism if they don't make room for the greatest democratic freedom of all—freedom of individual enterprise.

"Most of us probably know what we mean when we talk about 'private enterprise' or 'freedom of enterprise,' or whatever we like to call it. And I guess we mean the same thing, but we fumble the ball when we try to define it exactly.

"I like to think of it as freedom for *individual initiative*. That may sound like a pretty big mouthful of language to describe what has always been the birthright of every citizen on the North American continent. So let's boil it all down to this: *The right of free choice.*

"That takes in your right—and mine—to choose our opinions and our words, our religion, our homes, our clothes, our books and breakfast foods, friends and amusements . . . our whole manner of living and our means of *making* a living. It takes in every man's right to choose his own occupation—to bet on his own ability and to get ahead as far and as fast as his own talent and initiative will carry him.

"That's one of the big freedoms we've been fighting to maintain. And, if we hadn't enjoyed it all these generations, the war would have been lost long before Canadian and American industry could get into high gear.

"If we hope to preserve this right of free choice in the future, I believe we must do a lot of serious thinking about the right kind of incentives—incentives to the worker, to management and to capital—to keep production up to the levels that built our North American standards of living."

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THE HITLER WAR

Philippine Landing Goes Long Way Towards Splitting Jap Empire

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE fulfilment of General MacArthur's famous promise to return to the Philippines has featured all the early dispatches and comment on that great operation. But the poetic justice of his return, with all the remaining able-bodied survivors of Bataan and Corregidor and the recovery of American soil and prestige, should not obscure the grand strategic meaning of the move.

Of this the jubilation in Chungking is probably the best measure. The seizure of the Philippines would half-sever Jap sea communications with the whole conquered empire of the South Seas and the Bay of Bengal. It is something like pressing a dagger-point against Japan's jugular vein.

From the Philippines, as the Chinese see so eagerly, the dagger can be driven right through the Jap jugular vein by pressing on to Formosa and then to the China coast. The Japs have sought to anticipate this by their offensive in China this past summer—their biggest in seven years—to free railway connections down through that country to Indo-China, Malaya and Burma; though these could be but a meagre substitute for sea communications.

The Japs may also have hoped to finally drive a discouraged China out of the war before the Americans arrived to relieve her. Whether Chinese strength and morale have really declined so rapidly in recent months, or whether we have that impression because many writers have seized at the same instant on a timely topic—some of them through vindictiveness against Chiang's regime—it is hard to know. Undoubtedly China's position, operating these many years from her own primitive back country and cut off from all effective supply from the outside world, is serious enough. But now, at the very darkest moment, she is given the hope of a powerful American "second front" on her mainland.

"Hope" one can say, but not yet "certainty". For although there has been no less secret move in the entire war than the landing in the Philippines, Allied strategy from there on is quite obscure and may not have been wholly decided yet.

There have been strong arguments put forward for striking "a blow at the heart" by invading Japan itself. Those who want to do this argue that the branches of the Japanese military system, reaching through China and entwined all down through the islands of the South Seas, would wither away.

Invasion of Japan?

I have no certain knowledge, but I fancy that General MacArthur would favor this strategy, to judge from his own procedure to date. I wonder has it been forgotten that, as he stands in the central Philippines, he has left far behind him the Jap concentrations in Rabaul, Truk and New Guinea, estimated to total 100,000 men? Apparently he hopes to similarly isolate the powerful force which he says the enemy had gathered in Mindanao, the large southern island of the Philippine chain, in expectation that he would land there—an expectation which he carefully nursed through the pattern of his bombing attacks.

Others argue that we should seek to defeat Japan without an actual invasion of her homeland, with the ferocious struggle which this would mean, judging from our experience on Saipan and Palau. They think that we could do this by engaging her powerful army in China—among a population hostile to the Japs and friendly to us—and by similarly cleaning up the large Jap forces in Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, the Netherlands Indies and Burma, while developing a devastating bombing program against Japan with Superfortresses operating from the Philippines, and perhaps bringing her fleet to action.

Without invading Japan we cannot secure absolute and unconditional surrender. But do we need this? Would it not be enough to cut off her empire, smash up her heavy industry through bombing, compel the delivery of her entire fleet, and destroy the legend of the invincibility of her army? Her recovery would be completely under our control, through restriction of her raw material imports and her foreign trade.

The American public, I know, is set upon a real "clean-up" of Japan. The policy of Unconditional Surrender is taken quite literally, in spite of the fact that every Axis satellite which has surrendered so far has received terms. For a long time now the policy of Unconditional Surrender has given one the feeling that it merely conceals a lack of definitely-formulated policy towards Germany and Japan.

Has the American public thought through what it will do with Japan after this dearly-bought Unconditional Surrender? Does it seriously intend to keep a large army of occupation there for many years? How effectively could you occupy a country where the people are united in a fanatical union, their language almost a secret code to our troops, and the guilty indistinguishable an instant after slipping into a crowd?

All through the countryside we would be faced with demobilized troops who would be guerrillas at night, picking off our men, and workers in the paddy fields by day, with slight chance of any of their own countrymen betraying them. Surely this would be a very difficult country to occupy.

Harbors Essential

It still might be necessary, whatever we plan to do with Japan, to invade her to force surrender, just as it is proving necessary to invade Germany though many always held that she would know enough to quit when the war reached her borders. So that our further steps from Leyte Island, in the mid-Philippines, must have in mind the territory and harbor facilities which we would need for such an invasion.

One thing is absolutely certain, and that is that we want Luzon Island, with its great harbor at Manila, its many airfields, its railways and other installations and its large friendly population, as a base for further operations. If Manila harbor is not judged sufficient to handle the vast supplies and armies which would be needed for invasion of Japan, then we shall have to go on and take Hong Kong and Shanghai.

Whether we should undertake the conquest of Formosa has been much debated. Some insist that it would make the ideal base for a conquest of Japan, providing close bombing range, definitely cutting all Japanese sea traffic along the China coast and splitting the Jap naval force in the South Seas from that in home waters. Others believe that the conquest of the long-Japanized island of Formosa would prove such a tough job that we might as well go straight into Japan.

The MacArthur strategy, one would fancy, would be to neutralize Formosa by pounding continually at its naval and air bases from Luzon, and by-pass it to seize Shanghai. This great port could then be used either for a large-scale China campaign or for an invasion of Japan.

The seizure of Luzon, and installation of American air and sea power in the Manila area will pose a desperate problem for the Jap Navy as to splitting its fleet and keeping a part to face the British coming up

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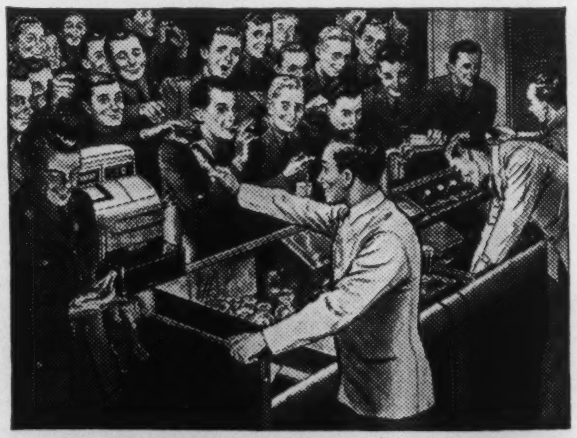

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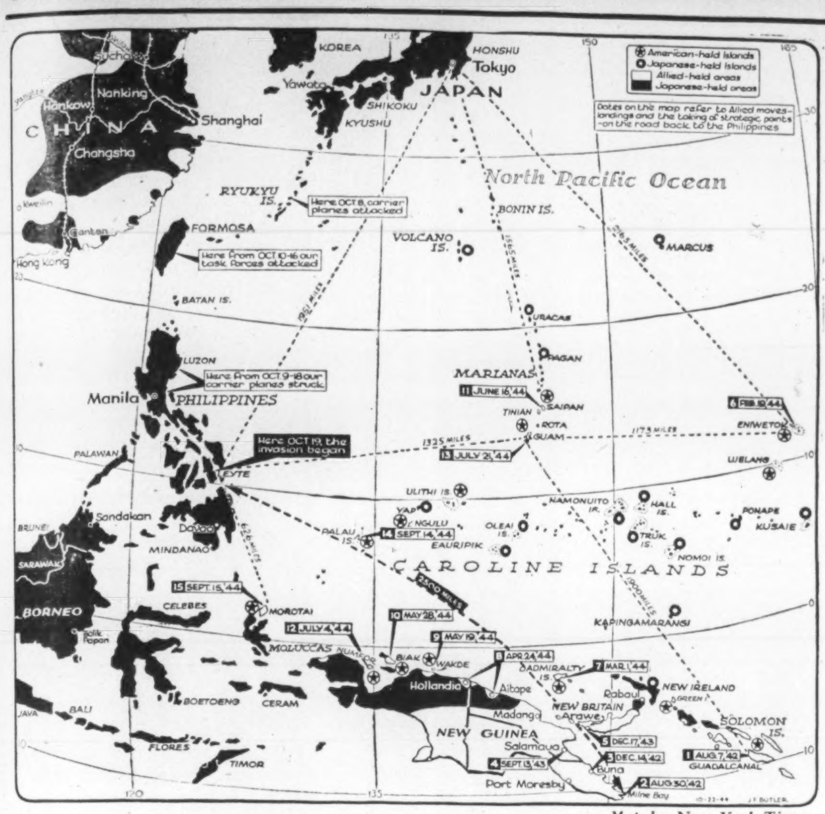

Map by New York Times.

The Philippines and Pacific War Front.

from the south. The Japs themselves reported over last weekend that 10 more British battleships and four more carriers had arrived in the Indian Ocean. And Churchill made it clear during his press conference at Quebec that Britain is demanding a full share in the main campaign in the Pacific, and not just a mopping-up allotment in Malaya and the Netherlands Indies.

The bombardment of the Nicobar Islands, just above the northern tip of Sumatra, indicates that Mountbatten may have begun a simultaneous advance, moving his air power into the Nicobars, or into Sumatra, a long leap towards Singapore. From there he might jump to the neighborhood of Penang, and fight overland towards Singapore, as the Japs did.

Or the next move might be a bold sweep through the straits between Sumatra and Java, to seize Batavia with its useful harbor. Of British strategy there has not been the slightest public hint, by contrast with the long-discussed American invasion of the Philippines. But doubtless a healthy inter-Allied rivalry will spur the British on, as soon as landing craft can be diverted in sufficient numbers from Europe.

How soon the war in Europe can be finished, the events of the past week gave little indication. The Russian drive against East Prussia has ground ahead a dozen miles. There are powerful forces behind it, and it is gripping the Junker stronghold all the way from Tilsit around past Lomza. The Germans show a lively concern, and are preparing an alibi in their stress on Russian material superiority; but Moscow has, at the time of writing, said nothing.

The Germans, now busily copying the patriot resistance movements which have given them such trouble in Poland, France, Belgium and Yugoslavia, have formed a Home Army of all able-bodied boys and men not mobilized in the regular forces. That Himmler should hand out arms freely to the populace goes against all former ideas of the Gestapo.

One may assume that those receiving weapons will be carefully checked by the Party first. And behind the function of the Home Army during the invasion of the Reich may be the notion of inculcating the resistance idea into as many Germans as possible, and getting their local organizations working before our occupation.

Our experience with the citizens of Aachen, however, did not indicate that they were wholeheartedly behind the Army and Party in fighting on to the utter destruction of Germany, but on the contrary disclosed much bitter resentment on which we should be able to work.

That is, providing our "psychological warfare" rises above the profoundly low level reached in the publication of the Morgenthau Plan. Even if we did intend to carry out such a sweeping destruction of German industry, it is almost incredible that we should advertise it at this time to strengthen their resistance.

Big Drive Not Ready Yet

The fact that such small forces were used at Aachen, in an unhurried operation, showed that we were not ready yet for the big drive on Cologne and the Ruhr, but still engaged in the build-up of which a British Second Army staff officer has spoken so frankly. The major action for this year against Germany from the West is fairly obviously going to be carried out by the American First and the British Second Army, reinforced by the Canadians as soon as they are finished with the German blocking positions in front of Antwerp.

Progress on the southern Scheldt pocket has now reached the point where it seems that it should be cleaned up within a week or less. Then, if we really want Antwerp badly, we will have to stage a heavy concerted operation by land, sea and air to clear the enemy out of the islands of Walcheren and South Beveland opposite. The inability to use Antwerp may have already slowed us by several critical weeks.

In the Balkans and Central Europe things have been moving very rapidly. The Germans are now finished south of Belgrade, and it is unlikely that the relatively small numbers of troops still in Northern Greece and Southern Yugoslavia will be able to get through to the new, right-angled defensive line which the Germans are trying to set up along the Sava and the Danube.

POSITION WANTED
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Young Lady, 21, with stenographic training, desires position with advancement opportunities to secretarial or junior executive duties. Apply nearest E. & S.S.O.. Refer to H.O. 1476.

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Wartime shortages and restrictions extend into almost every field and we wager you can hardly name an article of loss, through one cause or another, which you would not find difficult or even impossible of replacement.

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In wartime, more than ever, trained specialists are engaged in the important work of checking industries and homes for hidden hazards; inspecting water supply and alarm systems; working to prevent dangerous traffic conditions and crime. Their work is maintained by part of the premium you pay when you buy insurance protection from BOARD COMPANIES and through this service the average cost of BOARD INSURANCE has been reduced more than 50% in the past 20 years.

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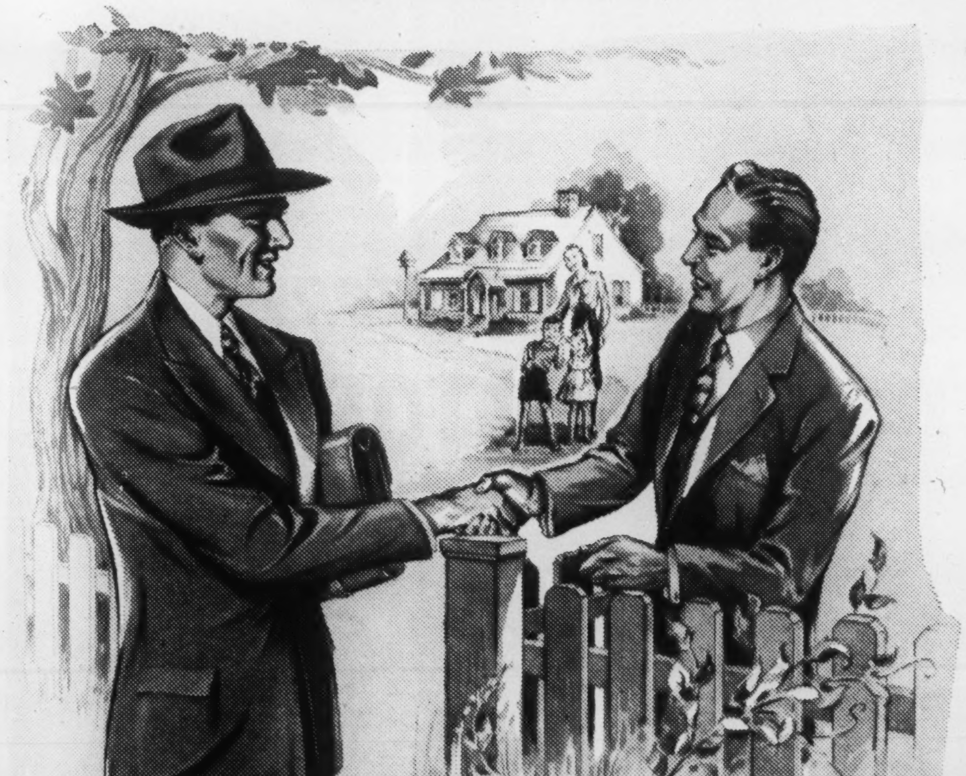
TALK IT OVER WITH A SUN LIFE AGENT FIRST



"YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD PAL!"...

High praise indeed . . . and a friendly compliment often bestowed upon the Sun Life Agent.

It happened this way. Bill Robinson had built himself a pleasant little home out of his small savings — and with the help of a thoughtful government. The mortgage repayments were modest — spread over 10, 15 or 20 years. Yet Bill wasn't easy in his mind . . . What would happen to the home if he died? Could the family carry on with the responsibility of a mortgage on their hands?

Then Bill did a wise thing. He talked the problem over with his friend and neighbour, the Sun Life Agent. Through him he learned that the Sun Life of Canada could offer him an economical policy that would clear the entire mortgage off the books were he to die before his obligations were discharged.

Thanks to the Sun Life Agent, Bill now feels that he and his loved ones really *own* their home.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA

ESTABLISHED 1865

BRANCH OFFICE AND AGENCY SERVICE THROUGHOUT THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT

Dana Porter Maps Path of Ontario's Future

By ERIC KOCH

The Minister of Planning for Ontario had a lot to do with the modernization of the Progressive Conservative party. He is a Rhodes Scholar, and never fell for the radicalism of Oxford. But he is a decided Progressive in labor matters, and he wants "planning" so far as possible to originate in the places where it is going to be carried out, not to be imposed on them from up above.

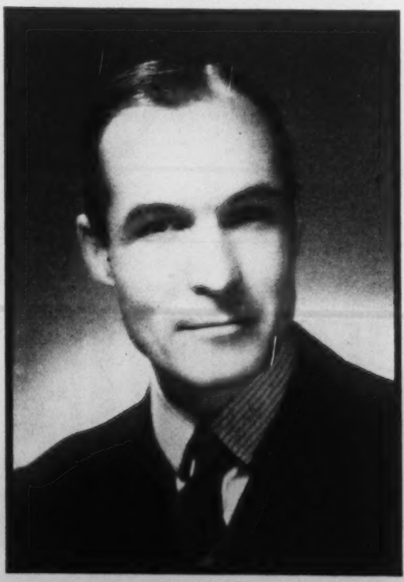
"PLANNING" is undoubtedly the catchiest political slogan of our era. If you get on your feet and demand centralized planning, practically any audience will applaud you wildly. And if you should happen to become Minister of Planning and Development, like Mr. Dana H. Porter, you will immediately get into all the headlines. Of course, certain people will regard you with suspicion. But, on the whole, you will have the general sympathy of the public, and everybody will wish you the best of luck.

The success or failure of the new Ontario Department of Planning and Development will depend very largely on the personality of its Minister. Although he has been very well known in legal and academic circles for many years, Mr. Porter is a fairly new man in active Ontario politics. But it was very largely due to him that new life has been put into the old Conservative party. His past record gives every indication that he has the political acumen necessary to meet the demands of his new job. He has played an all-important part in giving meaning to the adjective "Progressive" which has been stuck on his party-label so significantly.

Original "Progressive"

In 1940 the outlook for the Conservative Party was, indeed, bleak. It looked as though, after R. J. Manion's disastrous defeat, it could never recover. The one alternative to the Liberal Government seemed to be Socialism. The Conservative party was apparently going the way the English Liberal Party had gone: a party with a glorious past, but no future. But Dana Porter refused to believe that his party was dying. He was sure that its basic weakness was its lack of suitable leadership, and he decided to do something about it.

One of his first steps was to write a series of articles for SATURDAY NIGHT on possible leaders for the party, an article on Mr. George Drew, one on Mr. Sidney Smith, one on Mr. Murdoch MacPherson, and one on Mr. J. M. Macdonnell. These articles were not only successful, but also caused a great deal of discussion. Greatly encouraged by this immediate recognition, he continued to publicize his conviction that a new Opposition could be formed to the Government which would not mean the end of capitalism in Canada.



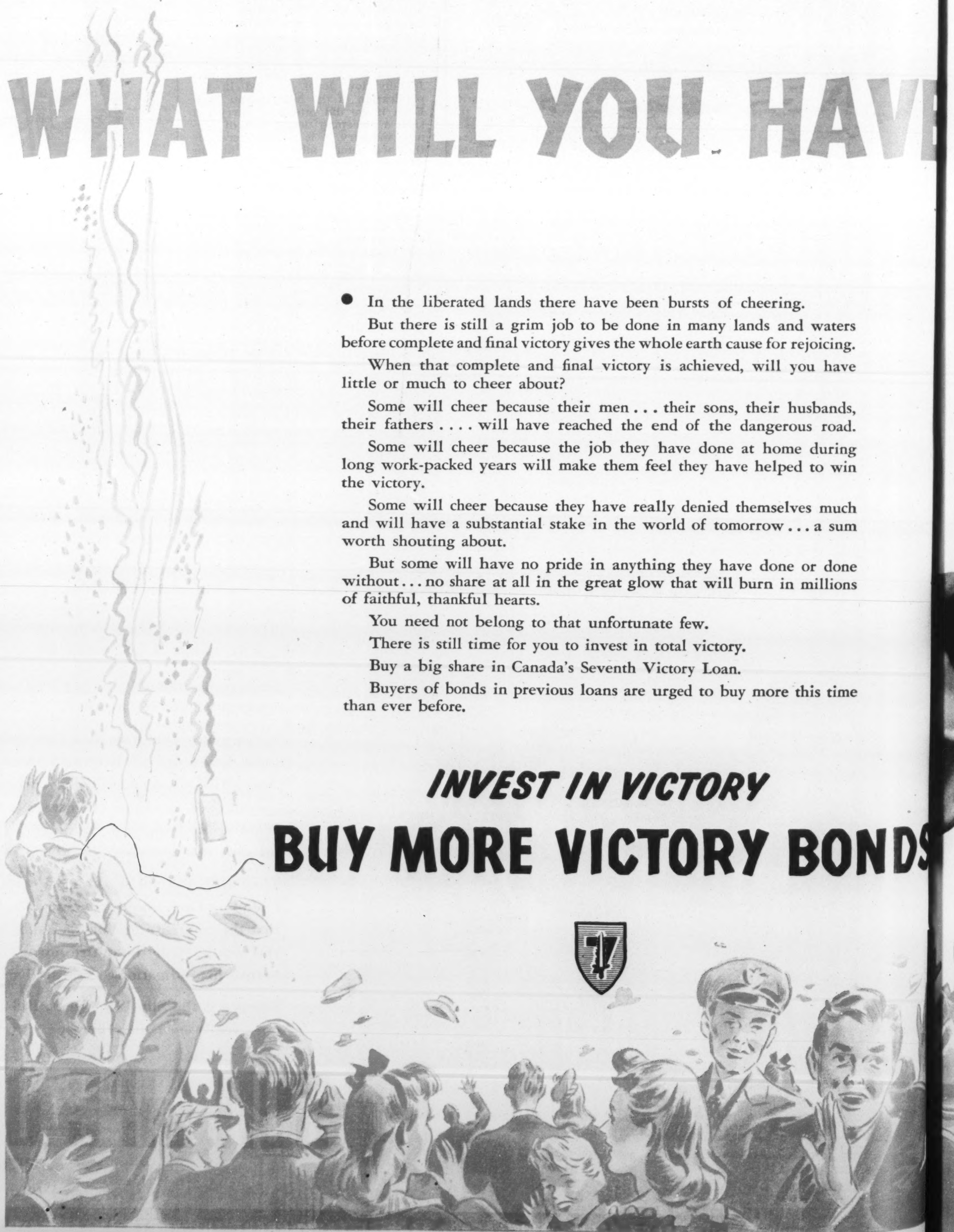
Hon. Dana H. Porter

During the following years he made every effort to keep the new interest in a reformed Conservative party alive. The important thing to do, he thought, was to restore confidence in working-class circles. In order to explain his policy of "rational reform", he wrote another series of articles for SATURDAY NIGHT, this time on the Labor Movement, coming out very strongly in favor of organized labor, and analyzing carefully the philosophy and history of the Canadian labor movement. Soon he helped to bring about the Port Hope Conference in September 1942, a meeting which, in his own words "proved that the party contained a body of men and women who had the initiative and imagination to come from all parts of the Dominion to formulate their views as to what the party should stand for under the conditions of the present and the future." In an almost prophetic article in the *University of Toronto Quarterly* of January 1943 he formulated the circumstances under which a "Progressive" Conservative party could hope to emerge as a vital influence in the life of Canada. There is no indication that Mr. Bracken had read the article before demanding a revised name for the party; perhaps the idea of calling it "progressive" was not so very far-fetched under the circumstances. The Port Hope Conference led directly to the Winnipeg Convention, where Mr. Porter played a most important part in bringing about a decisive change in the attitude of the party.

Rhodes Scholar

There is nothing of the dreamy missionary about Dana Porter, nor has he the dubious characteristics of the party-boss. He is not a bit of the New World politician, but rather a successful lawyer with an academic background. He is tall and genial, and talks like an enlightened British Conservative M.P.

He is the son of George D. Porter, for many years Director of Health Services at the University of Toronto, and close friend of Sir Frederick Banting. Dana graduated at Toronto in 1921, after having taken the Political Science course. During the years immediately following the war he witnessed the solution of some tough rehabilitation problems, when so many veterans returned to the University, older than the ordinary undergraduates, and with a different outlook on life. The memory of these problems may serve him in good stead in his new job. He was president of his class in the fourth



year, and soon decided to go into law. At that stage he was only vaguely interested in politics. Academically he did exceptionally well, and won a Rhodes Scholarship. From 1921 to 1923 he went to Balliol College, Oxford. Some friend had told him before leaving Canada that very probably nobody would speak to him at Oxford during his first year. That, however, was not entirely so, although this piece of information proved to be most useful and saved him from being treated as a "colonial", like so many other Canadians and Americans who went to Oxford more naively.

One of his contemporaries at Oxford (at St. John's College) was Lester Pearson. Dana Porter read modern history, rowed a lot, played the piano, and lounged around friends' rooms discussing politics in which he began to take an active interest. He took a prominent part in the newly formed Commonwealth Club, and became acquainted with problems of imperial relations. Always considering himself a conservative, he never fell into "radical" hands. He went for walking tours on the Continent, climbing up the steep mountains of the Dolomites, accompanied by an English friend who was scared of snow, never having seen any but the feeble English brand.

Studied Labor Questions

Back home, he attended Osgoode Hall for three years, being articled with the firm of Nasmith and Fennell. After being called to the Bar, he became partner in Fennell, Porter and Davis, with which firm he remained until he decided to go into politics. During these years he began to take a lively interest in labor matters, working hard for the Labor Research Institute, a body set up by Professor W. P. M. Kennedy and intended as a sort of information bureau regarding trade union and labor questions. He also took part in a number of lawsuits regarding unions. His legal interests were mainly confined to the court-room, but naturally he also did a lot of general routine work. Although quite content to end his days as a lawyer, he admits that the idea of eventually going into politics was constantly lurking at the back of his mind.

Last year, with the Progressive Conservative Party well on their way to power, he decided to run for the Legislature. The St. George riding in Toronto had fallen vacant, and he easily won the seat. The campaign, he says, was not won by speeches: it was July, and there was little political interest. During the first session of the new Ontario Government he was Parliamentary Assistant to Mr. Drew, advising the Premier on legal questions especially regarding labor matters, assisting him with the drafting of legislation and in receiving deputations. In his maiden speech, made on March 14, he said that "a strong Labor movement is probably the healthiest thing we could have in any civilized country," and supported the mandatory provisions of the new Labor Code saying that it was the fulfilment of the labor policies laid down at Port Hope and Winnipeg. He announced that "the battle for union recognition was largely at an end," and declared that he simply couldn't understand anybody saying that the Government was holding Labor down.

One hour after he was sworn in as Minister, on May 8, he presided over a municipal-provincial conference at the Royal York. Four hundred delegates were there, representing three hundred of the more than nine hundred Ontario municipalities. He told these representatives how he intended to run his department. The closest collaboration with them was a matter of absolute necessity, he told them: they were to work out plans, under his guidance, regarding matters which ultimately were their affairs: housing, town-planning, rehabilitation, industrial conversion, the reclamation of land, the protection of forests, the amenities of community life, etc. The conference followed his suggestion to form a continuing committee to be divided into five sections, representing Ontario's larger cities, its smaller cities, its agricultural areas, the mining and forestry districts of Northern Ontario, and, lastly, one section representing the municipalities at the head of the Lakes. He was greatly encouraged by the success of the conference.

Keeps Local Contacts

Mr. Porter has very specific ideas on how to run the Province. He has several times said his department is not a brain trust, neither is it Santa Claus; no miracles should be expected from it. He feels that if he succeeds in keeping his department "as free as the air," he will be able to do great work. His office is something like a clearing-house for other people's planning suggestions, but he is also initiating plans to be worked out to a large extent by other government departments.

"Any successful scheme has to originate in the section of the community which it will ultimately affect most," he says. "It's my job to stimulate and help planning activities all over the Province." He is constantly on the move, trying to bring people together who would otherwise have no chance to meet, talking things over with municipal councils, finding out what is being done, suggesting more effective schemes. Only by constant discussions with the people actively engaged in planning, he believes, can a unified provincial development be guaranteed. There is no Canadian precedent for his attempts to make people "planning-conscious", but he has discovered that we in Ontario can learn a great deal from our neighbours to the South. Last spring he went down to Tennessee to study some aspects of the T.V.A., and he came back full of enthusiasm for the way the administration down there has succeeded in "drawing out" people to plan jointly their tremendous project.

Although Mr. Porter is working in close collaboration with the various Dominion Committees dealing with Reconstruction and Rehabilitation, he believes that, as long as there is proper co-ordination, planning activities should be as far as possible decentralized. No problem is "exclusively within the sphere of the Dominion." Take the question of rehabilitation, for example. It is true that most of the legislation in this connection will be Dominion legislation, but each Province, each municipal council, will have to see to it that the returned men will be able to adjust themselves speedily to society as a going concern.

Mr. Porter is finding the assistance of Dr. George B. Langford invaluable: he is Director of Planning and Development, a job corresponding in character to that of Director of Education. With jovial modesty, Mr. Porter has a habit of saying: "Dr. Langford is doing the work, while I'm doing the talking."

THE LIGHTER SIDE

Enjoying Good Health? No? Then You Must Be Hard to Please

By W. B. FOSTER

"WHO'S that big, fine-looking chap over there in the deck chair?"

The inquiry came from a Montreal man who was making his first trip on the "Marigold", the world's only all-electric ship which plies the Salmon river in central Nova Scotia.

"Which one?" inquired his host and companion, a Truro man, wheeling about; "that chap in the green snap brim hat?"

"That's the one."

"Why, that's James R. McGinty, one of Nova Scotia's great editors. Everybody calls him Jim. Cousin of Herkimer McSnuffy, the Truro man who achieved fame last year by going on a hunger strike for a senatorship. You remember McSnuffy?"

"Yes, of course; his bid for the Senate was in all the papers."

"Well," said the Truro man, "Jim McGinty has been twenty years with the Mount Thom *Gazette*. Built it up you might say from nothing. Mount Thom is just a few miles beyond the Marigold's eastern terminus at Kemptown."

"His newspaper duties keep him on the river quite a bit, I suppose," suggested the Montrealer.

"Yes, that's it. You see when he started out with the *Gazette* at 21 he handled the waterfront news at Kemptown harbor and often he would come down to Truro. Late years he makes the round trip every day. A great believer in the theory that the only news worth printing is something unusual. Jim always says there's no news in the sun coming up in the east, but any time it comes up in the west he wants all the particulars."

McGinty, a tall, well-built man with graying temples, looked out across the shimmering waters. His steel blue eyes, under shaggy brows, had never wavered before anyone or anything in all his 41 years. His face was bronzed from being lashed by wind and water. His jutting chin brooked no compromise.

Now he removed his horn-rimmed spectacles and shifted his gaze to Jake the albatross, mascot of the "Marigold". The big gray and white bird was flying at the rear of the ship. His elevation was about fifty feet, and, apparently, he was watching for a Rainbow trout in the waters below.

It was Springtime. The sun shone warmly from a cloudless sky. Snow in the woods was melting fast and the river was rising.

The "Marigold" was headed upstream. The engineer had switched on the reserve tank of electric eels and the ship's speedometer showed 16 knots.

In the engine room the dynamos whirred with the force flowing from 200 electric eels that were born and reared in the Orinoco river in South America. They had been brought to Nova Scotia some years before as motive power for the "Marigold".

Previously powered by steam, the "Marigold" had rubber smoke stacks that enabled her to pass under highway and railway bridges. When the power change-over was made the rubber funnels had been kept as a matter of sentiment. Their bending back and snapping upright again when a bridge was negotiated was a constant delight to passengers.

TWENTY years back, McGinty, a confident university graduate with the ink on his "sheepskin" barely dry, walked into the office of the Mount Thom *Gazette*. The paper was only a weekly then. Editor and owner, Ben Beetle, did most of the work, including type-setting and kicking the job presses. Young McGinty found him in the back shop.

"Hello, old timer," greeted Jim.

"What's that?" replied Ben, taking off his glasses and wiping them with a bit of newsprint.

"I'm after a job," announced the young man.

"What kind?" asked Ben.

"Running the paper," Jim replied.

"Well, of all the gall," remarked Ben, stepping close to his visitor.

"Let's go in the office," suggested Jim.

They went in and Jim unfolded a copy of the *Gazette*.

"This item here," he said, pointing to a ringed paragraph. "It says this woman isn't enjoying good health. She must be hard to please."

"She's sick," said Ben.

"Then why not say so?" countered Jim. "What you say is that she has good health but doesn't care for it."

"Another thing," Jim went on, "this story about the town council meeting. You say the council adjourned. Why in blazes wouldn't it adjourn? If it sat all night and continuously for two or three days you would have real news, even a mystery."

"Huh," said Ben, "what do you know about reporting?"

"Never mind," returned Jim. "Look at the first paragraph of this council report. You say the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. There's no news to that. If the mayor had charged that the minutes were falsified and had hung his fist on the town clerk's jaw you'd have had a story good for a banner line on page one; but this stuff is just tripe."

"It's always been done," defended Ben.

"That's just it," came back Jim; "you need someone around here who can think.

"Take this item here," he went on. "You say that this student successfully passed his examinations. Did you ever hear of anyone unsuccessfully passing an exam?"

"How you talk," said Ben; "maybe you are smart."

"And this wedding," pursued the young man, turning to another page. "You say it was quiet but pretty. That seems to imply that most pretty weddings are uproarious and this wedding was more or less a curiosity, like an albino deer, for instance, because it was pretty in spite of being quiet."

"Stop," said Ben. "I can see I need a thinker. You can start running this sheet tomorrow."

So Jim went to work. He drove "sick-list", "order of the day", "guest speaker" and "motor visitor" from the paper's columns. He deleted the word "young" from birth notices that announced the arrival of a "young" boy or girl.

Meantime with the development of an industrial and shipping empire in the Salmon River Valley the

HE TELLS THE WORLD ...... BUT HIS WIFE TELLS HIM

An Industry Mobilized for War

-WITHOUT THE SCRATCH OF A PEN!

• • • • •

It took the Wool Cloth Industry of Canada only 17 days to put millions of pounds of raw material into war production.

THE day war was declared, the Canadian Wool Cloth Industry started to mobilize for victory.

In peacetime it had been supplying the larger part of Canada's domestic needs. Now, cloth was urgently needed in unprecedented quantities—for war.

With labor supply cut by enlistments, the industry rose to the challenge.

Within a week, it had presented the Government with an organized production plan. Seven days later, the mills were given the green light.

Within 17 days of war's outbreak, and before a single order had been penned, millions of pounds of raw materials were being turned into military cloth.

By 1943, the pre-war annual output of fourteen million yards was increased to twenty-eight million yards, with 38 kinds of war cloth streaming from the looms.

While the nature of its products eased the transition to a war footing, this striking achievement would have been impossible without the indigenous growth that had made the woollen industry an integral part of the economic life of scores of Canadian communities, and its products a matter of national pride.

Dominion Woollens & Worsteds Limited

No. 2 of a Series on Canada's Drive for Victory and Preparation for Peace.

Gazette had become a daily with a fair-sized staff.

McGinty's open mind, his refusal to believe that even the most improbable events couldn't happen, kept him in touch with forward-looking persons everywhere. He gained their confidence and through them got many a news beat. It was McGinty who scooped the world when the molasses well at East Mountain blew in, a sensational beat still talked of in newspaper offices on both sides of the Atlantic.

JULIA McSnort, who handled the society page in the *Gazette*, always admitted that McGinty was a smart editor, but disagreed with him on one point. Julia stubbornly held to the view that the serving of refreshments at a social function was news. McGinty was violent in his claim that the only news in refreshments was failure to serve them. That, he said, might cause a riot. Julia tried hard to keep refreshments out of paragraphs about parties but once in a while she would forget and then McGinty would bawl her out.

On the day before the Montreal man and his friend took passage on the "Marigold", McGinty had warned Julia again and then added:

"In tomorrow's *Gazette* I will give you dramatic proof of my claim."

He called a reporter and a camera man. They jumped in his car and drove to Kemptown where they caught the "Marigold" for Truro.

On the way down river McGinty explained his plans for a big story.

At nine o'clock that night they "cased" a Truro home where two tables of bridge were in operation. Locating the pantry, they looted it of everything eatable and also took all the coffee percolators and teapots, piling everything on the back lawn.

Two and a half hours later the hostess left the living room. Soon she re-appeared and motioned to her husband. He joined her. Then they both returned.

"I'm sorry," said the hostess, "but we have no refreshments. The house has been robbed."

"Oh yeah," drawled one of the women guests, "and after all you ate at my place! Come across."

One dirty verbal wallop led to another. The host struck one of the male guests and a wild melee ensued with all eight players participating. When the fight had reached its height Jim and his helpers walked in.

The reporter and the photographer went back to Mount Thom the next morning, but Jim stayed for whatever court proceedings there might be before the paper's deadline.

Now on his way home, McGinty was anxious to see the *Gazette*. As the ship drew in to the wharf at East Mountain he could see a group of newsboys doing a land-office business. Several ran up the gangplank. McGinty bought a *Gazette*.

There it was on the front page, across five of the paper's eight columns. Jim looked at it professionally and thought it good. The text and art ran half a page:

TRURO PAIR BADLY BEATEN;
SIX IN COURT AFTER WILD
BATTLE AT BRIDGE PARTY

Guests Indignant When "Delicious Refreshments" Fail to Appear

By James R. McGinty,
Managing Editor,
The Mount Thom *Gazette*

Truro, April 15.—Mercilessly beaten about the head and face, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Algebra, 2206 Carnation Boulevard, are in hospital this morning after a bizarre occurrence at their home shortly before midnight yesterday. Their assailants . . . . .

And so on for three thousand words.

McGinty folded his paper and went back to his deck chair.

There a messenger found him, handed him a telegram. It came from Julia and read:

YOU WIN STOP STORY RUNNING FRONT PAGE ALL EDITIONS INCLUDING LATE SPORTING EXTRA STOP STREET SALES NOON EDITION JUMPED SIX THOUSAND COPIES.

"Why not?" mused McGinty, glancing up at Jake.

"Make It Your Canada" and You'll Regret It

By M. S. NESTER

The writer—a well-known New Zealand economist—says that if you do "Make This Your Canada" the experience will be bitter. This warning is based on the results obtained in New Zealand from adoption of many of the very measures advocated in the CCF book.

Wellington, New Zealand.

I HAVE just finished reading "Make This Your Canada"—a review of CCF history and policy—and propose to review it from the point of view of one who has lived under a semi-socialist economy for the past nine years. I must observe at the outset that, with slight variations, the book embodies many of the views that the Labor Party in New Zealand advocated prior to 1935. Existing problems are stated, and the authors then proceed on the assumption that the adoption of a socialist system will solve those problems, *without creating others of even graver importance.*

The peculiar difficulty in criticizing socialist literature lies in the fact that the socialist does not trouble to indicate the implications of his policy. In the words of Mises, socialism is primarily destructionist; it envisages the pulling down of existing institutions, but its constructive program is vague and nebulous. It is just as well for the socialist that he adopts such tactics, for if he ventured to define in precise terms, the shape of the society he visualizes, undoubtedly support for his policy would wither away.

What happens when a Socialist government attains to power? Again, it must be confessed, there is no hurry to indicate precisely what type of society is contemplated. After nine years of Socialist government, private enterprise in New Zealand is still paramount, nor does there appear to be any likelihood that within the near future, at any rate, State enterprise will operate in more than a fraction of our industrial life. One cannot escape the conclusion that the plank of socialism is merely a device for the attainment of office, rather than a practical system of government. Thus, during the present session of Parliament, one of the National Party members challenged the Labor Government, in plain terms, to put their socialist policy into operation without further delay; to let New Zealand have practical experience of socialism for three years; and, at the end of that time, electors would then be able to decide, once and for all, whether they desired socialism or not. In the face of this challenge, the silence of the Government was eloquent.

Muddled Thinking

A short while after the Labor Government had assumed office in New Zealand, Mr. J. M. Keynes observed: "It sounds to me as though the aims of your new Government are partly admirable, but in serious danger of proving a fiasco from the excessive admixture of muddled thinking which lies behind them." The "muddled thinking" to which Mr. Keynes referred is fully reflected in "Make This Your Canada", and it has produced in New Zealand the hermaphrodite of capitalism and socialism that cannot be so well described as a system, as lack of one.

The defined aim of the Labor Party in New Zealand is "socialization of the means of production, distribution and exchange." If "socialization means public ownership, then socialization in New Zealand is practically non-existent; if it means control of private enterprise, then we have the most complete form of socialism in the world. In the field of State enterprise the Government owns and operates the railways, and some, but not all, of the road motor services; hydro-electric power plants; a few coal mines; all radio stations; some saw-milling plants; a few vegetable and poultry farms; and other enterprises of lesser importance. In competition with private companies, it has a life, fire, and accident insurance business. In competition with legal firms and trustee companies, it has a Department which administers deceased estates. It owns the Reserve Bank, and has shares in the Bank of New Zealand, a trading bank which competes with four other trading banks. Of this list, only the Vegetable and Poultry farms are enterprises which were not already owned and operated by the State before the advent of the Labor Government.

The Reserve Bank, established in 1934, was in fact, if not in theory, a public institution. The Government bought out the private share capital (£500,000 of a total capital of £1,500,000), and abolished all semblance of independent control on the part of the directors. The broadcasting service was owned by the State, but controlled by a Board; the Board was abolished, and the service, together with a commercial broadcasting service established since by the present Government, is now controlled by the Minister. It will be observed that in these respects there is a distinction without a difference. The Marketing Department is a new department which handles the sale of cheese, butter and some other products. Its operations have been widely criticized, on the grounds that since it has assumed control, the products it handles have become scarcer, dearer, and poorer in quality.

Inadequate Production

The achievements of the Government in the field of production have been far from impressive. There is a shortage of electric power, and a shortage of coal. To some extent, the war situation is responsible for this, but war has not been the only factor. Certainly, State enterprise in New Zealand has failed to demonstrate that it is more efficient, or more free from industrial unrest, than private enterprise. The contrary can be maintained without difficulty.

In the field of controls, there has been a Roman holiday. Some of them have arisen through the Government's mismanagement of national finances; some have been brought into being as part of the socialist program; some are the direct product of the depression, when people welcomed controls as a means of extricating themselves from the difficulties in which they found themselves. Here is the origin of two controls:

When Labor assumed office, they found a nest-egg of sterling funds amounting to some £36,000,000. The Government proceeded to raise wages, and in giving a guaranteed price to the farmers for butter and cheese, it raised the farmers' *gross* income as well. The subsidy to the farmers—for this is what the guaranteed price amounted to—was financed by loans from the Reserve Bank of money representing not the savings of the people, but money freshly created to finance the payment of subsidies. The Government also financed its housing scheme from the same source. The result of this inflationary policy was a drain on sterling funds, occasioned by the increased demand for exchange to finance imports. The drain assumed alarming proportions in 1938, and by December of 1938 sterling funds had dropped from a peak level of £46,000,000 in 1935 to a record low of £8,000,000. In order to restrict the strain on sterling funds, the Government brought in import and exchange control, in December, 1938—a few months after the elections. Thus New Zealand had import and exchange control almost a year before the outbreak of war, and these controls arose solely out of the Government's mismanagement of our national finances.

So far as one can interpret the policy of the CCF, much the same situation could result from putting into operation the CCF's policy in Canada.

Reference is made on page 84 of "Make This Your Canada" to the support given to Socialism in New Zealand by Catholics. This statement is only partly true. Catholics as a body do not support socialism. Individually, some of them do, but it is likely that the activities of a prominent Socialist, Mr. J. A. Lee, will increase Catholic opposition to Socialism. Lee who led the left wing of Labor—the Democratic Soldier-Labor Party—to disastrous defeat in the last elections, has been conducting an anti-Catholic campaign for some time. These, for instance, are some of the headings of the titles of two recent articles published in his weekly newspaper: "Friends of Franco and Vatican Politics," and "The Fascist Pope". In religious matters, official Labor is tolerant; leftist Labor is not.

On page 153 of "Make This Your Canada" appears the following: "It is noteworthy, for example, that in New Zealand a system of price and wage controls even stricter than that in Canada has caused far less complaint, because it was worked out by the people themselves, and not by a remote government and control boards representing employers rather than workers and farmers." This is unintelligible to me. It cannot be maintained that Government controls have been worked out "by the people themselves", except in the sense that the Government was elected by the people. There have been many complaints about price and wage controls, mainly on the grounds that they are not effective. Thus, while the farmers' costs have risen considerably, the price fixed for primary produce has not risen correspondingly. The farmers have learned that there is a big difference between gross income and net income.

Socialist Shipping

It is interesting to note that the CCF envisages building ships under socialist methods. The Australian Government, after the last war, went into the shipping business on socialist lines, and it cost the Australian taxpayers some £7,000,000 before the Government disposed of its fleet and its shipyards to private enterprise.

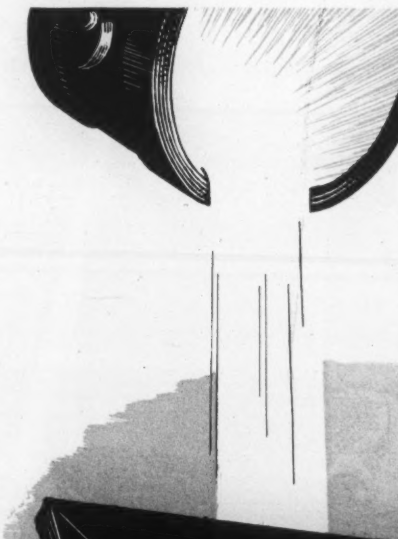
One is not impressed with the story on page 157 of the billions of oil that could be obtained from the Athabaska tar sands. It is part of the tactics of a political party to point to the "immense" wealth left untouched by private enterprise or by the Government. Thus, the Labor Party in New Zealand was at one time highly enthusiastic about our "immense" deposits of iron that were lying idle; it is nine years since Labor assumed office, but we are still waiting for the first ounce of iron to be produced by socialist methods.

The abolition of the sales tax advocated on page 182 should be a popular measure. Labor in New Zealand never ceased to attack the sales tax when it was in opposition; when they became the Government, they quadrupled the sales tax.

The CCF advocates (on page 181) that the tax burden on lower income brackets must be eased. Here again is a popular measure, but it is nevertheless a fact that taxation of the lower income bracket in New Zealand, and, since the advent of Labor, has become the highest in the world. In 1935, taxation per head in New Zealand was £13/8/2; in 1939, £21/17/6; in 1942, £30/16/5, *apart from war taxes.*

A Socialist policy in Canada, it is claimed, will arrest the drift from country to town (page 174). A Socialist policy in New Zealand has done the opposite. When a watersider can earn up to £970 a year, nobody is tempted to engage in farm work for quarter that amount, nor is anybody tempted to remain on a farm if he can get a job in the town. Production of primary produce in New Zealand has declined considerably, and one of the reasons for this decline is the lack of balance between town and country incomes.

"Make This Your Canada", if you like; but the experience will be bitter.



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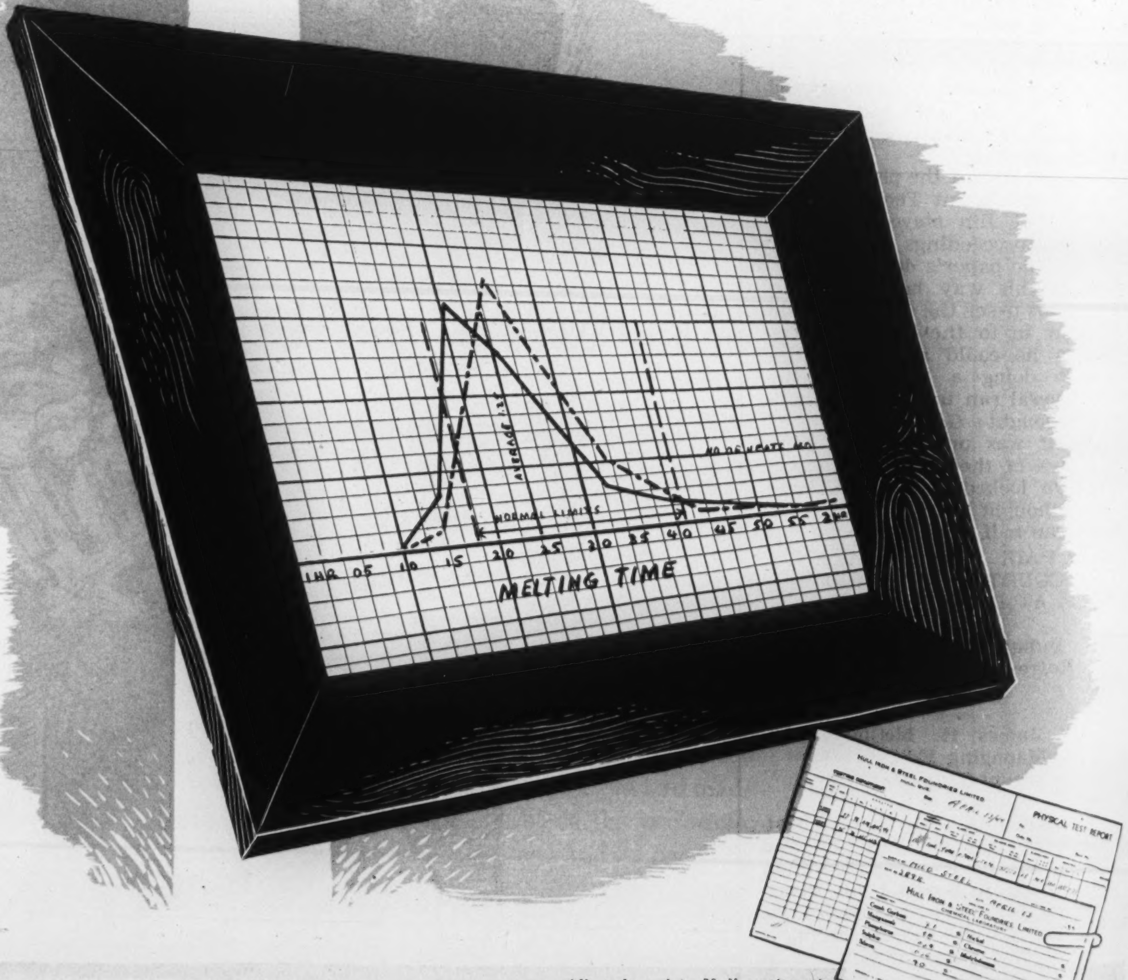

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IDS

What they achieved...*we must hold*

THEY HAD ENDURED POVERTY in Scotland. Many had died of typhus during long weeks at sea. All through the winter at Churchill on Hudson Bay they suffered from cold and hunger. In April they trudged 150 miles across the snow to York Factory—thence up the Nelson River, Lake Winnipeg and the Red River to the Selkirk Settlement where Winnipeg now stands.

It was a whole year's journey for this little band of Selkirk Settlers—a year of constant hardships. But these hardy pioneers were willing to undergo any hardships to reach a land where their effort and initiative could earn its reward, and where they could carve out a happy future for themselves and their children.

That is the heritage they have handed down to us. That is what we are defending in this second World War.

Victory Bonds are the means by which each Canadian can share in the war effort of his own free will. That is why Canadians have given their wholehearted support to each Victory Loan. That is why we will support the Seventh Victory Loan to the limit of our ability.

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How Britain Fought the Nazi "Victory" Bomb

By DUNCAN SANDYS, M.P.

Here is Britain's official report on her most successful campaign against the German flying bombs. Duncan Sandys, M.P., who wrote it, is Chairman of the Committee on Operational Measures Against the Flying Bombs, set up by the British War Cabinet. It has necessarily been somewhat abbreviated here, by reason of space requirements.

The outstanding fact revealed is how much greater the damage would have been but for the preparations and steps taken to counter the attack.

EXCEPT possibly for a few last shots, the Battle of London is over. *This battle against the flying bomb has been going on now for 18 months.

The first six months were a period of enquiry and enthralling speculation. It was in April, 1943, that the Chiefs of Staff sent me four rather vague reports from secret agents which suggested that the Germans were developing a long-range bombardment weapon of some novel type. I was asked to investigate and recommend action.

Throughout this investigation, I had the assistance of the intelligence machines of all three Services and the advice of many leading scientists and engineers. These four reports led us to suspect that the new weapon was being developed on the Baltic coast. Accordingly, reconnaissance aircraft were sent to photograph the likeliest areas in that region.

Photographs obtained early in May showed that, at Peenemunde, on an island in the Baltic, there was what appeared to be a very large experimental station. We were much puzzled by the lay-out of the establishment which possessed many peculiar features that we were unable to explain.

We photographed Peenemunde again and again, as often as the weather allowed. On later photographs, expert interpreters of the Air Ministry drew our attention to a tiny blurred speck. On close examination, it could be seen that the object was the shape of a miniature aeroplane sitting on what appeared to be an inclined ramp fitted with rails. Still later, a photograph showed that near the ramp the ground was blackened with dark streaks such as might have been caused by a hot blast.

Doubts Removed

Having regard to this and other information, it was deduced that the object seen must have been a pilotless, jet-propelled aircraft. We did not, of course, at that time, know for certain whether this was an offensive weapon or merely a target plane of the Queen Bee type.

Our doubts were removed when we discovered in November, 1943, that the Germans were building all along the French coast, from Calais to Cherbourg, a whole series of concrete structures which had certain unmistakable features in common with those seen at Peenemunde and elsewhere on the Baltic.

Furthermore those who examined the photographs drew our attention to the sinister fact that almost all the French coastal constructions appeared to be oriented towards London.

As a result of extensive air reconnaissance throughout the difficult winter months, we eventually discovered over 100 of these concrete constructions. Reconnaissance was a very severe job. The whole area had to be covered again and again, since these constructions sprang up very quickly, almost like mushrooms. Photographs were taken under all weather conditions and it was even necessary to come down low through the clouds and take great risks to get these wonderful pictures. The British and American Air Forces started attacking these flying-bomb sites last December and continued incessantly through the winter and spring until every one was destroyed. The enemy tried to repair them. As they were repaired they were re-bombed.

In the end, the Germans abandoned these launching sites altogether and started about last March, constructing an entirely new series of firing points of enormously simplified design. Most of the buildings, including conspicuous storage accommodation for bombs and fuel, were entirely eliminated.

We did not, of course, know whether the flying-bomb attack would start before, after or during the invasion operations. Consequently, our deployment plans had to be very flexible. In point of fact, the attack started a few days after the landing in France. Our guns and balloons were thus extensively sited round British ports of departure.

In accordance with the plan, balloons and guns were immediately moved to prepared positions to the south-east of London. They began to come into action at once and within 24 hours were beginning to take toll of bombs.

Results and Difficulties

During the first month, fighters, guns and balloons together brought down some 40 per cent of bombs launched. From the point of view of the defenses, there were several awkward features about the flying-bomb attack. The bomb flew at a very high speed—between 350 and 400 miles per hour. In an attempt to saturate our defenses, the enemy, to an increasing extent, launched the bombs in salvos and also concentrated, as far as possible, the weight of the attack in periods of cloudy weather which restricted the operation of our fighters. On certain dull days, 200 flying bombs were launched within 24 hours.

The height at which the bombs flew also presented our guns with a difficulty. The bombs came in at an average of 2,300 feet. Some came in a great deal lower—rather too low to saturate our defenses, the enemy heavy guns and rather on the high side for our 40-millimeter and 20-millimeter light guns.

Originally, we had deployed some 500 balloons. However, when it was seen that the bombs were consistently flying low, it was realized that the balloons might play a very appreciable part; consequently, the barrage was rapidly thickened up to nearly 2,000. Moreover, it was found, having regard to the altitude of the bomb, that the full operational height of the barrage was not needed. Therefore, by accepting a reduction in the height of the balloons, we were able to suspend additional light cables. Practically all the balloons in the barrage were fitted with one additional cable, many with two.

Our plans had been made on the assumption that the bomb would probably operate at heights up to 6,000 feet. In actual fact, many flew below 1,000 feet.

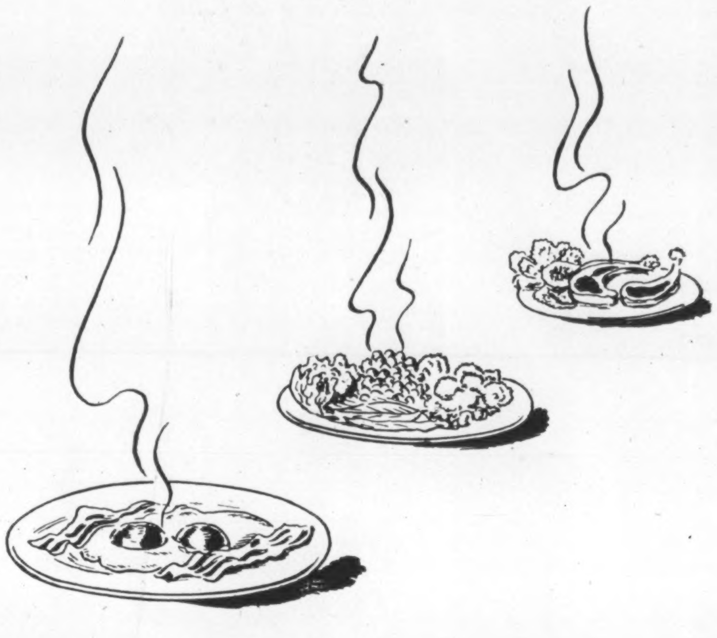
In order to insure the quickest possible deployment, the defense plan had provided largely for the use of mobile 3.7 inch guns. However, experience showed that the low altitude of the bomb, combined with its heavy high speed, was too much for these manually operated guns. The very rapid change in angle made it necessary to traverse the guns abnormally fast, and it was not found possible to do this by hand. This inevitably resulted in jerky, inaccurate laying.

About the middle of July, it was decided to take two very bold steps and Sir Roderic M. Hill (Air Marshal Commanding Air Defense of Great Britain) and General Sir Frederick Pile (General Officer Commanding-in-chief, Anti-Aircraft Command) deserve the credit. It was decided to move the entire anti-aircraft belt down to the coast so that the guns should get an uninterrupted field of view. This move entailed a lengthening of the front and, in consequence, necessitated the deployment of many additional guns. This re-deployment was a vast undertaking. In all, some 600 heavy and 500 Bofors guns had to be moved and re-sited. Yet the guns were out of action only two days.

At the same time, arrangements were made to replace all heavy mobile 3.7's by static guns.

These static guns cannot, of course, be set down in open fields

*Since this was written launching of the flying bombs from planes, which at the time was more or less in the experimental stage, has been developed by the Germans and there are indications that this form of attack is meeting with some success.



Three Meals Tomorrow!

Three square meals a day is an institution on this Continent. The fact that we are still able to enjoy this privilege after more than five years of war is something for us all to think about. Millions of other people throughout the world have not been so lucky!

Today, Victory seems near at hand, but the struggle with its indescribable sufferings, is not yet over. Much still remains to be done if we are to make the ideals we have been fighting for a reality. In addition to the continued pressing need for armaments with which to finish off Germany and wage a more intensive war against Japan, there is the additional burden of rehabilitation work in our own and liberated lands. This is a direct responsibility of the United Nations which cannot be avoided.

Three square meals a day and the opportunity to earn them, will bring a greater measure of contentment and co-operation among the world's millions. We, who have been so lucky to be spared the direct horrors of war can do much to help in the betterments of Peace. As a start, we can send Canada's Seventh Victory Loan so far over the top that it will dwarf all our other splendid Victory Loan efforts. This is your opportunity to not only invest in Victory but in a future bright with the hopes of Peace and Prosperity .... Published in the interests of Canada's Seventh Victory Loan by The Electric Chain Company of Canada Limited, 171 John Street, Toronto, 2B, Ontario.

like mobile guns. They are normally bolted on to a specially reinforced concrete platform. To build these along the coast would have taken months. However, an extemporized platform made of railway lines and sleepers was designed by Anti-Aircraft Command. This proved a complete success and new platforms were laid down as fast as the material could be delivered to the sites—at the rate of 100 weekly.

In the first week after the re-deployment, the guns shot down 17 per cent of the bombs which entered the gun belt; in the second week, 24; the third, 27; the fourth, 40; the fifth, 55; the sixth and last, 74.

Since the guns were sited on the coast, a high proportion of the bombs destroyed were brought down harmlessly into the sea. In fact, during the last fortnight, only 45 per cent of the bombs launched got across the English coast as against 75 per cent in June.

This re-deployment gave the guns much greater scope and led to an improvement in the over-all results of our combined defenses. On the other hand, it restricted the opportunities of the fighters. So many bombs were shot down by the guns on the coast that the number of targets presented to the fighters inland was much reduced. This is the main reason for the falling-off in fighter results since the re-deployment in mid-July.

Bombs' Speed a Problem

In the battle against the flying bomb, our fighters were faced with a number of difficulties. The first was the speed of the bombs. Only our fastest fighters possess the high speed needed to overtake the bomb in level flight. Other types had to position themselves two to three hundred feet above and then dive down upon it to get the additional speed to overcome it. The problem of exactly hitting off the correct angle of the dive was a very difficult one and could only be mastered with experience.

In the hours of darkness it was, of course, easy enough to spot the flaming tail of a flying bomb many miles away. On the other hand, night presented its own peculiar difficulties. In order to bring down the bomb, the pilot must fire his guns at a range of about 300 yards. If he fires when he is too far away, he probably won't destroy the bomb. If he fires when too near, the bomb may blow up and destroy him.

Our scientists gave much attention to this problem which for a time baffled us. Experiments were carried out with various elaborate radio equipments. Meanwhile, Professor Sir Thomas Merton produced a simple, ingenious range-finder which proved to be the complete answer. It was so simple that the whole device cost little more than one shilling (20 cents).

In the last two-and-a-half months, it has been unusually wet and cloudy for the time of year. This has made the work of the fighters more difficult. Nevertheless, since the start of the bombardment, our fighter aircraft brought down over 1,900 flying bombs. This is a very fine achievement of which Air Marshal Sir Roderic Hill and the Fighter Command have good reason to be proud.

Hitler will be painfully disillusioned, if he is still capable of disillusionment, when he hears how well our fighters have done. Some time ago, a special trial was arranged for Hitler in the Baltic. A German fighter ace flying a captured Spitfire demonstrated to the Fuehrer's satisfaction that British fighters did not possess the necessary speed to intercept the flying bomb. They reckoned without the increased efficiency of our latest types and overlooked the superior skill and resource of British pilots.

During the 80 days' bombardment, the enemy launched over 8,000 bombs, that is to say, about 100 a day. Of these, some 2,300 (29%) got through into the London region.

These figures do not include many bombs which came to grief in France. Even of the bombs successfully launched, some 25% were inaccurate or erratic. Many dived into the sea of their own accord. Others strayed as far as Norfolk and Northampton.

The remaining 46% were brought down by the combined efforts of guns, fighters and balloons.

Important U.S. Help

I am very glad to have the opportunity of expressing formally to Brigadier General Orvil A. Anderson (Deputy Commander for Operations, Eighth U.S.A.A.F.) on behalf of H. M. Government our appreciation of the help which our American allies have given us in the battle against the flying bomb. They have thrown themselves into the job of beating the bomb with just as much determination and enthusiasm as if New York or Washington had been the victim of the attack.

American batteries provided about one-eighth of the total number of heavy A.A. guns along the south coast and have contributed their full share to the joint bag.

Some of the very latest American equipment was used with our British heavy guns. This was ordered from America earlier in the year when the danger of flying bombs began to look imminent, and it was needed by the American forces. The necessary priority was accorded by the President in response to a personal request by the Prime Minister.

The biggest American contribution has, however, been in the field of offensive air operations. In partnership with the R.A.F., the American Air Forces under the command of General Spaatz have been pounding the flying-bomb targets in France and in Germany for the whole year past.

Ever since the Bomber Command made its great raid on *Peenemunde in August of last year, the British and American Air Forces have been conducting a continuous battle against Hitler's secret weapons.

The targets attacked included launching sites, storage depots and communications in France, as well as factories, special fuel plants and experimental stations in Germany. Altogether, they dropped on these targets over 100,000 tons of bombs.

All this has not been done without loss. On these operations the British and American Air Forces together have lost nearly 450 aircraft, including many heavy and medium bombers, involving the loss of approximately 2,900 pilots and air crews.

Bombing cannot be separated from Intelligence. In the battle against the flying bomb, the Intelligence Service, our agents in enemy territories, air reconnaissance squadrons and the photographic interpretation units played a vital part.

They warned us in the first place of what Hitler was preparing for us, and have since directed the bomber forces with remarkable precision on to the weak links and bottle-necks in the enemy's organization.

Agents reported that the enemy was moving his stocks to other depots. Many of these in turn were discovered and destroyed.

*This raid on Peenmunde was fully described for the first time by Allan A. Michie in SATURDAY NIGHT September 2, 1944.

Are more boy babies born in wartime?

Even in normal times more boy babies than girls are born, and the ratio is actually increased during and after wars, say statistics . . . but whether your infant be boy or girl, the most important human experience you can know is this miracle of birth.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

When War's Alarms Swayed Mother of Parliaments

By THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES, P.C., M.P.

Mr. Clynes, one of Britain's great Labor leaders, Food Minister in the last war, and who has also held the posts of Home Secretary, Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the Opposition, tells in this article of famous occasions when the shadow of war has hung over Britain's House of Commons.

I ENTERED the British House of Commons as a Member in 1906, and except for one brief interval, I have represented a division there ever since. At this moment when peace proposals from enemy Governments may at any moment be placed before us, my thoughts, as I look back over nearly forty years, naturally turn to those moments I have known when the Commons held Great Britain poised on the verge of peace or war.

I entered the House at a time when men talked of war as a thing of the past. Not since Napoleon had Britain needed to put forth its full strength on a battlefield. The campaigns of Continental countries, and our armed trading adventures in Africa, had never flawed the massive Victorian conviction that machinery had brought to humanity a golden age of peaceful evolution towards an ordered and ideal world.

How they misjudged man and his machines!

The same belief in a peaceful world future was reflected in the speeches of the Parliamentary giants of those days—Joseph Chamberlain, Balfour, H. H. Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman, John Burns, Lloyd George, Haldane, Runciman and McKenna. Austen and Neville Chamberlain were there, too, and Winston Churchill (then a Liberal), and F. E. Smith, the future Lord Birkenhead, was making his maiden speech amid such cheers as no other maiden speech in my memory has gained.

Soon, however, the first shadows of an armed and terrible Germany began to creep across St. Stephen's floor. How well I remember Campbell-Bannerman's desperate appeal against the arms race which began then:

"Is it not evident that any process of simultaneous and progressive armament defeats its own avowed purpose? Scare answers scare, and force begets force, until at length it comes to be seen that we are racing one against another after a phantom security which flees terrified at our armed approach."

The Armament Race

But the voice of reason went crying down the void: in the House, in the country, even in the music halls, "Four or Eight" new battleships became the controversy of the day. *The German Emperor was building warships, "We want eight and we won't wait!" won the day.* Sir Edward Grey said: "Half the national revenue of half the nations of Europe is being spent on preparations to kill each other. Sooner or later this expenditure will submerge civilization."

Edward VII died, and George V was crowned. The pomp and pageantry had scarcely died away when the thunder of the gun-salutes in London was borne down by a deeper rumble from Agadir, in Morocco. The German gunboat "Panther" forced a way into the port and lay with guns uncovered and manned while German diplomats began secret moves to claim dominion over Morocco. The French Premier began negotiations with Berlin without the knowledge of his own Government. Lloyd George made a City speech which the German press read as a direct threat.

"The German Ambassador made me a communication so stiff that it appeared that the Fleet might be attacked at any moment," Sir Edward Grey said afterwards. The House met in an atmosphere of breathless premonition. Instructions were sent to Generals, and the armies and navies of Europe began steadily to uncover their big guns.

Preliminaries

Bitterly, France agreed to buy off Germany with some small colonial territories. *Veterans of 1870 in Paris and young German officers in Berlin beer-gardens drank openly to "The Day!" but for the moment Mars clanged back his half-drawn sword into its scabbard, and faces at Westminster relaxed.*

But the arms race in Europe went disastrously on. In July, 1914, Lloyd George said:

"Europe is spending £350,000,000 a year on the machinery of slaughter. Is it conceivable that the House of Commons should regard that as a State of things which can continue? I cannot believe it."

Today, Great Britain *alone*, is forced to spend *thirteen times* that amount on the machinery of war.

Lloyd George did not know it, but the death-knell of world peace had already begun to toll. The Austrian heir-apparent and his consort had been murdered a few days before. On July 28, Austria declared war on Serbia. Russia began to mobilize, the Tsar ordered the suspension of mobilization while he exchanged the frantic Willy-Nicky telegrams with the Kaiser that might have won peace, but General Sukhomlinov deliberately prevented the Tsar's command from being made public. Germany was swept into war, and then France.

Into War

No one knew what Britain would do. Vast mass meetings gathered all over the country. I addressed one such in Manchester. Financial panic raged in London when people realized that the first great war for over a century was beginning. Seven great London firms defaulted in one day. Great queues stood outside every bank demanding gold. The National Penny Bank had to suspend payment. In other banks, clerks carrying bags of gold filed in at one door and out of another, to give confidence by an appearance of unending resources.

George V was "hauled out of bed" at 1.30 a.m. to approve a telegram to the Tsar begging him to hold back his troops.

At three o'clock, when Sir Edward Grey got to his feet in the House, a sigh swept through the packed assembly, with a sound I shall never forget. Before he could speak, there was cheering and yelling and a great white flutter of handkerchiefs. He said, in effect, that if the Germans attacked Belgium and France, we would take up our obligation—in other words, fight. A dramatic speech came from Mr. Redmond, saying that all British troops could be withdrawn from Ireland, which was then so near a war against England that German statesmen based much of their war strategy upon that situation.

An ultimatum was sent to Germany. By an error, the German Ambassador, who had asked us to propose our own conditions for neutrality, was sent his passports two hours before the ultimatum expired. The die was cast: troops were already on the move.

I wrote in the "New Leader":

"Victory will make the successful arrogant, and prowess must feed on even greater store of costly armaments than before. It will settle very

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little for long. The beaten forces will harbor hate and nurse revenge."

As I wrote it, men marched by singing, and onlookers shouted: "It'll be over by Christmas, lads!"

More than four years later, with my hair turned grey from the strain of feeding forty million people, despite a ghastly tale of sunken ships, I was sitting in my office at the Food Ministry when one of my private secretaries burst in, saying: "It's all over, sir! The War's over!"

Despite my daily contact with the War Cabinet, I was amazed. We knew Germany was cracking, just as we know it today; just as today, those last weeks of suspense were as nerve-racking as the suspenses of defeats. During that afternoon, Lloyd George read to a breathless House the provisional terms of Armistice. The speech was not followed by the cheers and waves of handkerchiefs of Grey's declaration four years before, but with slump and relief. Tears were seen on the faces of some of the Members.

Ten million dead soldiers lay about the world. Twenty-five million civilians had died through the war. Sixty million men had been injured.

Dawn of the Dictators

In 1924, the Emperor of Abyssinia visited Downing Street, when I was in the Cabinet. He and his staff of black noblemen had equipped themselves with billycock hats—I suppose out of compliment to Britain!—and were so proud of them that they would never part with them, and sat through one great banquet with the hats under their chairs, glancing down nervously at times to make sure the footmen had not removed them!

Eleven years later, the House of Commons buzzed like an angry beehive over Mussolini's barefaced statement that he would seize Abyssinia and dethrone the man who had been Britain's guest. This was more than a mere colonial adventure—it was the fundamental challenge to the League of Nations that finally disclosed its amiable impotence, and made the way of the bully nations clear.

While fire, sword and gas held dreadful carnival in Abyssinia, Britain alone of the League members made a half-hearted gesture. She sent warships to the Mediterranean, backed by half-built aircraft sent for display purposes only.

In the House, we knew those machines could not be flown in combat. Italy made a furtive attempt to block Alexandria harbour. It was foiled. A British army moved to the Abyssinian border, and men who were there have told since how, on a day, they crouched finger on trigger, waiting for the Verey lights to race up the sky, with victorious Italian armies opposite them; and Italian bombers challenged us by crossing the frontier, but were shepherded back by British fighters without a shot fired.

Abyssinia was beaten and occupied. Nothing was done to stop Italy getting shells, guns, petrol, poison-gas. The world learned that aggression paid.

Intense Cabinet Activity

In the House, there was sensation after sensation. Before the tension was ended, Sir Samuel Hoare went to Paris and held certain conversations with M. Laval. He was made to resign from the Foreign Office. Public attention was focused on a new sensation.

Yet the shadowy figure of Mars, M.P., was seen more clearly now, at Westminster, jostling Cabinet Ministers, and jogging the elbow of Mr. Churchill, now giving his warnings from the wilderness that war was almost upon us.

There was the memorable Saturday when German troops poured into the Rhineland. Intense Cabinet activity took place in London. Ambassadors developed "indispositions." Anglo-French staff talks took place. There was talk in the House of negotiations with Germany. Instead, a rearmament programme was set on foot.

Again, as in 1911, I saw an Anglo-German arms race commence that could only end in war. I wrote at the time:

"They are squeezing the German taxpayer to starvation so as to build up a Teuton fighting machine that will eventually be much more deadly than that of 1914. Now armies will grow like the warriors of the dragons' teeth till they turn and destroy each other."

Lord Allenby, one of the most famous generals of 1914, said in a public speech:

"Years after the war which was to bring peace to all, the cleverest brains everywhere are designing more monstrous methods of murder. If war comes, our women and children will be as open to attack as any soldier in the field."

Last Days of Peace

The people to whom he spoke could think of nothing better to do than throw bags of flour and eggs and let loose hens!

In 1935, as if to mark the chaos of world "progress," we blundered into a minor war against the Arabs in Palestine, and for weeks the House talked of little else than the battles then in progress on the very hills where Christ had given His solitary commandment: "Love one another."

The Palestine trouble had hardly been quelled when General Franco arose as Europe's third Fascist Dictator. Spain was convulsed in bloody civil war. Germany interfered, and Italy, and Russia. There were "incidents" that brought Members to their feet in the house, hot blood in their cheeks, their voices more or less openly demanding that Britain should enter the Spanish war, where Fascist armies and air forces were trying out techniques obviously aimed—we knew it even then!—at Sedan, at London, at Coventry.

Peaceful British merchant ships were fired on and bombed. Things were done which have not been told even yet.

At Westminster, the Government held its hand, hoping and trying to save Europe's peace. It was not to be. Arrogant with new-fed pride, Nazi legions marched into Austria, the Condor Legion from Guernica flew over and terrorized the Czechs of the Sudetenland—and presently Prague.

Each brutal violation sent a responsive shudder through Westminster; and attempts to save peace even at the eleventh hour, were made which I may not yet tell. Munich was but one of them. And then came the attack on Poland and the black days of the autumn of 1939.

We had not wanted war. We had, many said, smirched our honor by standing aside so long. We went in at last, half-armed, unwilling, ashamed with a great shame that we should so have failed to keep world peace a second time. France fell. I would not live through those days in the House again.

And now, in 1944, we wait for news of the German defeat—not surrender this time, but defeat. It is inevitable. Tomorrow, perhaps, or next week, or in several months' time, someone will come to me and say: "It's all over!"—just as happened last time.

When the House hears that news I pray God it will be wise and firm. For one century, Mars, M.P., has done enough.

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Will Chicago Untangle Postwar Air Puzzle?

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY

Canada will have a leading position at next week's international air conference in Chicago. The Canadian proposal for postwar air control has been generally accepted as representing a median view between extremes of thought and most likely to produce some ground of agreement between unlimited competition, as advocated by some in the United States, and the internationally-owned operating monopoly favored by Australia and New Zealand.

THERE are great Canadian interests involved in the international aviation discussions which have been taking place at Montreal this week and are due to open on a grander scale at Chicago next week. They will have much to do with the manner in which Canadians participate in international postwar civil flying and with the terms on which the airlines of other countries use the skies and airports of this country.

At Montreal delegations from the principal countries of the British Commonwealth and Empire have been meeting for the purpose of arranging inter-Commonwealth air communications. At Chicago the meeting is at the ministerial level and it is a conference of governments for the purpose of making a new international law of the air. For perhaps the first time in history at international meetings the Canadian delegation will find itself in a leading role. A Canadian proposal, the only one spelled out in relatively complete detail, will be before the meeting. It will have backers outside of Canada and it will have opponents.

Although the two meetings occur linked in time they are not otherwise closely related. The Commonwealth conference at Montreal has been on the tapis for a long time with Australia being particularly keen about it. It has been a technical meeting. Its purpose has not been a preliminary exchange of views on the objectives of the Chicago conference nor a ganging-up of the Commonwealth nations against others. Its concern has been with the practical problem of stringing efficient airlines around the globe to link the parts of the British Commonwealth and Empire together, such lines to operate under whatever conditions may emerge as a result of the Chicago meeting and subsequent negotiations.

Regulation the Issue

Chicago will be much the more interesting of the two meetings since in advance it presents a spectacle of a definite conflict of point of view on the degree of international regulation desirable. The United States, as indicated by the text of the invitation sent to 55 United Nations, associated and neutral countries, stands for the minimum degree of regulation. The issue as it shapes up promises to be between this minimum degree favored by the United States and the moderately substantial degree of regulation proposed by Canada and which will be supported in principle by the British.

Adding sharpness to that issue is the desire of the United States aviation interests to extend their services starting immediately, and to employ their resources in transport aircraft. Against this is the determination of other countries bent on participating in international flying, but prevented by war conditions from expanding their services now, to see that they are not shut out of the field by American airlines gaining a head start.

Recent international discussions on an informal basis have resulted in a pretty general understanding that some new international agreement is necessary if airlines are to operate between nations with reasonable efficiency and without being a cause of international wrangling and rivalry conducive to new wars. The problem of the Chicago conference is to draft, if possible, an agreement which will meet that situation by settling the following questions:

1. Freedom of the air—how far and under what conditions should aircraft from one country be permitted to fly over other countries?
2. Uniformity of standards and procedure—creation of an international traffic code which will assure ease of operation and maximum safety to passengers as well as to persons and property on the ground.
3. Elimination of wasteful competition and subsidies.

Canada's Interest

Canada has vital interest in all three of these questions: in freedom of the air because this country lies astride some of the major potential air routes — trans-Atlantic, trans-Pacific and trans-Polar; in uniformity of standards and procedure for the same reason and for the additional one that there will be much domestic flying in Canada along with the operation of international services over Canadian territory; in elimination of wasteful competition because while government policy is to "maintain a place in international air transport consistent with Canada's geographic position and progress in aviation" it does not wish to be forced to spend taxpayers' money in operating half-empty planes or providing transportation at less than cost.

Pre-war international conventions established the principle that national sovereignty extended upwards indefinitely and ruled out the idea of freedom of the air. The Canadian draft convention submitted to the nations for discussion almost a year ago and on which the Canadian and probably several other delegations at Chicago will stand, would establish a limited degree of freedom of the air by agreement. This freedom would extend to the right of licensed aircraft from one nation to fly over the territory of another and land there for emergency and fuelling purposes and also to take on and discharge passengers and freight for transportation to the country of origin.

In its recent white paper the British government endorses this principle. The official United States statement refers to substantial pre-conference agreement "as to the right of transit and non-traffic stops" but leaves the inference that the United States is not favorable to the broader measure of freedom of the air involved in the Canadian draft and would prefer to leave the question of rights for the taking on and discharge of traffic to bargaining between countries.

On the desirability of uniform standards and procedure there is likely to be little difference of opinion. Under the Canadian proposal an international air transport authority would deal with such matters and the harder nuts for the conference to crack are the constitution of such an authority and whether its powers should extend into the next realm of eliminating wasteful competition.

Compromise Probable

On the subject of competition, the conference, if it is successful, will strike a compromise somewhere between the extreme of granting to an international operating company a monopoly of air transportation, favored by Australia and New Zealand and seriously considered for a time by Great Britain, and wide-open competition under which any air line operator licensed by the proper authority in his own country might compete for traffic to and bargain for landing rights in any other country.

The argument for restricting competition is that it avoids waste, international ill-will and subsidies. The argument for permitting competition is that it is essential to the progress of aviation, the improvement of services and the progressive lowering of rates which will alone make the benefits of air transportation available to increasing numbers of people. When governments enter competition, however, the natural economic consequences are turned into strange and grotesque forms and governments can not remain out of international civil aviation.

For purposes of prestige as well as from the point of view of military power it is almost certain that every important country in Europe will want to have its own air service to America. If airlines in the United States are able to provide better service at less cost the European lines will be subsidized to the extent necessary. If the circumstances are favorable an efficient air service may be denied landing rights or subjected to undue taxation in order to make a less efficient service able to compete.

The fact that the United States Government took the initiative in calling the conference indicates that it is alive to the dangers of unrestricted competition and is not likely to expect the world to concede that there is any heritage coming to the United States. It is, however, certain to work for a lesser degree of regulation of competition than that proposed in the Canadian draft convention which would clothe the international air transport authority with power to allocate frequencies and routes as between countries as well as to regulate rates.

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Hohenzollerns in Obscurity

By MICHAEL POWER

Current events recall the end of Germany's last dictator and his family. The Kaiser spent his final days attacking trees. The Crown Prince had renown left only in Berlin's cafe society. The others finished in even more obscure estate.

RECENTLY the Dutch township of Doorn has been in the news and to those who have been closely connected with history for the last quarter of a century this has brought back memories of that other dictator of Germany who eked out his declining years in circumstances approaching ignominy.

I have a very lively—and rather damp—recollection of Doorn. It was there that I saw the All Highest, Kaiser Wilhelm the Second of the recently created German Empire, wreak his vengeance on nothing more harmless than a very slender tree. For it was at the neighboring Schloss that he found an exile, and where he died obscurely in the days when a Germany, led by a corporal from Austria, occupied Holland almost overnight.

The decline and fall of the once proud Hohenzollern family is now a subject of history. It is true that in the rise of Nazidom certain of the family princes took on a new importance of a lesser degree. There was the notorious August Wilhelm, known in Berlin as "Au Wie". When he saw there was no hope of a restoration, he embraced the Nazi cause, and was exalted to high places by a Hitler, who was still very uncertain of himself.

Then there was the ex-crown Prince who sought refuge in an obscure island off the Zeider Zee. He was a lonely exile for a long while, and it was a matter of years before he was allowed to return to his native land. One used to see him in night restaurants in Berlin endeavoring, sadly, to join in the fun.

He was just another princeling in the new German republic, and he used to seek comparative happiness in the estate of Oels in Silesia, one of the erstwhile Imperial estates. Others committed suicide. One became a motor salesman, anxious even to do business with French tourists.

But the ex-Kaiser never returned to his native land, although, I believe, at the end he had full liberty to do so. He was content to remain the tragic figure of the squire of Doorn.

At Doorn there was a great gatehouse, where, day and night, stood watch sentinels and officials of the Kaiser's fantastic court. They were unarmed, but the notorious *pickelhaube*—the brass helmet — showed the true intention. The house itself was very considerable, a typical Dutch nobleman's manor.

In it the once All Highest became a very modest man. His one real hobby was hacking at trees.

Each day, wet or fine, he used to lead his rather unwilling attendants down to the rain sodden woods (at Doorn nothing ever gets really dry, even in summer). There, in the company of an inordinate number of dogs of all breeds, he would solemnly wield an axe, or saw through fallen timbers. It was a pathetic spectacle.

At home in the evening he would preside at table in company with his wife Princess Hermine of Reuss, the woman he married in exile. After the meal he would retire to his elaborate library, in which he had assembled a unique collection of books in English dealing with the last war.

On Sundays, to the embarrassment of the villagers, he would take his place in the village church, and read the lessons. It was a privilege on which he insisted more than any other.

He died in obscurity, but his memory is revived because an army of deliverance is once more giving back those damp but spacious acres to the people of the Netherlands.

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on to the open road

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Wells Still Cuts the World Down to Size

By MICHAEL FOOT

In his latest book, H. G. Wells adds to the list of distinguished heads he has hacked at with such abandon. Vansittart, De Gaulle, Acland and Mosley are in the latest group to go to the Wellsian guillotine.

This noted British writer, an admitted admirer of Wells, sees him established on the scroll of great rebels in British history.

H. G. WELLS'S new book "42 to 44" is described on the front as "a contemporary memoir upon human behavior during the crisis of the world revolution." Nothing in this phrase gives a true idea of its quality except the word "revolution."

In fact, Wells has produced a book rich with the flavor of Paris in the hey-day of the Terror. It might even have been written by the immortal Marat, whom Wells himself, in his Outline of History, has rescued from the clutches of defamation.

One by one the victims are led out from their cells, all to be placed in the same tumbril. Ministers and ex-Ministers, Lord Vansittart and General de Gaulle, Sir Richard Acland and Palme Dutt, Mr. Arthur Bryant and Sir Oswald Mosley, all these and a host of others. The reader is invited to do little more than sit comfortably beside the guillotine and count the heads as they fall into the basket.

Altogether, therefore, this is a most agreeable book. From cover to cover it is angry, explosive and morally indignant. It revives all that is best in the great tradition of English invective, and even if you yourself might have preferred a slightly different or less extensive selection (or even a few additions here and there), you have hardly the heart to complain.

A few innocents must always suffer in any such holocaust. The tears you may feel prompted to shed for them should not diminish the overflowing sense of gratitude to this brave old man, who in this age of prevalent servility and literary impotence, rather than bend his knee to one human God or suffer one fool gladly, prefers to march towards his grave with the execrations of his increasing number of enemies sounding in his ears. Like Cato, he would rather people should ask why he had not a monument erected to him than why he had.

It is a wonderful performance and this comment will be wholly laudatory. However, lest anyone buying the book should claim to have been deceived, it must be admitted that the writer has a strong, unshakable prejudice in favor of H. G. Wells.

For me, Tono Bungay is still just about the finest novel of the century, and Mr. Polly the best in English humor; each were first read on a strict rationing system of 50 pages a day for fear that the pleasure should pass too soon. The Outline of History brought new planets swimming into my ken. For me, his Experiment in Autobiography has all the excitement of David with his sling and pebbles going forth to meet Goliath. And these are but four items in the long record of debt.

Indebted to Wells

I remember the debt and remember also against what odds he performed his chosen task. The God under whom and the social system in which he was born took every precaution to stunt and smother this child who would seek to overthrow them. They kept him poor and weak and spitting blood at every crisis of his life. They blocked his road to a career seven times and more. They made him learn everything he did learn by the light of wretched candles, in precarious garrets and through harsh experience.

These circumstances do not make him a greater writer, but just as the knowledge of the bleeding, chilblained hands with which Michelet wrote his French Revolution enhances the wonder of every page, so the fact that Wells might easily have stayed a draper's assistant in Bromley should make us treasure his achievements the more.

At the age of 20 he still weighed no more than 105 pounds and yet what mountains have been moved and what landscapes have been cleared by that compact embodiment of energy! And to-day when his old competitor, Bernard Shaw, has settled down to a silly and interminable quarrel with the Inland Revenue Department, Wells is not content; he girds up his ancient loins for new strife and sets out to educate the peoples of the world—all 3000 million of them—in the principles of his Rights of Man.

Slices Off Heads

The new book is described as a continuation of Wells's Experiment in Autobiography. It is not quite that. It turns aside too often to slice off another head or pulverize another prejudice. Yet it will serve the excellent purpose of consolidating the doctrines which he has preached and of fixing his place among the prophets. The ideas have poured forth from him in such a flood that no one could accept them all. Here he makes and substantiates the claim to have been all his life, first and foremost, a propagandist for world Socialism.

His prophecy has always been "World Socialism or Catastrophe," with a heavy list towards the side of optimism. He is still an optimist. "With the awakening self-respect of the common people, a new state of affairs began which I believe must lead us ultimately to a new and infinitely happier world.

"You may murder world socialism now and hide it in the cellar, and when you go upstairs again you will find it astraddle your hearth."

This is his conclusion, superbly proclaimed in defiance of all that has happened to cloud the hopes of his early Socialist days. The book is dedicated to the eternal memory of John Ball, the peasant leader who first raised the standard of Socialism in Kent. Richard II cheated him and his followers, and all over the world the struggle has continued ever since.

Richard, says Wells, is still at work at his subterfuges, revealing the "deep resentment of the needy, half-educated, pretentious, incompetent middle-class at the growing insolence and intractability of the lower orders."

Indeed, Richard now appears in a fouler, more brutal guise than ever before. Wells does not shirk the challenge of the Fascist counter-revolution and the indescribable cruelties which it has unleashed. A chief part of the book consists in an analysis of Fascism in terms of the fight for a classless society.

Some weeks ago Wells was in trouble for a slashing attack which he delivered on a popular book of the moment called World in Trance by Leopold Schwarzschild. It is a facile, scintillating treatise which seeks to explain the modern crisis as a purely German problem, which indicts the Utopians and idealists as the real provokers of calamity, which recommends as a remedy that the world should reverse all its engines and turn back to a system modelled on the principles of Metternich. The book (which incidentally omits to mention the Russian Revolution and several kindred social phenomena) has received widespread applause from those weary brains who prefer the dismal past to an adventurous future and do not wish to worry their heads about the internal stresses of our society.

Let them read Wells's new book before they continue recommending World in Trance to their companions at the club with sniggers of complacency. They will find something here to answer and a better remedy than pitiable resort to a new Holy Alliance.

Defends Gains Made

They will find also a theory of history which dismisses World in Trance for the slipshod half-truth defeatism that it is. "We fight," says Wells, "to preserve the fruits of two great international revolutions, the great French Revolution, which offered mankind liberty, equality and fraternity, and the still mightier effort of Russia to reorganize society upon a basis that would abolish the economic enslavement of the masses of humanity. Both these great thrusts trace their beginning to older revolutionary drives in Britain and America; each has betrayed the weaknesses of experiment, and it is the plain task of all right-minded men to defend all that has been gained by these great upheavals, and carry us to that complete world-wide reconstruction modern conditions have made necessary."

The author of the Outline of History has not renounced the bursting eloquence and glorious hopes with which that great book concludes. His detractors and traducers cannot make him budge. The gospel of internationalism still stands as the creed which sane and decent men should strive for and foster: the division between master and man remains as the profound cause of the world's misery. After all the turmoil of his life and the horror of our present times he is still able to proclaim with all the assurance of one of his heroes, Tom Paine: "It is not true that God made men rich and poor; he made them male and female and gave them the whole earth for their inheritance."

England and London should be proud to have produced so fearless and towering a prophet. They should have in him the same kind of pride which he has in the true achievements of his native country, a pride which makes all the strident claims of the narrow nationalists appear tawdry and worthless.

He sings an anthem made up of the great names in English history, from John Ball forwards to the present age. It is the story of a mighty throng of rebels unsurpassed in any land, and today H. G. Wells, the great educator of these generations, has established the title to see his name also set down upon that scroll.

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Brazil has already sent a second contingent of troops to fight beside the Allies in Italy. The men are seen here as they landed at Naples.

Only If Truth Is Free Can Man Advance

By ROBERT H. MOREY

We fight for freedom. But freedom for what? Men have become too critical to let their lives be dominated by mere slogans. We do not fight to pass the authoritarian Nazi whip to another hand. The authoritarians proclaim a fiction as truth which all must accept; then they coerce the unbelievers. Only where truth is free can man advance toward the security he seeks.

WARS create opportunities. During war a few key inventions may pass from the hands of private interests into the paths of public use. During war the public are alive to general interests, and the human mind can be impressed with enduring values, worth fighting for. War is a high price to pay for such progress. Since we are paying the price, we may reasonably insist on getting results.

As yet we have no clear statement of war aims to which all partisans have agreed. The ring of general words has no lures for the present generation of warriors. Our case cannot rest on such a general word as freedom. Thinking people know that no man is free until he can control and use enough of the materials and energy around him to satisfy his basic needs, and free his body from continual upset.

Such a slogan is so vague that each partisan thinks his special interest is being served. Beneath the surface harmony, achieved through vagueness lurk the dangers of conflicting interests. Unless we find a common goal toward which all groups can direct their energies, winning the battles may be followed by losing the war. The immense volleys of energy we muster to beat the enemy will be loose in our midst after the last battle. Without a true common goal, each partisan group will doubtless try to impose its limited aims on the whole people. In the heat of competition partisans will doubtless use every harsh technique by which human actions can be controlled. Their lowest common denominator is authoritarian Nazism.

Man Wants to Know

Some believe that man fights because he is that kind of being. He is also a reasonable being, and wants to know what victory will bring. He wants to know at least the foundations of the way of life for which he is fighting. He is offering his life for an answer. He does not accept as our common aim the surface slogan of freedom. He wants something fundamental, concrete and enduring to mark the way toward what he wants from life and from its wars. If ordinary people fail to get basic security at the end of this war, the fight will go on.

Men have become too critical to let their lives be dominated by mere slogans. They ask what the slogan stands for in reality. We do not fight to pass the authoritarian Nazi whip to another hand, under the cover of a few deceptive slogans. We are fighting, not to defend our miseries, but to get rid of them. Our aim is still the one for which man has fought through the ages. The way of life for which we fight cannot be reached by vague slogans; it is something deep in human nature.

Two sets of habits are opposed in this war. Through one set man can reach the security he seeks. Through the other he cannot. Only where the habits of truth are free can man advance toward the security he seeks. The habit of curiosity and the habit of comparing, which are the fundamental source of the truths we use to enlarge our security, have been stifled in the areas of the earth now controlled by Nazi authoritarians. We are fighting to free these habits from Nazi control.

Nazi authoritarianism is a modern version of an ancient system of rule. The basic practices of authoritarians have always been the same. They proclaim a fiction as a truth which all must accept, then they coerce the unbelievers with fears and violence. This method was used by the authoritarians of ancient Greece, Egypt and Rome. It is used today by the authoritarian witch-doctors in Africa, and by the authoritarian Nazis in the western world.

Rests on Fictions

Authoritarian rule rests on fictions. To challenge such a fiction was dangerous. Yet men of truth have proclaimed revealing comparisons between authoritarian fictions and their own observations again and again down the ages. Bruno was thrown into a dungeon, and then hanged by the authoritarians of his day. Galileo was driven from his home for saying the sun has spots which move. Servetus was burned at the stake for challenging the dictated pronunciamentos of Calvin. The truths these men proclaimed are learned by schoolchildren today nearly as soon as the children can read.

Vesalius stood on the shoulders of the dead Servetus when he announced that Galen was in error in describing

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parts of the human body. The authoritarians of the middle ages forbade anybody to challenge the statements of Galen. The penalty was death. But Vesalius was the most famous scientist of his day. Killing him would have advertised the truths he espoused. He was bullied into a brief silence while the authoritarians explained the faulty descriptions of Galen which they had proclaimed as final truths, never to be questioned by anybody.

The curvature of thigh bones, present in the descriptions of Galen but not present in man, were said to be the natural free condition of these bones before they were straightened out by the wearing of tight breeches.

Politicians are not the only people who have used authoritarian methods. Famous Pasteur discovered that silkworms were sometimes infected with dangerous bacteria. When he reported this fact, to stop a plague which had broken out in the south of France, he was denounced, called a liar, and driven from the south of France by a dingy little group of seed merchants, who feared the discovery made by Pasteur would injure their business of selling seeds for mulberry trees on which the infected silkworms lived.

The Black Death

Authoritarian fictions were behind the Plague of Athens, described by Thucydides, the Black Death of the Dark Ages, the sweating sickness in which more than half of the population of England and twenty-five million people in Europe died. Even the cholera invasions of the nineteenth century were ascribed to the wrath or malice of supernatural powers. Now we know the causes of these plagues. We know, for example, that typhus is transmitted by body lice. We know such a scourge comes to man not because a hidden devil is mad but because man fails to take simple precautions. Few people knew of these precautions, because the authoritarians blocked, with fictions, fears and violence, the curiosity of the common man. Thus, hygienic precautions were obstructed by the authoritarian fiction that cleanliness betokens pride and filthiness the humility which all should seek.

Authoritarians sterilize truths by imposing fictions on the minds of their neighbors, by whipping fears into these minds, and by treating non-believers with violence. This method is not confined to the dark ages of yesterday. It is at work today in Europe, in Africa, and in other parts of the world. The present writer saw it at work recently in West Africa.

Village in Lomaland

Yasaquay was a village chief in Lomaland. He was the sort of man whom the spirits of the dead, to whom the Loma attribute illness and death, might like to keep alive. He was gentle and generous, loved by all of his people. He died in the prime of his life, a victim of the authoritarian medicine men and of a microscopic worm, the Schistosome. This little parasite lays its eggs in the lungs of its victims. When the little worms hatch, they crawl around and through the tissues and organs of the body, and the victim bleeds to death.

Authoritarian medicine men of Lomaland swore they could control this disease with hocus pocus of magic words. They were well paid. They put forth their incantations and sacrifices. And Yasaquay died. Their claims were false. Two scientists had discovered the cause and cure of Schistosomiasis within a single day's walk of where the chief died. A simple chemical, antimony tartrate, would have cured him in a day. Not far from where the chief died was a medical doctor from America who could have cured the chief quite easily. The chief preferred to trust his medicine man and his fictions. He paid with his life for this preference, based on fear of evil spirits. The evil spirits were mere fictions put forth by authoritarians in Lomaland to help control the lives of people who could be induced with lies and violence to believe in them. The evil spirits in this case were worms crawling through the insides of a man.

Authoritarian fictions are also used by the Nazis. Herrenfolk blood superiority is a fiction which makes people fear something they cannot control, their own ancestry. Physiologists report that blood groups are chemically the same among all human beings. To proclaim this fact where Nazi authoritarians rule would result in imprisonment, torture and probably death. Such is the authoritarian way, against which we fight.

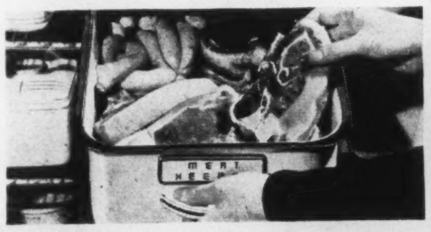
Wherever authoritarians forbid people to follow their curiosity wherever it may lead, and forbid anybody to make comparisons that may challenge a fiction, the progress which is based on truths is blocked. The authoritarian way makes life unpredictable. Instead of understanding himself and the world around him, the common man within the authoritarian system must accept decisions made for him by individuals whom he does not understand and over whom he has no control. He cannot select a line of action which he believes will fit best with his nature. He is told how to act. When he acts as he is told, is upset, and questions the authority that misled him, he is put off with a fiction. If he persists in trying to understand and control the world around him, he is filled with fears. If he is tough-minded, and insists on finding truths for himself and on using truths as the basis of his actions, he is handled with violence. That is the authoritarian way.

In the dark ages individual men of truth stood alone to fight the massed might of authoritarians. Truth always won in the end, for truths are supported by reality which brings them often to the minds of all who are free to search for truths and to make comparisons from which truths emerge. Today the common man has advanced in his ability to know the world. The fight to release the habits of truth from authoritarian control is carried forward today by the ordinary peoples of the earth. That is why this war is being fought.

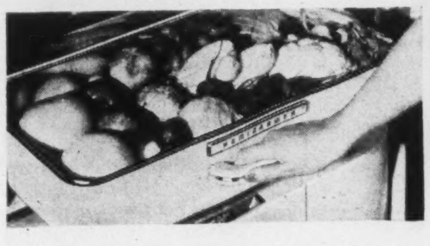
This is not a war against an authoritarian gang, it is a war on their way of life. The Nazis suppress truths by forbidding anybody to compare facts with Nazi fictions. They compel belief and make listening to the adversary a crime. They choke all channels of communication with fictions so that truths contradicting Nazi dictates cannot be proclaimed for all to know. This is not just a war against Adolph who lied to his people at the top of his voice. It is a war against his authoritarian method of systematically sterilizing the sources of truth and of progress toward the security we seek.

What the New Bride should know ABOUT REFRIGERATORS

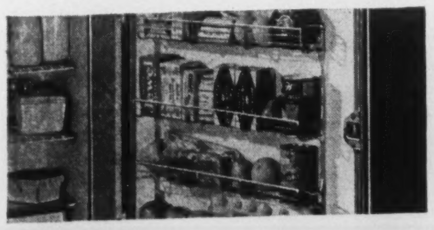
MILK—*Ample space and proper protection for several quarts of milk, as well as other beverages (even the tallest bottle) is most important.*



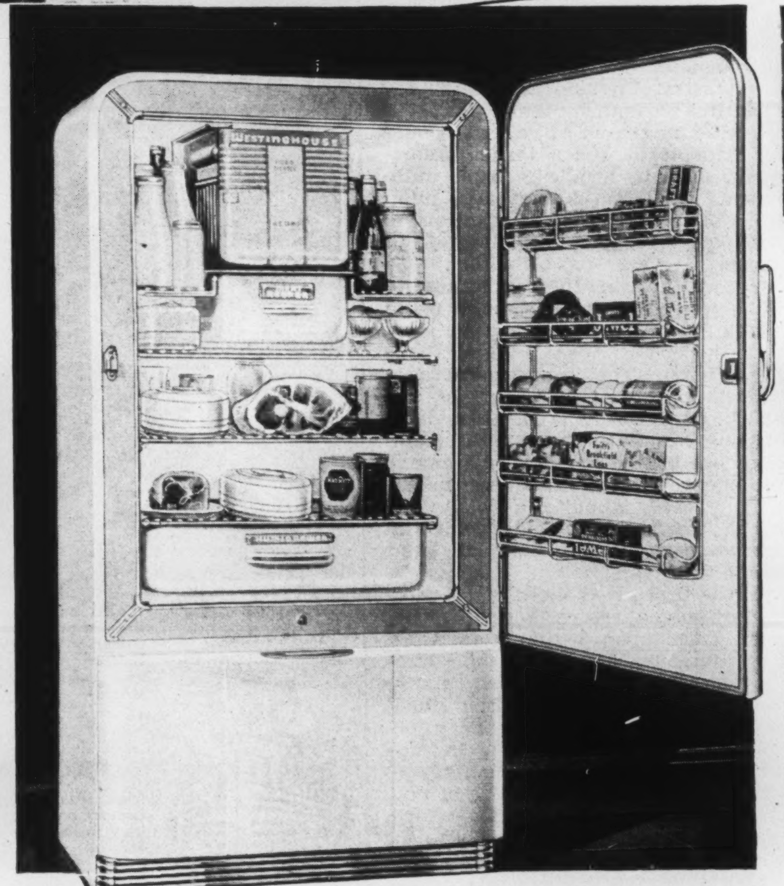
MEAT KEEPER *provides low-temperature storage for a whole week's supply of fresh meat . . . covered to conserve humidity.*

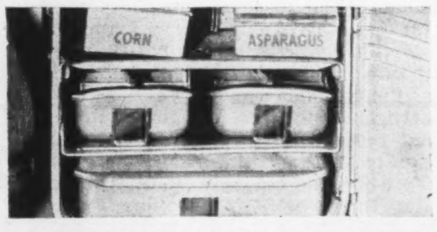


VEGETABLES *and fresh fruits, enough for a week, remain dewy-fresh in the glass-topped humidrawer, permitting quantity-buying with saving of time and money*

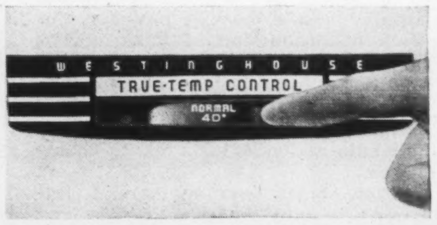


STOR-DOR *provides handy storage space for small and frequently used foods . . . saves shelf space in the general food compartment.*

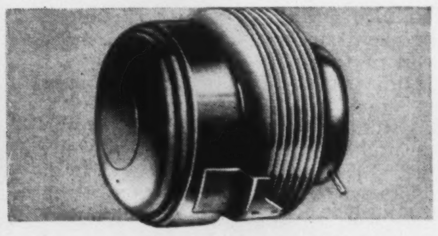




SUPER FREEZER *for fast freezing of ice-cream and making ample supply of ice cubes, with extra storage space for "fast-frozen" foods.*



TRUE-TEMP . . . *The only refrigerator temperature control which automatically keeps your food at constant temperature, with selector dial clearly marked in actual degrees.*



SEALED-IN UNIT—*Compact, precision-built mechanism is hermetically sealed against air, water, dust and deterioration. Protected by exclusive Dual-automatic control.*

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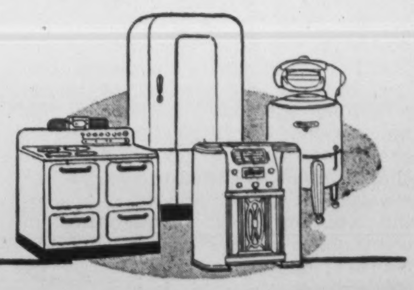

THE HOME OF TOMORROW WILL BE AN ELECTRICAL HOME

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Rt-Hon. Winston Churchill's prophetic broadcast, October 21st, 1940.

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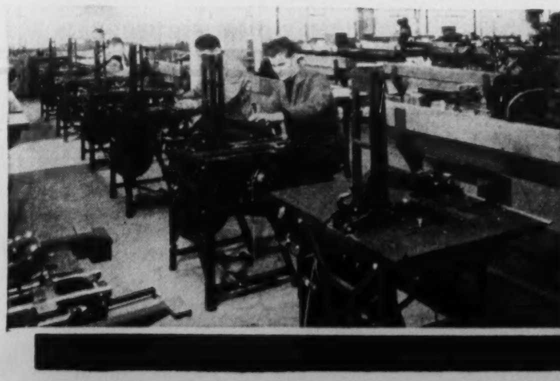

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Season in Full Blast: Many Celebrities are Heard

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

TORONTO in the third week of October bristled with celebrities, musical and dramatic. Half a dozen concerts, in addition to Victory Loan programs, brought forward such personages as Anna Kaskas, John Brownlee, Martha Lipton, Marian Anderson, Martial Singher, Rudolf Firkusny, Ernesto Vinci, Kathleen Parlow, Percy Faith, Andre Kostelanetz and Sir Ernest MacMillan—quite a galaxy.

At the first of Eaton Auditorium's many subscription concerts two artists new to the local public were heard; they were the celebrated Australian baritone, John Brownlee, and the lovely young contralto Martha Lipton, both from the Metropolitan Opera roster. Mr. Brownlee is a native of Geelong, in Australia's most populous state, Victoria, and owed his first opportunities to the interest of Melba, his countrywoman. He is a pupil of a great Algerian-French baritone, Dinh Gilly, who made a sensation in London and New York before the first World War and later became a singing teacher in London. There are still some who think Gilly was the greatest of Amonasros in "Aida". Brownlee, famous for acting ability, learned much of his repertory from Gilly. His voice is not powerful, but of wonderfully bright and magnetic timbre. His phrasing is neat and pointed, and a spirit of refined gaiety seems to permeate his art. He has been at the Metropolitan for seven years, and is an old favorite at Covent Garden. Last week he did not really get set in his first group until he sang Handel's "Where'er You Walk," in which the elegance of his diction and phrasing and a suggestion of the fantastic nature of the text were delightful. His skill as a Mozart singer was shown in the banter of "Non Piu Andrai" from "Figaro," and the seductive shading of his tones as Giovanni in the immortal duet, "La ci Darem" to which Miss Lipton also made a beautiful contribution as Zerlina. His rendering of English ballads is admirable. The haunting beauty of his phrasing in the familiar sea chanty, "Shenandoah" was something to carry away with one; and his vivacity in "Waltzing Matilda" was infectious. A Sussex Folk Song by the late George Butterworth had delightful individuality.

A Brilliant Mezzo

Miss Lipton was advertised as a contralto, but is really a mezzo; and the fluent glowing quality of her upper tones is far more impressive than her rather inadequate lower voice. She is well-endowed temperamentally; and the old stalking horse "My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice" was passionately sung. The simplicity and tenderness of her style in the spiritual "Sweet Little Jesus Boy" made it a gentle triumph, and she was charming in Schubert's "The Trout." Among the duets she sang with Mr. Brownlee was "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier." The baritone declined to take it seriously but she poured forth its phrases with the best bravura effect.

Another Metropolitan favorite, the Lithuanian-American contralto, Anna Kaskas, returned to Toronto for the last Prom concert. With her beautiful even voice and interpretative intelligence she is one of the most satisfying concert singers of the day.

The most interesting numbers presented by Mr. Kostelanetz provided a contrast between traditional and modern ballet, and the conductor's light but firm touch gave sparkle and life to both. One was an 18th century ballet suite based on melodies by Gretry, arranged by Felix Mottl, the other, a suite based on Aaron Copeland's lively and colorful American ballet "Rodeo" presented here by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo last season. Vivid folk color also pervaded the rendering of Jerome Kern's "Showboat Scenario" based on airs of his best light opera.

Marian Anderson

Contraltos were much to the fore throughout the week, with the most famous of them all, Marian Anderson, singing before an immense throng in Massey Hall. When she first came to Toronto as a struggling artist years ago, she seemed old beyond her years, and melancholy by temperament, despite her gorgeous vocal endowment. Today, after years of success, she is more youthful and animated; and her singing is more relaxed and tender. Perhaps the consciousness of being one of the best dressed women in the public eye, has been good for her ego. Her dignity and repose are unique. I like singers to be that way; attempts of vocalists of either sex to show that they are good mixers rather get on my nerves. Miss Anderson's program, with a superb accompanist in Franz Rupp, was of rare musical distinction. It goes without saying that "Divinities du Styx" could hardly have been better sung.

Her program bristled with names of historic interest. There was "Prithee Celia" by John Weldon (1676-1736), a Chichester man who was organist of the Chapel Royal in the early years of the reign of James I. A particularly lovely lyric "As I Walked Forth One Summer Day" by Robert Johnson, was dated 1659, but the Robert Johnson of record died in 1634 and had been "Musician of the Lute" to both James I and Charles I. Recent years have witnessed revived interest in the charming lyrics of James Hook (1746-1827). One of them, "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town" was a favorite with Jenny Lind. "Bright Phoebus" sung by Miss Anderson is infectiously buoyant. Hook's instincts were popular for at one time he was organist at Vauxhall Gardens which, when closed in 1859 had been a place of entertainment since the Restoration of Charles II. All these and many more lyrics Miss Anderson sang with rare finesse and beauty of tone. One of the most interesting of her revivals was an aria from a spectacular opera "Charles VI", composed in 1843 by Jacques Halevy, who became both the teacher and father-in-law of Bizet. Of more than thirty operas from his pen only "The Jewess" has survived but this aria is a fine serious work with a stirring climax, sung with sincere dramatic fervor by Miss Anderson.

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FILM AND THEATRE

Sweet Dream Bungalow Picture In Department Store Manner

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

IN "Since You Went Away" Producer David O. Selznick has taken a department store dream bungalow and peopled it with characters that exactly match the furnishings. There is a wonderful domestic atmosphere in which occasional pretty arguments are as innocent as the rufflings on the dimity curtains in the kitchenette. There is a lovely open grand piano on which nobody ever plays and a great big electric refrigerator stuffed with all sorts of papier mache goodies. There's a big white bull-dog that goes through a whole cycle of doggie emotion as automatically as though he had been wound up in the toy department. As for the emotions of the human actors, they are as ornamental and immaculate as the draperies and the bedspreads, as carefully dedicated to nicety and good taste as though they had been selected by some superlative Shoppers' Service. I guess that is why "Since You Went Away" is generally acknowledged to be a "woman's" picture. Come to think of it I've never seen a man hanging about the doorway of a dream bungalow and feasting his eyes on the transcendent cosiness inside.

Men always design dream bungalows, and men always write and produce these dream domestic dramas that we women are going to love. They understand perfectly our passion for candlewick and cottage sets and white enamel trim; and they understand even better our wistful delight in a married state that stretches pure and decorative through endless time, so that at the end of twenty years a husband will still slip a little note beginning "My Darling!" under his wife's pillow, to be read the last thing before she goes to sleep at night.

Anyway, that's the sort of thing that Producer Selznick has dreamed up in "Since You Went Away"—the ideal matron, ideally married, and living in a frilled and tailored domestic paradise. And isn't that, in fact, the sort of matron we would all love to be, adored by husband, children, the colored cook and the chain-store grocery man; still young and beautiful enough to keep a disappointed suitor dangling for twenty years, but wise and fine enough to hold him always at arm's length?

The blend of decor and decorum in "Since You Went Away" is complete. There is never a surprise or an upset in the whole length of the film. Romance, heartbreak, joy, sorrow, and even the theme-song all come in on the beat. "It's going to be a music box!" whispered the junior miss beside me to the junior miss beside her as Claudette Colbert bent weeping over the Christmas parcel left behind by her soldier husband. And sure enough it was, a musical powder box that played their theme song "Together" when she took off the cover, while everyone cried and cried.

The cast of "Since You Went Away" includes Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotton, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, Monty Woolley and Robert Walker, and they have even worked in a couple of minor roles for Lionel Barrymore and Madame Nazimova. They are all highly talented people and they have obviously worked their heads off to make this the woman's picture of the year. Well, it isn't *this* woman's picture. Before it was over I began to feel as though I had been fed steadily for upwards of three hours on that pink gauze candy that comes in large paper cornucopias at fall fairs. "Since You Went Away" has the same saturated sweetness and insubstantiality, and by the time you've had enough it's too late, you've already had far more than is good for you.

"Greenwich Village" combines technicolor and musical memories in the type of entertainment that is usually dedicated to Alice Faye or Betty Grable. Since neither of these stars was available, the singing role fell to Vivian Blaine, a newcomer. Miss Blaine is red-haired and pretty and has an attractive voice, and if she lacks the vigor and bounce to put this florid type of entertainment across, these qualities are tremendously supplied by Carmen Miranda and William Bendix.

The Day Family Blooms Again

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"LIFE With Father" which is now rounding out its fifth year, is still a very funny play. It is strictly a period piece and in time the era it describes will lose something of its quaintness and take on the dignity of history. However since most of the comedy elements in "Life With Father" are timeless the chances are that years from now audiences will still be laughing at Father Day's domestic tantrums and Mother Day's triumphant illogicalities, long after antimacassars, china pug dogs and twinkling bustles have ceased to be matter for comedy.

In the current version at the Royal Alexandra Carl Benton Reid presents Father Day with all the furious bad temper of the original Mr. Day, but with only occasional hints of his majestic conservatism. Most of the younger members of the cast were content to play broadly, and occasionally rather awkwardly, for laughs. Betty Linley's Mother Day however was charming. Miss Linley looks like a younger Billy Burke and has much of Miss Burke's ease with comedy lines and situations.

Clarence Day's biography was written in a mood of affectionate and richly human reminiscence, and it is a pity that most companies in presenting the stage version tend to fall into the familiar habit of kidding the 'Nineties, which is an easy and dependable way of getting laughs. To a certain extent the current version of "Life With Father" is a parody rather than a portrayal of family life in the 'Nineties. Actually "Life With Father" would be more effective as comedy if played straight, with the emphasis falling on the human rather than the period oddities of its characters. It is funny enough just as it stands. The comedy content isn't improved when it is made so much larger than life and so many times more natural.

THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

Two Novels Reveal the Range of Modern American Fiction

TRAGIC GROUND, by Erskine Caldwell. (Collins, $2.75.)

THE ROOTS OF THE TREE, by Helen Todd. (Allen, $3.00.)

TWO books of high merit, each in its manner; and the manners as far apart as the *plus* infinity from the *minus* infinity! Erskine Caldwell writes of the human body in full command of mind and soul and of the hateful spectacle thus revealed. Helen Todd pictures the thinking and feeling faculties dominating; "keeping the body under" as St. Paul phrased it.

It is not enough to say that the one is realist and the other romantic, for surely Caldwell is romantic when he is angry at ugliness and has a vague hope that in some unknown way the monkey-nature may ultimately become human. At the same time Miss Todd's image of mental and spiritual chaos in the University environment is an achievement in realism.

Mr. Caldwell shows Spence Douthit lured away from the hill farm of Beaseley County to a mill-job which he could do with neither thought nor understanding, but which paid him $62.50 a week. He spent his wages as they came in crap-games and saloons and when the mill closed was no better off than he had ever been. Like other unemployed and unemployables he moved to a shacktown called Poor Boy on the edge of a Southern city. Here he and his wife Rose existed on the occasional bounty of their eldest daughter who had a job of sorts.

Spence's one dream was to go back to Beaseley County, but he never had enough money, and no desire to work. In a content beyond understanding he lived, even when his thirteen-year old daughter took to the streets and his wife was roaring drunk from Dr. Somebody's Stomach Tonic. So long as he could eat and drink and loaf the world was all right to him.

Then the Welfare Department took him in hand, greatly to his disgust. The first inspector, a woman all zeal and indignation, sent a young girl as a deputy who extracted from him a promise that he would bring his flighty daughter home and keep her there. But promises meant nothing to Spence so long as he was being entertained. And even when the deputy gave him thirty dollars to go back to Beaseley he spent the money in the same old way. Only when another family moved into his house, despite his protests, could the municipality at last "get shut of him." Meanwhile the daughter had been committed to a Home for Wayward Girls.

All the people of Poor Boy are as loose in their talk as in their actions. No trace of a desire for a better way of life appears. Men and women alike are disgustingly funny. But the humor of the author is red-lighted by a savage anger at a civilization which can permit such ignorance to grow and such cancerous communities to exist. The book is a fit supplement to *Tobacco Road*. The smell of the one is as the smell of the other. But its cleverness is undeniable.

A Cleaner Smell

A cleaner, more pleasant smell arises from Miss Todd's novel. A German historian and novelist of international reputation, alarmed by the rising tide of National Socialism, utterly foreign to his spirit, comes to America and is appointed to the staff of a mid-western University. He has not been interested in the politics of his homeland; his own work and his own feelings have been paramount. But unconsciously he is possessed by the fantasy that German thought and German art are of superior texture.

So to him, at first, America and American Universities are a little outlandish. The bubbling intensity of undergraduate life seems infantile and unimportant. But he becomes intimate with two contrasting student-types; one sure that all human actions can be reduced to a formula, the other sure of nothing, but desperately seeking surety, despite a shy reticence which walls him in. From their interest in Government and its ways, at home and abroad, the professor's own interest is kindled, and he begins meditating on the legend of Barbarossa asleep in the mountain awaiting his time of re-appearance for the greater glory of Germany.

Out of his meditations comes, ultimately, and almost in spite of himself, a novel, supposedly detached, but really a denunciation of the power of "mobocracy" in any land to delude itself with a false hero. Meanwhile tension abroad increases. At last comes war. The shy student, now sure of himself, goes to Canada to enlist. And the Professor's roots in Germany are cut forever when he refuses to return there with the woman he was about to marry.

One fine thing about this novel is the deep psychological insight that reveals every character as a living and unique person; another is the grace and beauty of the writing.

Charmingly Incredible

SHIP TO SHORE, a novel by William Fee. (Random House, $3.50.)

A YOUNG Advertising executive, seeing a chance to come to the heights by marrying the boss's daughter, did that very thing; first settling with his light-o'-love in a peculiar way. He wangled for her a pass on one of the most luxurious of luxury cruises, gave her a hundred dollars, lifted his hat and turned away. The young woman, being a New York business girl, didn't dissolve in tears. She smiled grimly and kept her counsel, polished her glasses and surveyed the hard-drinking, loose-living rich with contempt. When one of the satyrs made a pass at her she slapped his face and made a complaint to the captain.

This captain, at the very peak of his profession in the service of one of the greatest of British shipping companies, naturally regards all passengers at all times as human beings of a distinctly secondary order. He doesn't understand Americans and sees no reason for trying. He is married, sees his wife two or three times a year and has no particularly romantic feelings for her.

Yet he falls in love (at 48) with this cold-eyed New York Jewish girl. In time he sets up housekeeping with her and has two children by her. Even granted that love is a funny business, often flaring off into the improbable, this tale is not even on the rim of the probable and irritates a reader who would like to believe it because of the rare beauty of its telling.

For William Fee has been taking his readers to sea for lo these many years and giving them all the joy that Captain Marryat gave them as boys and girls, though in a more adult manner. For the sea is romantic and mysterious, like the men who go down to it in ships or scoot over it in aeroplanes, and there's such a lot of it! Even in this novel, set in the time Before the Depression, the majesty of the long, green swell and the flying spray, dwarfs the people. Even the richest millionaire on A Deck is an homunculus and the Captain himself less than impressive, save when he is on the bridge.

So it's a good book, though not a good novel. The description of fire at sea is brilliant.

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THE BOOKSHELF

Pursuing the Remittance Man in the Way of Adjustment

MUD-PUP, a Sequence in Light Verse, by Jean Mutter. (1009 Terrace Ave. Victoria, B.C. $1.)

HALF a century ago a flood of young Englishmen rolled into Canada; some serious, some, anything but. The serious ones wanted to learn farming; the others were supposed to learn it in order to "make a fresh start" after some frivolous years in England. These were dubbed remittance-men, and generally hesitated too long about the fresh start. The serious ones homesteaded, not always successfully, for they couldn't get their minds off Piccadilly, even though they married and had Canadian sons.

Then came the Great War. Almost all of them enlisted and the survivors were surprised to learn that their roots were not in Piccadilly but here. And now the sons are marching, sailing or flying in another war.

The story is told in this extended poem which the author—bare of pretension—calls light verse. And it is light, with laughing couplets and with English slang. But lyrical thumbnail sketches are interspersed, some of quiet beauty.

A Real Comic

BARNABY AND MR. O'MALLEY, by Crockett Johnson. (Oxford, $2.50.)

FAIRY godfather O'Malley, associated with the Elves, Leprechauns, Gnomes and Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society, is here again giving a hand to little Barnaby in the making of a victory garden, the taming of lions and other juvenile activities. No other series of "comics" approaches this one in whimsical originality and humor.

Surveying the Empire

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE, Edited by W. J. Turner. (Collins, $5.00.)

THIS is a conspectus of scenery and history, summarized as to text and elaborated as to illustrations, forty-eight of which are in full color. Lady Tweedsmuir writes of Canada, Arnold Haskell of Australia, Ngaio Marsh and R. M. Burdon of New Zealand, Sir Ferozkhan Noon of India, Elspeth Huxley of East Africa, Sarah Gertrude Millin of South Africa and Noel Sabine of the Colonies. Four Krieghoff pictures, two in color, and a number of the sketches from Bartlett are among the many illustrations of Canadian scenes.

The Flaming Signal

THE CROSS AND THE ARROW, a novel, by Albert Maltz. (McClelland & Stewart, $3.25.)

A GERMAN worker, "regular" in every respect, tends the steam hammer in the forge room of a great arsenal camouflaged in a wood. He is forty-two years old. His wife was killed in the bombing of Dusseldorf. His son, an SS member, on the Russian front. So diligent is he, so void of offence in a nation of spies and tale-bearers, that he is honored with the War Service Cross.

On that very night, after the investiture, he goes into the meadow, arranges the hay in the form of an arrow pointed directly at the factory, sprinkles it with kerosene, and when the British bombers are passing high overhead bound for a distant target, lights it. He is shot down by a guard, is removed to hospital with a bullet in his midriff, and lies unconscious in charge of a doctor who staves off the Gestapo questioner awaiting his revival.

In semi-consciousness the man reviews his life, a cavalcade of suffering and frustration. Small happenings come to light which, in the mass, give the key to an unreasonable action. And here he lies, longing for the whine of the alert and the crash of bombs which will prove that his mad signal has been seen aloft.

Some may ask how can a young American writer know the stress and terror which have made Germany a hell? How can he build up living characters in a void? That these characters are living will be the certain impression of the most critical reader of the tale. But abnormal psychology and its manifestations are no secret. You don't need an Associated Press despatch to tell you how men and women will act when harried by slave-drivers, puzzled by the madness of the Nazi gospel, torn by internal doubts, hatreds and despairs. All you need is an imagination to visualize such people in action.

The author has achieved a tale, grim to the last sentence, and yet has lighted it by the spirit of cosmic pity. The structure reveals extreme competence. The writing is lean and muscular.

Social Fundamentals

THE FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL WELL-BEING, by John L. McDougall (Ryerson, 30c).

By J. LEWIS MILLIGAN

THERE is so much superficial thinking in these days on social and economic questions that it is good to meet with someone who can get down to fundamentals. In his introduction to this little book, a professor at Queen's University says he has nothing for the enthusiast who says . . . "wouldn't it be lovely if . . ." and then launches out into extravagant and baseless day-dreams.

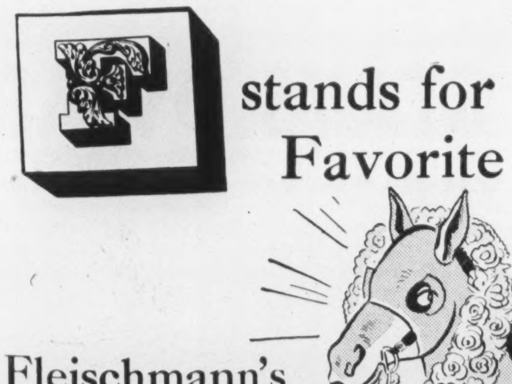
Prof. McDougall says that the problem before the world today is how to reconcile the dignity of individual freedom with the enormous productivity of modern exchange society. He believes that such a reconciliation is possible. Obviously, it is not to be achieved by any system of economics or government that would place both capital and labor under the total power of the State. The totalitarian countries secured full employment and great productivity by whipping or cajoling the people into full economic co-operation, but their objective was war. The objectives of democracy, on the other hand, are peace, freedom, prosperity and progress.

"The problem of employment after the war is largely a problem of encouraging flexibility," says Prof McDougall. Flexibility in management to see where people may be usefully employed and flexibility in every worker to fit into new patterns of work. Adequate profit margins will be needed to encourage enterprise. "There are to be no 'free rides' in this world. As a community we must work for what we get, and we must firmly squelch those individuals and groups who try to sponge on the rest," says Prof. McDougall. It will thus be seen that the author of this book takes a middle course, and it is upon this solid middle ground that he believes national well-being must be built. The book presents a graphic and logical analysis of the causes of depressions and offers practical suggestions for the future.

Pleasant Chap-Book

RHYTHM POEMS, by Sister Maura. (Ryerson, 50c.)

THE chief poem in this most slender pamphlet is entitled "Eire" and is a romantic dream of a golden past of culture; of Deidre, Diarmid and Finn. Of the future of the land the author is still romantic. But, politics aside, the verse is rich in graces of utterance.



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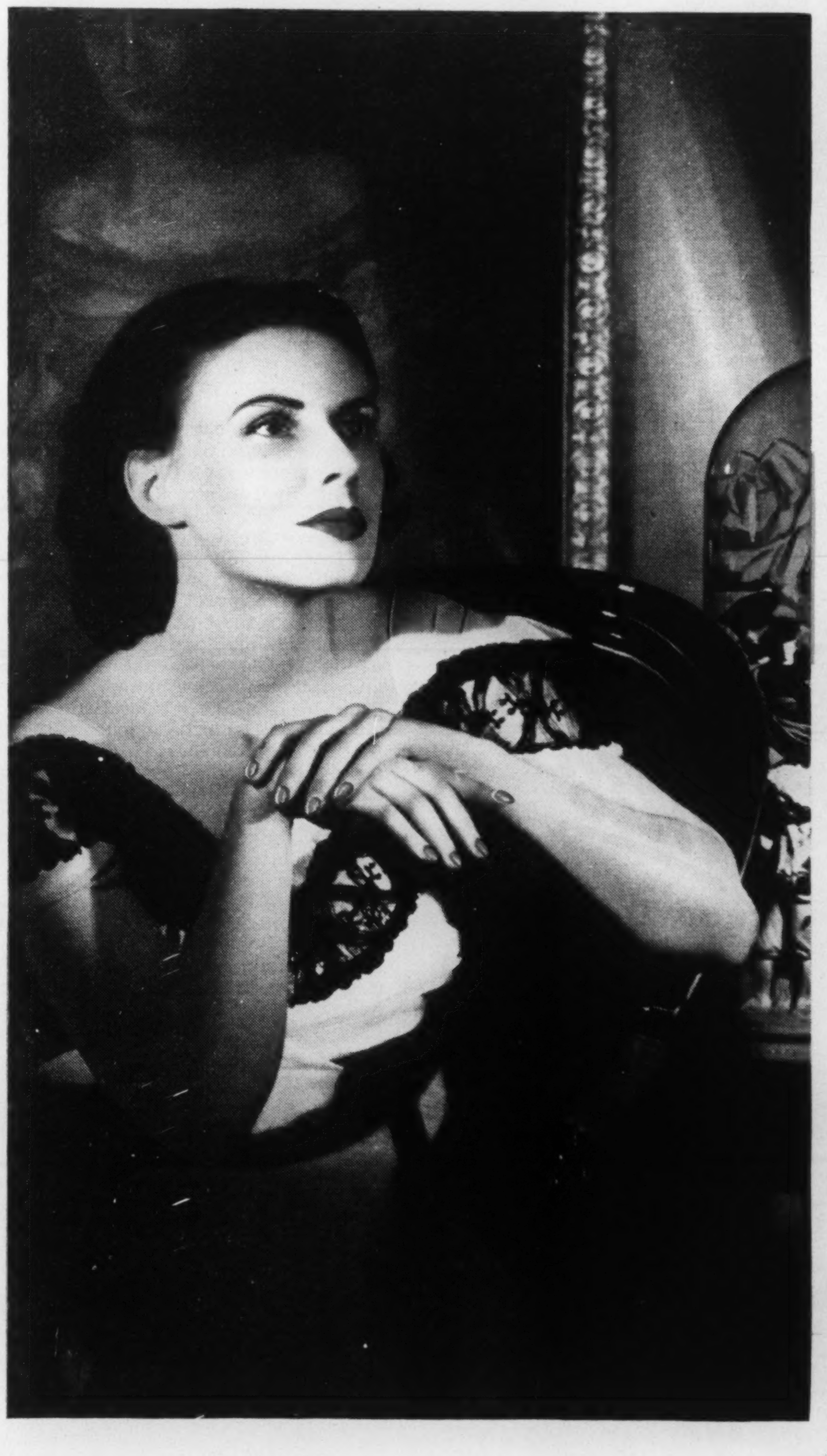

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Gwethalyn Graham: a Canadian Author with a Crusading Spirit

By MARGARET AITKEN

GWETHALYN Graham's rise to fame might be likened to that of a career-girl Cinderella. For a long time she wallowed in literary drudgery, as all authors must do, and suddenly she was swept into the limelight of fame and fortune. Today she is an internationally known author with every prospect of her book becoming a best seller in three countries—Canada, Britain and the United States.

Miss Graham is author of "Earth and High Heaven", the book which has won fourfold literary recognition. It was selected as the Literary Guild's October book-of-the-month. It was purchased by RKO studios to be filmed. It was serialized by an American national magazine and it has won acclaim from critics and readers alike—from Jew and Gentile, from Rabbi and Priest. Written with literary distinction and psychological insight, "Earth and High Heaven" has been called "a kind of secret robomb dropped on the citadel of the Philistines, one of the most effective "swipes at unthinking anti-Semitism" in many a day. "Timely", "noteworthy", "understanding"—all these and many other adjectives have been used to describe this contemporary novel which is the love story of a Gentile woman and a Jewish man who live in Montreal.

But what of the author? What is the personality, the background, the future of this young Canadian writer who has won such recognition?

Gwethalyn Graham is tall, dark-haired, attractive, young. She has what some novelists like to call a noble brow—a high, unfurrowed forehead and serious, dark eyes. Life she takes seriously but not herself. She is a crusader, a fighter against injustices and inequalities. Beneath her polish and courtesy, she is shy and beneath her sensitivity she is tough, as all crusaders must be tough. A generous heart, someone once observed, feels others' ills as if it were responsible for them and that is the impression one gets in talking to Gwethalyn Graham. She is a generous hearted woman.

Goldfish News

It is 22 years since she first began putting words on paper—22 years since she started a newspaper called "Life in a Goldfish Bowl." As with all newspapers, it gave a play by play description of community life only her community consisted of fish, not people. And even then, at the age of eight years, she had the gift of words. If the right word wasn't available, she coined her own as "when little fish are sick, they go to the sanaquarium."

Born in Toronto, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Erichsen-Brown, Miss Graham's family background is one of learning and scholarship. Her grandfather, Professor J. F. MacCurdy of Toronto University was one of Canada's most distinguished orientalists. Her mother is an outstanding Greek scholar; her father a well-known lawyer. (Her mother, who was born in Chatham, New Brunswick, always wanted to be a journalist but the rearing of four children interfered with this ambition.) Miss Graham was educated at Havergal College and at the University of Toronto. She attended school in Switzerland for a time and it was that experience which provided material for her first published book, "Swiss Sonata", in 1935. This novel won the Governor-General's Medal.

The Gwethalyn part of her name is her own. The "Graham" she borrowed from her paternal grandmother. It is the name she has always written under.

After publication of "Swiss Sonata" nothing appeared from Miss Graham's typewriter except some articles, published in SATURDAY NIGHT. There was a hiatus but the typewriter was seldom silent. In the intervening nine years the author wrote two books. One she tore up. The other she called "No Case for the Defence" and, after rewriting it at least four times, it reached the public under title (chosen by her publishers) "Earth and High Heaven".

Fame and Fortune

Already this book has chalked up a considerable sum of money for its author and backers—$42,000 from the Literary Guild, $7,500 from *Collier's Magazine* and $100,000 from RKO Films. One of the interesting problems now under discussion is how much of these earnings will go to the author and how much to the government. The debatable point is whether these earnings be income or capital and whether income tax must be paid on the $100,000. To look after her interests Miss Graham has engaged the services of her lawyer who is also her father.

Because "Earth and High Heaven" is a story of today, is set against the background of Montreal where Miss Graham lives, and is written with such clarity and insight, one inevitable question put to the author is whether the story be a personal one. The answer is "no". In actual fact, Miss Graham's answer is a rather ambiguous one. "I am not married," she says, "and my husband was not a Jew."

In her late teens Gwethalyn Erichsen-Brown eloped and before reaching the age of 20 years she had procured a divorce. She has a son, Tony, who is 11. Only once has he displayed any reaction to his mother's success as a novelist. Miss Graham says he walked up to her one day, cleared his throat, remarked gruffly: "By the way, Mummy, I'm very proud of you," and hurriedly walked away again.

Excellent social mixer is the versatile jumper of Persian red wool crepe. Fitting into every niche of the work-a-day or social activities with a mere change of blouse, it accents the popular extended shoulders and the high rounded nickline.

So, "Earth and High Heaven" is not a personal experience to the author but anti-Semitism is a subject about which she feels strongly.

Playwright

In Europe she saw the beginning of it; in Canada she sees the infection spreading. She has many Jewish friends. She has seen her friends discriminated against; insulted by those "Gentiles Only" signs. Through "Earth and High Heaven" she has highlighted the pity and tragedy of racial prejudice.

Miss Graham's working schedule is a practical one. There's none of the temperamental waiting for inspiration about her writing. First, she spends long months thinking. She lives in her book and with her characters before ever setting them down on paper. Thus the story simmers and when the cooking period is over, she sits down to a typewriter. She works from 9 to 5 each day, with Saturday and Sunday off. For relaxation she likes people and music.

Besides being a novelist, Gwethalyn Graham is also a playright. Her plays have not yet seen the footlights but they undoubtedly will and that soon. "Earth and High Heaven" is to be dramatized as well as filmed and there is another play, a light comedy, now being considered by producers on Broadway. About this play writing, Miss Graham says she has gone as far as she can in it. "Only a production will round out my education, even if it's a flop," she says.

And thus Gwethalyn Graham, at the age of 30, has reached a high place in the profession of her choosing. She is modestly happy about her success but not satisfied. "Those who are quite satisfied sit still and do nothing. Those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world." (I forget who said those words but they are pertinent.)

Thoughtful

Miss Graham is also an extraordinarily thoughtful and well-informed woman. She has determination, ambition, humility, humor and understanding. Add all these together, plus the gift of words, and you have the author of one of the very few Canadian novels on contemporary life—"Earth and High Heaven" by Gwethalyn Graham.

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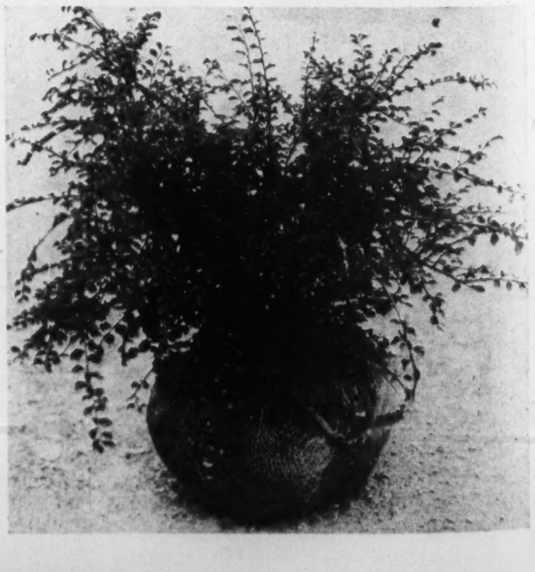

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Forty Thousand Canadian Girls who Wear Canada on their Sleeves

By BERNICE COFFEY

OVER forty thousand girls wear khaki, navy and airforce blue with the word "Canada" on their shoulders. There are 14,000 CWAC's, 15,000 in the Air Force, 8,000 Wrens. And now the Canadian Women's Army Corps wants 5,000 more.

It caused much verbal eyebrow raising when women were taken into the services at the beginning of the war. In some quarters the opposition was exceedingly vocal and active. Women could not, would not stand regimentation. Women were unfitted for the requirements of army, navy and air force life. Women were not capable of taking on what was regarded primarily as man's work. Women in the army, the navy, the air force? Mrs. Grundy cast her eyes to heaven and in pious horror inquired what the world was coming to. Women were an unknown quantity—even to themselves.

Well, we don't need to recite the place women have made for themselves in the services. It's known to all Canadians—so well-known that it's almost taken for granted. No longer are they gaped at with reserve or curiosity, but are regarded with the same feeling of pride and admiration accorded anybody in uniform—man or woman. In short, they have fitted in so smoothly and their services have proved so invaluable to the war effort they are accepted fully and without reserve. There are forty thousand of them today, and the army wants 5,000 more because it cannot get enough reinforcements to send overseas for the CWAC.

They wear their uniforms with dignity. They are learning new skills and are doing work that used to belong to men. And, to their honor, they are doing all this without any sacrifice of the purely feminine qualities.

Will the girl in the services be changed when she returns to civilian life? Yes, say those who have had opportunities to observe her. They believe she is going to have more influence on Canadian life than any other group of women, that she will be of twice the value to her country. Perhaps almost unknown to herself, she has received an intensive training in citizenship. She has lived in close contact with others from every part of the Dominion, and probably has seen more of it than many Canadians could hope to know in a lifetime. Her post-war viewpoint won't be narrowed by petty provincialism and prejudices that are the result of ignorance.

And she is preparing for the future. Many of them, both here and abroad, we are told, are using their spare time for special studies. French lessons, music, household management, special studies that will prepare them to enter university at the end of service, discussion groups, so-called "heavy" reading, are occupying their time. And these girls are conscious that behind every one of them is an enormous organization to bring her to her physical and mental peak.

Why is the CWAC asking for 5,000 more at this time? In reply it is pointed out that the war is not over—either in Germany or Japan. Man power still is a problem in Canada—and every woman in the CWAC releases a soldier to fight.

Sew a Fine Seam

Not since the time when every household had a sewing room and a dressmaker who arrived with the seasons to outfit the female members of the family has "home sewing" rated as high among the household arts as today. This return to an almost lost art is the result of several factors. . . . a desire for individuality in clothes, its appeal to the creative instinct, the lack of the obliging "little dressmaker" who has become almost as rare as the platypus, fewer social distractions. All this is reflected in the piece-goods departments of the shops and in the ascending figures of the pattern companies.

"Many women sewing today have a high degree of facility with the sewing machine—they are almost professional," said Cathryn Maillefert, a Butterick pattern representative from New York, with whom we talked recently.

According to Miss Maillefert, almost any woman who yearns to make a dress can do so without getting in over her head. Things have been made easy for her as well as the more experienced artist of the needle by recent developments such as the basic pattern. This comes as a separate blouse and a skirt pattern which means, for instance, that an over-ample hip measurement can be combined with a normal bust measurement, allowances made for a short or a long waist and all the other figure eccentricities all of us but Powers models are heir to.

The basic pattern is laid on factory cotton and cut out. The cotton is basted up, tried on and any minor adjustments are made for a perfect fit. Then it is removed, ripped apart and each separate piece laid on heavy paper which then is cut to match exactly. Factory cotton and paper are then pasted together. This is what Miss Maillefert calls an "individual figure corrected basic pattern"—in other words "the figure in the flat".

In reality, we suppose it might be considered the modern counterpart of the dressmaker's Judy.

The basic pattern is not a fashion pattern. It is intended to serve as a guide to figure measurements when you get down to the actual business of cutting out the fashion pattern.

And where does the beginner go from there? Select an uncomplicated pattern, Miss Maillefert advises—a simple house frock, for instance. Choose a firm, even textured fabric such as cotton, preferably in a plain color. And don't be tempted by plaids, stripes or spaced florals as these require a certain skill. Read the directions and be sure you understand them. Work carefully.

From then on you are on your own to the point where you can say with off-handed pride, "Oh, it's just a little thing I ran up myself!"

An important handbag, long gloves, D'Orsay type pumps add dignity to a tweed suit worn by mature woman.

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Elizabeth Barrett Browning, too,
And all the enchanting things they say
Haven't got a thing on you.

When your letter breathes of love,
Haunting, poignant and secure,
I revel in ten minutes of
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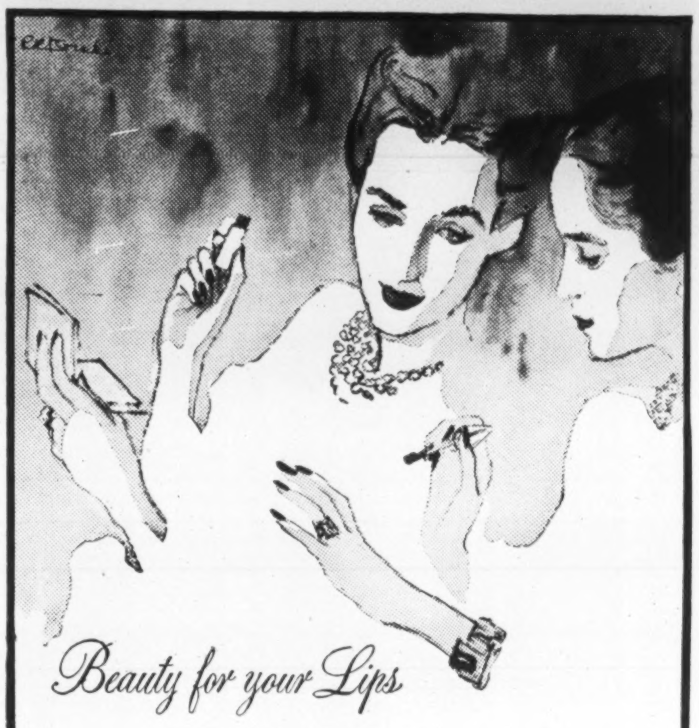
MAY RICHSTONE



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Royalty Goes Home to a Liberated Country and Joyous Welcome

By H. R. MADAL

London.

BACK in London for a short while the Prince Consort and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Luxembourg have been telling me of their three days' stay in their liberated capital. There has been no more glorious moment in their lives than this return to their city, four years and four months under the jack-boot. An outburst of enthusiasm swept almost the whole population into the streets, all eager to know when the Grand Duchess, too, was coming home.

"I was among the first to enter a Paris still haunted by snipers," said the Prince Consort. "Things were not different in Luxembourg City, whose people had only just emerged from a nightmare. As in Paris, they had already begun to celebrate liberation when the Germans briefly came back. Hostages were taken and shot when the Gauleiter returned for a few days."

The Prince told me of his anxiety when, on the road to his capital, progress was held up by German tanks. The American General commanding that sector invited him to remain in the background for a while as he would undoubtedly not wish to witness damage to the city by Allied guns.

The Prince crossed the frontier near Rodange, whence the Grand Duchess and he had left in May 1940. He was too excited to look whether the barriers still showed the Luxembourg colors. Arriving at a small village of the Grand Duchy, near the French border, he thought to escape recognition, but was immediately detected, borne in triumph around the market-place, and invited to taste the local beer.

"And at last the good news came. I was told that the Germans were pulling out and offering no resistance in the capital. By the Longwy route I was able to reach the town. The Maquis paraded, magnificent in their loyalty, well ordered and well organized. I learned that there were several thousands of them; people who had lived for months in the forests of the Ardennes, always ready to fight the Germans."

He found the Palace in a better state than might have been imagined. All the royal personal belongings were gone, not to mention the wine-cellar. A few bottles not considered of value, had escaped the attention of the invader. His bed, taken to the German Legation, had been used by the Gauleiter, evidently under the impression that it must have been the best in Luxembourg. "We shall have to burn it," said the Prince.

"And what about the Quisling Kratzenberg?"

"He had left with the Germans, saying that otherwise he was sure to be killed and he muttered something about coming back later on to justify himself before a Luxembourg tribunal."

Industry seems to have escaped without great damage, and the two main features of Luxembourg Town, the Pont Adolphe and the Viaduct, are still standing. Most of the other bridges were blown up by the retreating enemy, as well as waterworks and electrical plants.

The young Hereditary Grand Duke, Prince John, who now holds a commission in the Irish Guards, gave me an account of his momentous meeting with his father in the liberated town, for they had travelled there separately.

The Prince was a schoolboy when he was forced to leave his country in 1940. Now he has filled out, and has lately grown a small moustache. At first the people did not recognize him when, in a British lieutenant's uniform, he inquired near the palace for the Prince of Luxembourg.

"'When is the Grand Duchess coming? When is the Prince Jean coming?' they kept asking," he said to me. "And I took some pleasure in mystifying them for a moment before revealing my identity. From that moment onwards I was unable to walk three yards in Luxembourg, I was continually borne along shoulder high, among cheering crowds. My father made a short speech and I too was asked to talk to the people."

The three big Luxembourg papers, run by the Germans for four years and four months, reappeared in their old guise on the day after liberation. It was a considerable achievement, for there was no electric current, not much machinery and very little paper.

Prince Jean concluded: "Our Avenue de la Liberté had been converted into an Adolf Hitler street, but I knew this night, that it had earned its old name again."

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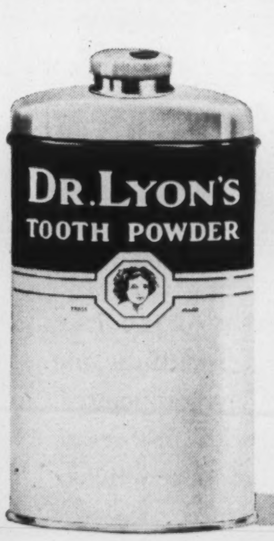

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THE FILM PARADE

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SATURDAY NIGHT, The Canadian Weekly

A Little Parricide Kept the Wolf Away from the Writer's Door

By ALAN HODGE

"A WOMAN must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction," said Virginia Woolf, addressing the women undergraduates of Cambridge. That was in the year of prosperity 1928.

Mrs. Woolf herself was lucky enough to inherit $2,000 a year from an aunt who died by a fall from a horse when taking the air in Bombay. Most women writers, however, like men, have to scratch out their early works in the intervals of earning a living. They have the chance, of course, of finding a husband, but he must be a special kind of husband. Not too poor, for otherwise running a house will take up all her time. And not too wilful, for she will have a sad life if he takes to resenting her work.

Person from Porlock

That is where having a room of one's own comes in. Kubla Khan is only a magnificent fragment of a poem because a nameless Person from Porlock interrupted Coleridge in the full flight of composition. Never afterwards could he regain the same height. Many a lesser work lies unfinished for want of a lock on the author's door.

But rooms and locks and private incomes are not the sole answers to a writer's prayer. Jane Austen worked with supreme detachment in the midst of a household bustling with the incessant demands of little nephews and nieces. Her novels were written at a prim bureau in the common drawing-room, her manuscripts hidden, for seemliness' sake, under the blotting paper whenever the neighbors called.

Nor is a quiet and patient nature the only one that can work through the distraction of household, office and public life. The boisterous and worldly Aphra Behn contrived to turn out a stream of books amid the racketing life of the Restoration stage. Mrs. Behn was the first professional woman writer. Such a pioneer feminist in the amorous England of Charles II. could not avoid being accounted a member of a more ancient women's profession, and this slur has unjustly stuck to her name ever since.

Young Victorian ladies met with much less prejudice, for novel-writing had become a profitable and respected profession. Hundreds of girls like the Bronte sisters hopefully sent up their manuscripts from obscure parsonages and manor houses to the publishing lions of London. Many had their hopes fulfilled for every middle-class father and mother was on the look-out for a new and morally exciting three-decker novel for fireside reading aloud.

The beltless, figure-clinging lines of this torso frock are important style features. Note the push-up sleeves and the soft, round neck.

Studies of some of these almost forgotten popular novelists are included in "Things Past," by Michael Sadleir, an English writer. There was Mary Elizabeth Braddon, a Yorkshire solicitor's daughter, whose pen hardly stopped between 1861 when she was 23 and 1914 when she died. For the first ten years she was struggling to pay off the debts of the friend and publisher who afterwards became her husband.

"I do an immense amount of work," she confessed in a gusty letter, "which nobody ever heard of, for penny and halfpennny journals. The amount of crime, tragedy, murder, slow poisoning and general infamy required by the halfpenny reader is something terrible. I am just going to do a little parricide for this week's supply."

Though her novels could equal a modern detective story in villainy, there was always a moment when Victorian convention twisted the plot, setting hero and heroine prudishly shambling away from the moral situation that everything before had pointed to.

"While editors, publishers and public wanted stories of high life and crime," Mr. Sadleir writes, "they would not stomach high livers and criminals as they really were. With a cynicism inevitable in so intelligent and experienced a woman, Miss Braddon blandly exploited the hypocrisy of the public she despised. Rather than permit a hint of sexual irregularity, she would falsify her own realism by explaining everything away and leaving virtue, if not triumphant, at any rate untarnished."

One Convention

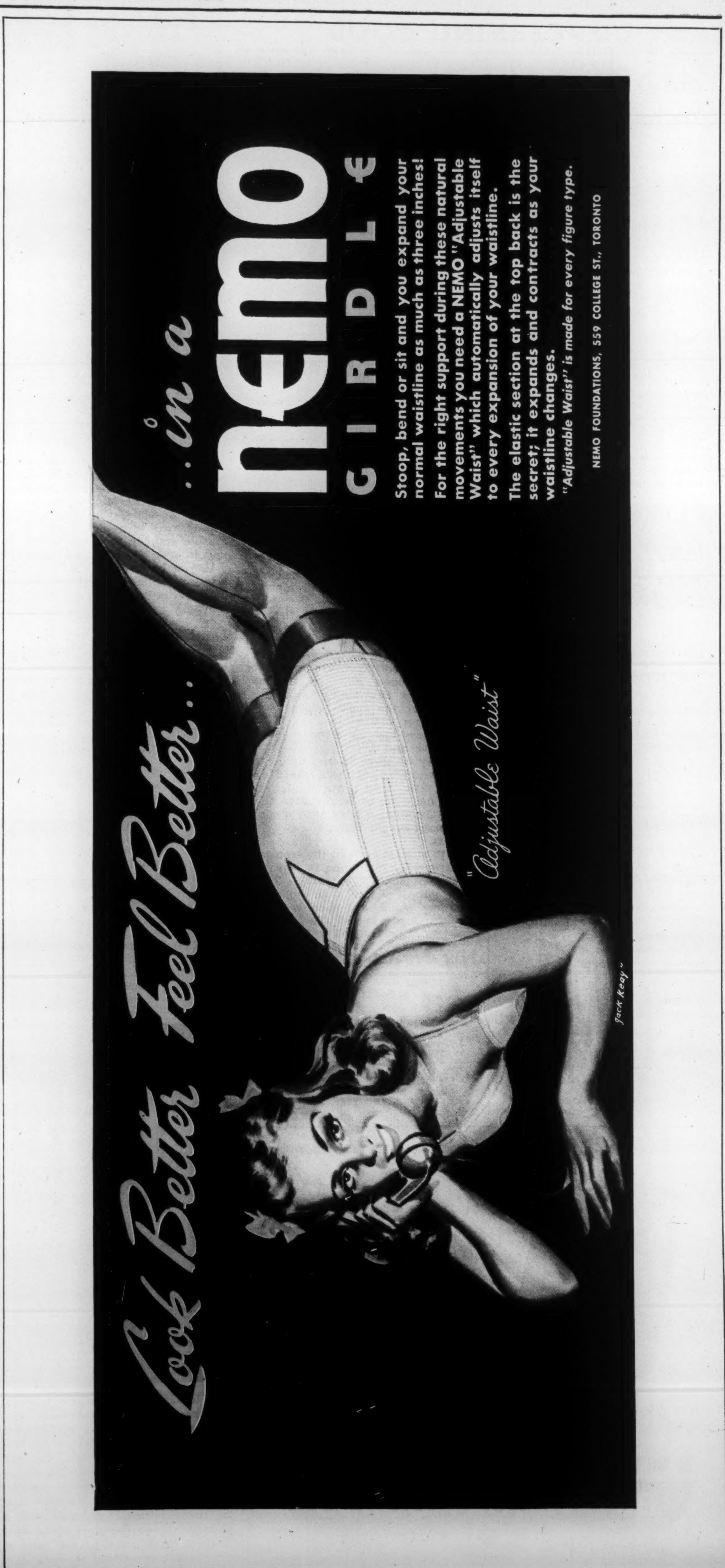
So long as this one convention was observed, the Victorian novelist was licensed to be frenziedly passionate in love-scenes and tartly daring in sentiment. On this reckoning the success of Rhoda Broughton's novels was founded. It was no less a success than that of the novels of our time, in which ladies and gentlemen rarely stumble through the opening chapters without finding an illicit opportunity to slip into bed.

Our mothers and grandmothers still have on their bookshelves volumes with such fanciful titles as Cometh Up as a Flower, Not Wisely but Too Well and Red as a Rose is She. These were the books of the month in the 1870s and '80s. For Cometh Up, which was her first, Miss Broughton was paid $600; for Not Wisely $1,000; for Red as a Rose $1,400. Her earnings steadily mounted, till in 1890 they reached the zenith of $5,200 for the touching title of Alas!

Alas, it failed, and wisely thereafter Miss Broughton took to novelettes. The last recorded payment for one of them is $1,000 in 1910. She died in 1920 at Oxford, where her sharply independent mind had for 40 years made her a redoubtable figure in the fussy society of dons' and clergymen's wives.

In spite of its conventions, Victorian life sometimes presented situations as tangled as those in the most consciously 20-century novel. George Eliot's life included several. Her early months in London were spent in a remarkable boarding-house in the Strand, presided over by a Lothario of a publisher, who maintained in the same establishment a wife and two children, a *beautiful* co-partner named Elizabeth, and a fleeting succession of literary women lodgers. This was scarcely a house in which a young novelist from the provinces could find a room of her own. And so George Eliot moved on.

Mr. Sadleir also moves on, leaving George Eliot earnestly looking for happiness at lodgings in Edgware-road. He turns to other themes: Anthony Trollope and Henry Kingsley, the blood-curdling Gothic Romances of the 1790's, the bibliomania of a country archdeacon. The best of these essays offer all the charm and none of the drawbacks of life in our grandmothers' day.



CONCERNING FOOD

Late Autumn Afternoon in an Apple Orchard Is Tonic for Appetite

By JANET MARCH

THE trees were old and high and the wind was the one described in the nursery rhyme—

"The North wind doth blow
And we shall have snow."

There were lots of apples up aloft and five amateur pickers on the ground armed with baskets, a clothesline, a step ladder and a determination to get a winter's supply of apples off the trees.

First we picked standing on tiptoe but, none of us being trained toe dancers, this became tedious quickly. Then we took to the stepladder which was fine for one person, granted you were careful not to put one leg down a groundhog's hole. Standing balanced on the top step with a basket hung round your neck on a string which throttled you, reaching, isn't an ideal occupation. It soon became obvious that we would have to get into the trees. Some years ago I considered climbing an apple tree a very fine sport. It is interesting to notice how completely your ideas change.

Apple trees are prickly things. The branches from which you can reach the best apples are seldom thick enough to give you confidence, and it's very easy to spill all that you've just picked on the heads of those below. Early in the day there was a rending sound and a large piece of bare leg was exposed to the icy blast while a piece of my best slacks—indeed my only ones—was left attached to a knife-like twig.

Fingers got numb and more and more apples got picked with a leaf which I have heard tell is a good way to insure a poor crop the next year. At first the tree climbers were timid but as the hours passed everyone got braver and braver and could be seen lying out along limbs hanging on with an ankle twisted round a branch. The furthest apple is always the best looking but too often it turns out to be "a goodly apple rotten at the heart" which is discouraging when you have risked your life and stretched all your muscles to get it.

Slowly the baskets filled, the sun started to go down and the wind blew bleakly. It is much colder up in a tree than it is on the ground and we all wished heartily that apples were forbidden still and that we could follow Browning's advice—

"Where the apple reddens
Never pry
Lest we lose our Eden
Eve and I."

Finally we gave up and drove the car bumpily round the orchard collecting our haul. Apple pie will mean more to us this winter than in the days when other people could be persuaded to stand on swaying ladders.

With at least some of the crop safe in baskets the next thing to deal with was the picker's appetite. Thick soup out of a can with milk and croutons added, and then a casserole dish made out of the end of a roast went pretty well.

Beef Casserole

- 2 cups of cut up beef
- ½ package of noodles
- 1 can of consommé
- ½ cup of bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons of butter
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- ¼ cupful of milk
- Worcester sauce
- Chopped parsley
- Onion salt
- Celery salt
- ½ teaspoon of salt
- Black pepper

Cook the noodles first and drain them. Melt the butter, add the flour and then the consommé and milk and cook till it thickens. Season with the celery and onion salt, pepper, parsley and salt, and then add the meat cut up in small pieces, and the noodles and Worcester sauce. Put some of the bread crumbs in the bottom of the dish. Pour in the noodle and meat mixture and cover with the rest of the crumbs. Bake in 350-400 oven for thirty to forty minutes.

Cabbage with Cheese

Cabbage is a nice economical vegetable just now and done this way it can be prepared ahead of time. Boil the cabbage cut up in medium sized pieces in salted water till it is tender. Drain it, and while it is in the sieve cut it across with a sharp knife so that it is in small pieces. Make two cups of medium thick white sauce and put the cabbage in a baking dish. Season with salt and pepper, pour on the white sauce and cover with a layer of grated cheese and brown in the oven.

Of course the sweet had to be deep apple pie. A quick way of making the crust is to mix the flour and shortening with a potato masher, instead of using your hands or the classic two knives. If you use a masher you can have the lid on your pie in less than ten minutes flat.

If you have had a roast of lamb lately you might like to try this dish made with the remains of a leg of lamb.

Lamb and Rice

- 2 cups of lamb
- 1/3 cup of rice
- 1 can of tomatoes
- 1 teaspoon of curry powder
- Juice of half a lemon
- 2 teaspoons of brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 2 tablespoons of butter

Cook the rice in boiling salted water. Heat the can of tomatoes with the sugar, lemon juice, salt, pepper and curry powder. Melt the butter and brown the two cupfuls of lamb—cut up in small pieces—in the butter. Then add the rice drained and washed and the tomato mixture. Serve when very hot.

• •

This year's apple crop is going to provide 500,000 cases of apple juice for Canadian consumers during this winter. Fortified with ascorbic acid, this apple juice is on a par with grapefruit juice in vitamin C content.

Bag in hand this passenger is taking advantage of the automatic door opener on the Valois, a Canadian Pacific Railway car, first of its kind in a Canadian railway car. The work is done by a pneumatic-electric arrangement from a box on the back of the door and through cables fixed in the side wall and reflected in this picture on the glass of the door. Only a light touch of the hand on the handle is needed to open door.

The Wild Black Duck and Snipe are on the Wing in Nova Scotia

By J. HILTON LEGH

THE calm smoky haze of Indian summer lies upon the hills and the hunter takes his red cap from the peg behind the kitchen door. In many an office weary business men relax to visualize a camp far from the haunts of civilization and to sniff in imagination cool pineladen breezes carrying that tantalizing, unequalled aroma of plump wild ducks grilled over hard wood coals.

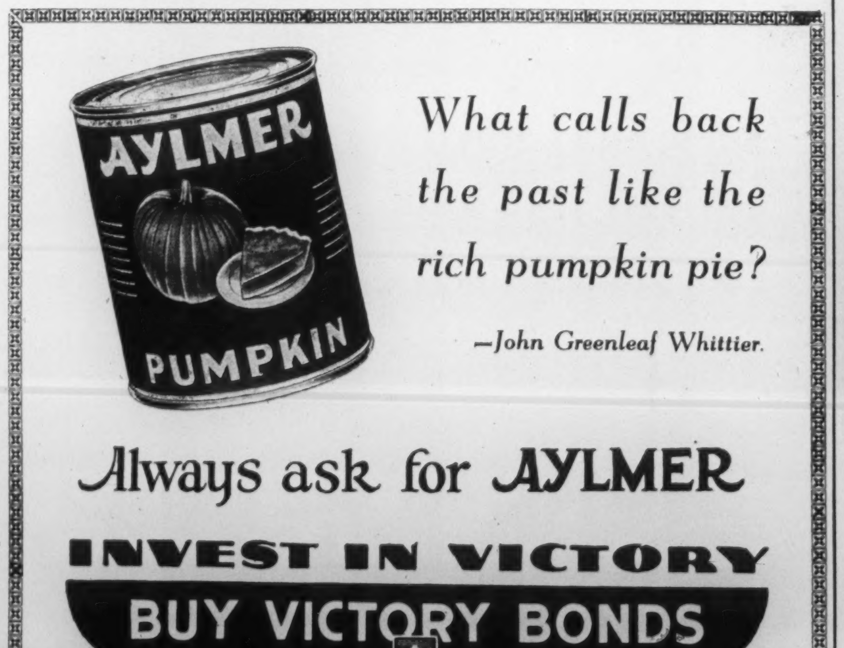
When you have watched the wild black ducks make their smooth three point landing in spring on the dark waters of an inland lake, and at intervals observed their feeding habits, the odd foreshortened silhouette flying against the red clouds of sunset—and later the proud day when the mother convoys her ducklings in single file across open water—you feel worse than a cannibal when the shooting season opens. In fact, Judas would be an appropriate nomenclature.

Roast Duck

However, sooner or later a sportsman untroubled by any twinges of conscience will come along with a fine brace of beauties, the iridescent plumage still glowing, and as he displays them with the naive pride of a cat presenting a mouse to its master you begin to hanker mightily for that first game dinner at camp.

In one such instance a conscientious objector held out until the last minute, refusing to weaken until he sat down at the table and found on his plate a large, cold looking, unopened can of beans. All around were plates heaped with savory red brown slices of roast duck, oozing rich gravy and flanked with mounds of wild rice cooked to the fine point of perfect dryness. A generous scoop of quivering red currant jelly and a side dish of smooth textured yellow squash baked in the shell, completed the picture. Days later the unopened can of beans was retrieved from a nearby clump of bushes.

In the hinterlands of Nova Scotia are wild and remote spots known only to the initiated. One such place is reached by a three-way system of travel, first by car, or ox cart if gas is short, on foot through wooded trails and finally seven miles by canoe. As you whizz or plod along the Frotten Road the objective will be Bad Falls, a roaring stream partly hidden by overhanging trees. Now, with packs securely fastened, prepare to hike through the bush. This hike deserves special mention consisting as it does of a Frenchman's mile which is a "mile and a piece." The "piece" may be two,



three, or four times as long as the mile, according to the mood of your informant. Your own ideas on the subject may be of interest when reaching Slate Falls you embark upon what is called the Gregas.

Care is essential in navigating this chain of lakes studded with numerous islands. Sharp rocks await the unwary to rip a hole in the bottom of the canoe. Drowned trees lift black arms tragically to Heaven, and in distracting nearness flocks of ducks arise from feeding places in nearby coves. Escorted by cranes and blue heron flapping slowly overhead we meditate on the intriguing names of Big Squambone and Little Squambone, but Great Gull Lake is the dark and solitary body of water that is the objective—a heavily wooded island. As the canoe grates on the pebbled beach we are startled by the derisive, maniacal laugh of a loon. The loon however is not as foolish as he sounds, being capable of diving at the flash of a gun less than a hundred yards away.

Haughty Hound

During our trip the passenger of most importance, dignity and general snootiness was the gunning dog "Hunter", one of the Little River breed rapidly gaining attention among sportsmen outside their home province. Fearless, loyal and hard as nails, these hounds have forgotten more of the bird lore they instinctively know than many of their owners will ever acquire. Smooth-haired, yellow with a white tip on the end of the tail, they provide, by running up and down the shore, an attraction which draws the curious duck ever closer as to a magnet.

An odd streak of stubbornness crops up in some of the Little River dogs. If they do not consider it necessary to lie flat when told to do so they will compromise by crouching just a fraction of an inch off the ground thereby obeying, but at the same time showing their independence. They ignore all advances from strangers and in one instance the owner's family have been asked not to discuss any subject with the dog except birds. Just a bit Ripleyesque, that. As retrievers they are hard to beat, their powerful shoulders breasting rough cold waters for any distance with little effort, and the bird is always brought back and laid at the master's feet intact to the last feather.

Not only on remote lakes do the Little River dogs work. They are even more valuable in the marshy districts, where salt water rivers creep in and out daily with the rise and ebb of the tide through deep channels or "guzzles." The mud is of unparalleled stickiness and the tenacity of quicksand and will rip a rubber boot off before a greenhorn can say "Jack Robinson" or something worse.

Throughout these marshes odorous with the stiff grasses which provide salt hay for cattle, beautiful with the faint bluish purple of rosmary, lie treacherous saltholes—bottomless according to legend. "Watch your step" is not a mere byword in this section of the country.

Experts among old timers here scorn wooden decoys with the same feeling some golfers reserve for the ready made tee. They are able to whip up a nice semblance to a black duck out of eel grass, that brown ribbony species of seaweed which has been very scarce of late on the coast.

At break of day on a gunning expedition the tide creeps in stealthily but with a hidden inexorable surge that is somehow frightening to anyone seeing it for the first time. As the deep channels begin to fill, in come the ducks and the rest is up to the dog and his master.

The river ducks are apt to have a fishy taste which may be overcome to some extent by cooking a whole lemon or onion in the cavity when roasting. Always remove the oil glands at the tip of the tail. Gunning club experts say that most housewives overcook wild fowl, losing the epicurean flavor. The agreed time for roasting ducks does not exceed thirty minutes. They should be laid breasts down in a covered pan, with a plentiful sprinkling of salt and pepper. After they have been in the oven ten minutes baste frequently with butter and hot water.

The best local dish in one district in the Maritimes is made without benefit of chef or cookbook. It is a stew which would give a gourmet a new lease on life providing he tried it with an appetite whipped up by hours spent in the keen salty breezes that ply the Nova Scotia shores. To prepare, put a goodsized hunk of butter in a saucepan and set inside oven until hot. Put the duck in holus bolus, cleaned and plucked of course. Saute, no—too high hat—*fry* the duck a beautiful golden brown on all sides. Add a little water and simmer a few minutes. Add any vegetables you may have on hand—carrots, turnip, onion, even parsnip cut in small pieces. When almost done crown the feast with dumpling balls, let your belt out a notch and, as your host might say, "Haul up and heave to."

A Whisp

Snipe are excellent eating although a nuisance to prepare owing to their thimble-like proportions. Split down the back, season with white pepper, salt and paprika, rub with butter. Broil ten minutes.

The clouds of snipe that sometimes whoosh by one's ear in close formation are called a Whisp. A more apropos name could hardly be imagined as they vanish with incredible speed toward the far horizon.

The little woman, who is generally left home during hunting expeditions and who is supposed to utter loud cries of admiration over the bag of feathered trophies brought back, might well surprise her spouse with snipe pie. This is equally as appetizing as the famous clam pie of the Maritimes.

The snipe must be cleaned thoroughly inside and out. (She might stipulate that they are delivered to her in that condition.) Take about a dozen and a half snipe, split in halves and put in a saucepan to boil with two quarts of water. As they boil, skim off the scum that rises and add salt, pepper, one or two whole cloves and some minced parsley. Add also an onion chopped finely and half a pound of salt pork, diced. Let the whole thing boil gently, keeping the birds covered with water at all times. When they are tender add a tablespoon of butter melted with two of browned flour.

Have the sides and bottom of a large baking dish lined with rich pastry, dice two cups of raw potatoes. When the birds have cooled put in a layer of birds, a layer of potato alternately until the dish is full. Pour gravy over all. Add the top crust in which a slit has been cut to allow for escaping steam. Bake until brown, then await the compliments which will surely be forthcoming.

The hat of black satin is Sally Victor's "Curvacious". Built on sleek, smooth lines its rounded silhouette contrasts with the slender lines of the long-waisted dress. Velvet hipline sash accents the molded torso.

BRIGHTEN THE MEALS WITH BISCUITS

MAGIC'S
ORANGE MARMALADE BISCUITS

2 cups sifted flour
½ tspn. salt
4 tbspns. shortening
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
1 egg
⅓ cup milk
⅓ cup orange marmalade

Sift dry ingredients together. Cut in shortening until mixed. Beat egg slightly in measuring cup; add milk and marmalade to make ¾ cup and add to first mixture. Roll out about ½-inch thick; cut with floured biscuit cutter. Top each with a little marmalade; bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 15 minutes. Makes 16.

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1 can of Libby's Tomato Soup
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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Are Critics Necessary? Trend in Criticism Away from Aesthetics

By GRAHAM McINNES

EARLY in 1942 I ceased writing about art for this journal, after a happy association of seven years, and went to work for John Grierson at the National Film Board. The intervening period has given me a few sober thoughts about critics in general and Canadian art criticism in particular; and I am in the mood where a critic likes to invite his soul. I have been in the movie business long enough now to achieve a new respect for the artist, and perhaps to see the critic's function in its right perspective.

Critics, I still believe, are vitally necessary, even if their criticism is analytic, negative and destructive; for they are a great astringent force in our lush Western society. Who would have heeded a constructive Voltaire? On the other hand, it is admittedly easier to see the faults in someone else's work, than to do creative work oneself. The reason that it is perhaps, even at its best, easier to criticize than to create, is that the critic has a framework to examine and tear apart. Let me illustrate this by a parallel in film.

The man who writes a film commentary has a highly specialized talent; yet he rarely creates *ab initio*. He has before him the final cut of a silent film, consisting of hundreds of visual images all selected and arranged according to a carefully conceived plan. He uses the film before him as a basic framework, and while his commentary may pull a film together and give it editorial or dramatic punch, he draws his best metaphors and his most striking assertions out of the visuals before him.

The critic has another advantage over workers in other media: the simplicity of his technique. Paper and a typewriter are all the tools he needs: only the writer can equal him in ease of expression. The musician needs instruments and players to translate his stenographic images into sound; the sculptor and the architect cumbersome and weighty materials. The film maker must invest thousands of dollars in cameras, projectors, microphones and laboratory equipment.

Social Background

In every case the creative act becomes more and more complex, for the machines have to be bent to the will of the artist. By contrast, the critic is as free as the air. But his responsibility is therefore the greater. Let me recommend to any critic who has a good conceit of himself, an apprenticeship with the camera, the movieola and the mixing panel. There is nothing like it for clarifying one's ideas and forcing one to think straight.

During the past three years we at the Film Board have been collaborating with the National Gallery in a group of color films on Canadian painters, known as the Canadian Artists' Series. So far, four have been produced. "Canadian Landscape" deals with the work of A. Y. Jackson; "West Wind" tells the story of Tom Thomson; "Painters of Quebec" analyses the work of seven contemporary French Canadian artists; "The Flight of the Dragon" deals with the art of China as seen through a survey of the superb collection at the Royal Ontario Museum.

In working on these films we made one critical discovery of some importance: that in analysing art, you must place more emphasis on the social background which produced it than on purely aesthetic considerations. We found that you cannot explain a work of art to the average man in terms of it aesthetic qualities. Terms such as form, line, color and rhythm—the stock in trade of the critic—mean little to the man in the street. But he will warmly appreciate and readily understand a painting or piece of sculpture if it is presented to him in terms of the background which inspired it, or of the times whose product it was. The aesthetic appreciation can come later.

Valid Approach

I don't pretend for a moment that this is anything more than a personal discovery, but it may be interesting to see how it worked out in practice. In presenting the work of Jackson, for instance, we put less emphasis on the rich sense of patterned paint which marks his canvases, than on the influence upon him of the North. We tried to show that the reason his painting creates images which arouse and inspire our loyalties is because he articulates the deeply felt love of the North that is in most Canadians, and which expresses itself normally in terms as simple as those of the summer cottage and the exodus from the cities to view the fall leaves.

It was our job to make the film appeal not only to art lovers, but to every Canadian who has a sense of his background. We wanted to bring alive on the screen the phrase "My country, 'tis of thee". The fact that the film has been popular with the Canadian Army overseas seems to prove that we were on the right track.

It seems to me that the valid critical approach to Canadian art is—in the nature of our times—bound to be increasingly one that deals with sociological issues. In order to assess the value of our creative work, we shall have to judge it in terms of the artist's awareness of the vital forces in our national makeup: the brooding chill and vast horizons of the Shield, the architectural flash of machines, the shrewd gaze of our servicemen, our expanding frontiers in the air, and all the new images that mark a stirring of the national pulse.

But in judging thus, we shall not forget that any or all of such images can repose in a vase of flowers painted in an attic studio on a back street in Toronto or Moose Jaw or Dartmouth. That is at once the mystery and the simplicity of great art. No one will deny that a cypress of Van Gogh, a portrait of a nobleman by Bronzino or an interior by Vermeer are extremely personal documents. But they are documents also of their time and country.

Art in Native Dress

"Great art," observes Delacroix in his journal, "is universal, but it wears the dress of its century." And insofar as it wears, without ostentation or straining for effect, a native dress, we shall find the art of Canada a great art. Recent work in both service and civilian exhibitions seems to indicate that, from this standpoint, our painting and sculpture is in a healthier state than it has been since the high noon of the Group of Seven. I shall hope to write about this new work at a later date.

Matching bedcover and draperies of flower chintz add warmth and color to this room designed for a student. Wall maps and wall racks for magazines, carpenter-built cupboards of low lines stress simple comfort.

YOU SAID IT

For those at home war's talky-talky,
But this one's also walky-walky.

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● Because the needs of the armed forces always come first, new Kenwoods have until recently been very difficult to buy. With virgin wool more plentiful, there will be more Kenwoods available this year for civilian use.

Although the choice of colours is limited compared to pre-war days, the quality and durability of Kenwood Blankets are the same as ever. Made from selected wools, you will enjoy their fleecy and cozy warmth. Even in their limited colour range they will help to make your bedroom brighter and more home-y

And for the bride's hope chest, for anniversary gifts, a Kenwood Blanket is an ever treasured gift. See your Kenwood dealer to-day to avoid disappointment.

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Agony Column Condensed History of England's Fifth Year of War

By ANNE FRANCIS

THE Air Edition of The Times, printed on India paper, arrives in Canada irregularly, but sometimes a couple of days or so after it rolls off the press in London. Although there are only eight pages, the front page, as always, is devoted to classified ads—the traditional "agony columns" of song and story. The following ads all appeared in the September edition, two days before the black-out in London was modified after four years of darkness:

"Lodgings required by Harley Street doctor and small terrier dog immediately: dog must be permitted to sleep in master's room: he is well trained and will be out much of the day." What a story of loneliness or even tragedy those few lines tell. Perhaps the aged doctor—he must be on in years since most young doctors are in the armed forces—has recently been made homeless by a robot bomb. Perhaps his wife has been killed so that now he has only a fox terrier for companionship. Undoubtedly the little animal has his own chair or rug in a corner of the doctor's reception room. At night, he sleeps at the foot of his master's bed. Knowing the British, I am sure that there will be a landlady willing to break a lifetime rule and turn a blind eye to the shadowing figure of that small terrier dog.

"Great Dane—superbly bred and really beautiful orange brindle dog puppy. 5 months: will only be sold to an approved country home as companion where meat etc. supplies are assured—price 40 gns." I doubt if the dog will find many takers. The only Great Dane I ever knew intimately was a young and sprightly pup, without a trace of melancholy, called Hamlet. "Hammie" used to down a bottle of cod liver oil, a dozen eggs and three pounds of raw beef at a sitting and then hold his paws up and beg piteously for more. Undoubtedly, English dog lovers have secret caches of horse meat available for dogs and "hounds" but the word "supplies" would at least call for a bone.

QUESTION

THE silent hope unuttered in the
heart of man,
Somewhere behind the chained, the
trammelled action,
The faltering hands and the despairing sigh,
O, surely it cannot die!
One vision only lies before his eyes,
One goal, though many words have
clothed it,
One aim since ages past,
All ancient records proving the single
heart of man,
Art, poetry, and sculptured stone
since time began.
So many strong hands to usher in
and hail,
And still of no avail?

DIANA SKALA.

What D'ye Lack?

This one is a *cri de coeur* from a lady who has evidently decided that she will not "bulge for Britain." "URGENTLY WANTED—2-way corselet B-36-34-39." She is getting a bit thick in the waist judging by the measurements. I wonder how many ration coupons it takes to buy a new foundation garment.

"Wanted — Ladies high - heeled SHOES or BOOTS—heels 3 in. or higher, size 5½ or small 6: good condition important." Maybe she is a cow-girl who doesn't feel at home without high-heeled boots. More likely, she has been in the army for four years and never wants to wear a pair of flat-heeled brogues again. The American WACS call their service shoes "the gruesome twosome" which shows how women feel about wearing sensible shoes all the time.

"NAIL VARNISH REQUIRED: Peggy Sage or Revlon, any color. Please write stating price." The Canadian and American influence, I surmise. Our Army and Air women are not allowed to wear brightly colored nail polish on duty, but when they go on a "forty-eight" and doff their uniforms for a glamor dress, they can paint their nails the color of a fire engine and nobody minds. Liquid polish is definitely not the sort of gift one would want to put in an overseas package as it could ruin the other contents if it leaked or broke. One reason for the shortage I imagine. Incidentally, another ad further down the page reassures me that this particular need will be filled. It reads: "For Sale, Nail Polish, mahogany and tartar unopened."

"CARAVAN WANTED in good condition—write stating age, price, etc." A caravan does not mean a string of ruminating camels loaded with silks and spices and perfumes of Araby. In England a caravan is what we call a trailer. This ad obviously comes from a family, recently made homeless by bombing, which is anxious to put a roof over its head before winter comes.

These home seekers could already be settled if they only gave up the trailer idea and grabbed the following offer which appeared at the top of the next column. "FOR SALE—permanent floating home for four to six people, twin engined sea-going Motor Cruiser, 45 ft. headroom, ready for occupation: dock dues £4 a year: lying Glasson Dock, near Lancaster." If the yacht is too big they could always take in boarders.

"Married Woman"

"Lt. R—— B—— The Life Guards, previously reported missing, now in hospital in England." Those two lines may conceal one of the thousands of stories of heroism which will never be printed. Let us hope that by now Lt. R—— B—— is convalescing among friends and slowly forgetting the bite of Atlantic water and the grey desolation of northern seas.

A final advertisement is a reminder of the not so far off unhappy days when the arrival of refugee royalty was almost an every day event in England. It has to do with claims against the estate of a "married woman—H.R.H. Princess Tsa Hai Haile Selassie, deceased, late of the Imperial Palace, Addis Ababba, Ethiopia."

People with an eye to posterity are in the habit of burying air tight chests, containing newspapers and other contemporary documents, in the foundations of buildings. An historian who unearthed that copy of The Times, a thousand years hence, could create the social history of London in this the fifth year of war, much as present day archaeologists reassemble the aliquot parts of dinosaur and other prehistoric beasts.

THE OTHER PAGE

Memories of Woodrow Wilson and His Good Influence on Credit

By GEORGE D. PORTER

WHILE stopping at the old Breakers Hotel in Palm Beach, Florida, in 1905, I was introduced to Woodrow Wilson, then President of Princeton College.

To see this clear cut, alert and youthful looking man walking briskly along the corridors, one would not have suspected that he had any disability, but as he told me later, he had an inflammation of the veins in one of his legs, and on that account he generally sat of an evening with this painful member elevated upon a stool in a corner of the lounge.

Here he and Mrs. Wilson sat every evening, and, during our stay of over a week, my wife and I sat with them. We found them both very affable and friendly, and conversation seldom lagged until bedtime.

Had I surmised that six years later Mr. Wilson was to be the President of the United States, and that in a few short years millions throughout the world would acclaim him as one of the greatest men of all time, I would have been too shy to talk to him and would never have known him at all. As it was I enjoyed his sparkling conversation immensely and found him a delightful companion.

They say that he was cold and aloof, but I found him to be just the opposite. He was very friendly and companionable and seemed to enjoy general conversation and our little discussions over books and their authors, but naturally in these latter he always came out on top.

In one of these I mistook Matthew Arnold for Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of Asia" we were discussing, but he put me right so amiably that I felt grateful for his correction and quite ready for another tilt over some books with which I might be more familiar.

One evening he told me about a well known American author who had written asking him to write an article or review, favorable or otherwise, about his latest book, as a help towards bringing it into further notice. As this touched upon a national problem and Mr. Wilson did not agree with some of the views expressed in the book and did not care to get into any controversy over it, he wrote, refusing to do so. To this the author replied saying that some years previously he had been the means of procuring from a certain University an LL.D. degree for Mr. Wilson and he thought that this good turn deserved another.

"I never answered this," said Mr. Wilson. "The man is an ass at all times and crazy for notoriety."

Nevertheless this refusal seemed to bother him and I fancied that, even then, he was planning a second and final reply which the author would probably long remember.

Mr. Wilson told me the name of the author and of the book, and I was rather surprised at his discussing this so freely with me, but it shows how friendly and communicative he was.

"What do you think of the English?" I asked him one day.

"With certain definite reservations regarding some of them," he replied, "the best Englishmen are the highest type of manhood."

It never occurred to me that Mr. Wilson was a man of special importance to those outside academic circles, but the hotel management evidently thought otherwise and my association with him raised my credit with them at an opportune time. When I found my first week's hotel bill in my letter box one morning, I was out of funds. As yet I had paid no bills at the hotel, for a New York draft which I was expecting had never arrived, so I went to the desk and told the cashier that I was out of funds as an expected draft had not arrived.

To my surprise and great relief he said: "Oh, that will be all right."

"Yes, but I want to go on to Daytona in a day or so and I'll be short of money," I said.

"How much do you want?" he enquired.

"Seventy-five dollars would do for me now," I replied.

Without a word, he counted out the bills for that amount and handed them to me.

My credit at the Breakers showed that the old saying "A man is known by the company he keeps" still held good.

Confirming this I may say that when I arrived in Daytona my New York draft soon followed me, but when I presented it to the hotel manager in payment of my first account he seemed dubious about me and would not honor the draft until confirmed by the bank.

Some weeks later while on our way home we stopped at Atlantic City.

One foggy evening I was strolling alone on its great board walk, now almost deserted, when I saw, through the fog, a man slowly walking towards me, and as he came nearer I was startled to see that it was Woodrow Wilson. Happy at the sight of his now familiar face and eager to greet him, I was about to step forward and speak, but as he approached closer to me I saw that he was deeply absorbed in thought, and not having the heart to disturb him, I slipped quietly into the shadows and allowed him to pass on in peace.

WAKING SOUNDS IN THE CITY

WAKING sounds in the city
Are like the tuning-up process
Of a vast symphony.

Birds twitter in the trees
With sharp persistence.

Somewhere a motorcycle gives a fiery snort
And rares off, with a barrage of staccato back-fires.

The traffic in trucks
Begins to roll.
They climb the hill on our street
And rumble swifter
Down the other side.

A door slams in the apartment.
There is the hurrying thud of boots
As a war worker
Gets going.

The only quiet thing
Is the wash of fiery pink
In the morning sky!

MONA GOULD.

At your grocer's in two convenient sizes . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

Blended and packed in Canada

THE OTHER PAGE

Can't Our Novelists Arrange To Give Friend Hiawatha a Rest?

By JEAN TWEED

HIAWATHA bores me. He was all right as long as he stuck in Longfellow's poem; but now that he has been adopted by every Canadian writer as a paragon, he has become tedious and dull. I'll bet even the Indians think he's a fake.

I am tired of the white "Hiawatha". He appears first in every Canadian novel as a stripling of a boy in early Ontario. He is invariably straight of back, strong of muscle, and delights in the murmuring of the pines, the singing of the birds, and the dappled pattern of the leaves. (I wish the word "dappled" were omitted from every Canadian dictionary for fifty years. Maybe then the beauty of the word would return.)

His name is either Hugh, John or Michael. This never varies.

He grows up watching "husking bees," "barn-raising bees," "sewing bees," and yet he never seems to get stung. His eyes are either the blue of the skies, or a deep twinkling grey. He knows all the Indian words for everything (except whisky) and the Indians always teach him to paddle a canoe. None ever seem to give in to the impulse to scalp him.

He has a small Indian friend who grows up and becomes a "heap good blood brother" and eventually saves his life. This revolting incident recurs and recurs in the annals of "Hiawatha" until he finally reciprocates. Thus two dull lives are spared and the writer's ink flows on.

In the community there is also a stern, but just, man of God. He teaches the little boy to read, write, and love poetry. From then on the beauty of the Canadian sunset moves him tremendously, although his nature is too inarticulate to put it into words. Already he is showing signs of the strong, silent nature that is to be his.

He finally gets to be around twenty or thereabouts and, of course, he falls in love with some pretty English, or Scottish, maid just out from the Old Country. She is usually related to the minister, which shows she is educated and so will be able to understand "Hiawatha" in his inarticulate mutterings, and realize the beauty of soul that lies beneath . . . ever so far beneath.

Then we spend several chapters of agony with the new bride as she is inducted into the ritual of housekeeping in Old Ontario. We go through pages of pickling, canning, baking, scrubbing and sewing. Sometimes she has to card and spin wool, and then, of course, the pages are longer and more finely printed. I forgot to mention that the house is built by "Hiawatha's" bare hands, and he spends two summers on it. The main feature is a big stone fireplace, at which the bride is always amazed and delighted.

NOW the plot thickens. For some reason our Canadian boy has inherited the spirit of wanderlust that brought his old man out to this country in the first place. He has to see the western part of the great Dominion that stretches from sea to sea. So he leaves his poor wife to the tender ministrations of the neighbors, (one of whom is a warm-hearted, motherly, deep-bosomed woman), the timber wolves and the human wolves. These she fights off with varying degrees of self-control. Finally, the waiting begins to get her down, and she thinks about going back home. For a while it seems that the girl is human after all, but sooner or later her finer nature succeeds (block that conscience!) and patience and forbearance come to her rescue. This is the Old Ontario in her coming out.

There is a lot of religion bandied about at this time, and during the same period her first child is born. This gives her courage to go on, because "Hiawatha" Jr. has "something about the eyes" that reminds her of her missing husband. Me, I think it's a stye.

Now we plunge into the forests and find the husband fighting pestilence, death, grizzly bears and nature in the raw. But he is a strong, strapping fellow, and the vast wilderness never really gets him down. He remembers his sweet-faced wife from time to time, and dreams of his house with the stone fireplace. But the Canadian forests lure him on, and due to one thing and another he always gets held up for at least a year. About this time some one of his travelling companions turns villainous and carries off a poor Indian girl. He is some poor guy that the writer has carefully pointed out as a nasty child anyway, earlier in the book. Our virtuous Canadian persuades him to leave the girl in her natural surroundings before they return home. But never fear! We haven't finished with her yet. She'll turn up in Old Ontario.

WELL, our errant husband returns to his wife just in time. Usually she has a premonition of something happening before he turns up, and when he does, she's convinced she's psychic for the rest of her life. The "just in time" is because some local wolf has nearly captured the girl's heart and fireplace, but his only reward is to get a few teeth knocked out by the enraged husband (who loves that fireplace!) and slinks off to another homestead.

The little son is a great joy to "Hiawatha". He takes Junior (who always clutches sturdily onto papa's thumb) out into the woods to teach him about the birds and bees. Thus the vicious circle begins again.

By this time the wife knows her husband will always hit the open trail and that her chances of keeping him home to put up that kitchen cupboard are about nil. She bows her head to fate and goes out and buys a hammer.

That's about all of the story. There may be some variations. Usually a younger brother has died a horrible death, and the writer may be ambitious and carry the repelling story of "Hiawatha" on to the time when he becomes an old man. By then he is still straight of back, and more taciturn. His principles are still of the highest. The only great difference is that now his eyes no longer twinkle. They burn. Ah yes . . . those burning eyes!

But sometime, somewhere, some Canadian is going to revolt. He is going to write a book about an honest-to-God Canadian. He'll be an ordinary guy who grew up at home hating to do the chores. He will marry some girl who isn't bad to look at, and is a darned good cook. She'll be good and strong and won't mind if he goes off into the wilderness providing he brings back plenty of the old greenbacks. He won't try to wrest a living out of the soil just for the fun of it. He'll do it because he has to make a living. He'll hang around and carry hot water when his wife has a baby, and his appreciation of the sky and sunset will be tinctured with how the weather's going to turn out.

His principles will be no better and no worse than the next guy's, and he'll be just as scared of wolves as you or I.

There will be no deep-dyed villain who acts like a heel for no good reason. If he has to do a bit of skullduggery it will be because he's got a family and likes to see them eat.

Anyway, some day, some Canadian is going to take the trouble to study a little history and do a little research into the background of our forefathers. Then he will write his novel without benefit of romance and sentimentality. It will be most refreshing, and I hope he makes a million!

Today . . . *for them it's still* a Playtime World

Children will be children! Let them be. Play is their instinct for learning. Be glad you can spare them grown-up worries. They will soon enough inherit the problems of an adult world . . . problems you must now prepare them to face.

YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE SURE that their education, their start in life, won't be left to chance. You *can* be sure, with a suitable life insurance policy. Enquire today about the *low-cost* life insurance protection offered by the Mutual Life of Canada.

Have a Mutual Life representative explain the special features of this Company . . . and let him help you select an insurance policy adapted to *your* particular circumstances.

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Head Office: Waterloo, Ontario
75th Year

WINTER WOOLS

It isn't that they're fussy . . . it's just that women have very clear and definite ideas about the clothes they wear. They like to buy enduring things. Clothes that are simple and gracious, colours that are soft and gentle, style that isn't garish but just innately good, because it depends so much on cut and unobtrusive detail. Such dresses as EATON'S feature in the Women's Dress Departments.

EATON'S

British Security Plan Overlooks Inflation

By GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

There will be no crippling effect on the national economy, in Mr. Layton's view, from the British Government's social security plan. Rather, he sees the plan as both economically and politically good.

Major discussion centres on the Government's departure from the Beveridge Plan by not allowing for a rise and fall in the price level.

London.

THERE are two ways of looking at the British Government's White Papers on Social Insurance and Workmen's Compensation. One is political and the other is economic. Of the political aspect there is much to be said, but little of it falls within the compass of this article. It is generally understood in Westminster that the will of the people is for a comprehensive system of social insurance, à la Beveridge, and that this determination must be reckoned as an election influence no less formidable than the collateral determination of the people to enjoy a program of full employment.

Politically, therefore, it may be said without hyperbole that a social insurance scheme was inevitable. That is the broad truth. It then becomes necessary to consider why this particular set of proposals was so framed.

Most observers have been surprised more by the wide front on which the Government finds itself in agreement with the original Beveridge plan, and by the occasional improvements of it, than by the comparatively few points of departure and of inferiority. There can be only one answer to this. Undoubtedly, the Government was sceptical of the successful reception of a plan which did not retain the Beveridge inspiration almost in its entirety, and, equally undoubtedly, the economic advisers to the Government did not find it possible to achieve adequacy in the scheme except by following Beveridge closely.

It is believed that Sir William Beveridge himself was considerably surprised at the generosity of the Government's proposals, and the warmth of the people towards them is evident enough.

On the economic side, there are two major matters for consideration. The first is the question of the cost of the scheme to the country. The second is the question of why there is no tie-up between the monetary terms of the program and the movement of prices. The original antagonism to the Beveridge Plan was based on the supposition that the country could not afford it, and those who argued that way then will certainly argue that way again, for there is not much difference in the costs of the two schemes.

Beveridge would cost £697 millions in 1945 and £858 millions twenty years after; the new plan will cost £650 millions in 1945 and £796 millions in 1965.

Difference Even Smaller

In fact, the real difference in cost is even smaller, for the Government's proposals seek to atone for a reduction in the rate proposed by Beveridge for children by providing school meals and other benefits in kind, while there is also an item of at least £20 millions for the industrial injury program, which is the subject of a special White Paper. Not all this sum comes from the Exchequer. Forty-four per cent of it will be derived from contributions, the Treasury (i.e. the taxpayer) meeting the rest.

However it is viewed, it cannot be

(Continued on Next Page)

Look closer, for everything here that glitters is really gold. These are various types of gold bars (ranging from 10 to 400 oz. troy weight), held in the Bullion Office of the Bank of England which is seen below.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Framework for the Postwar

By P. M. RICHARDS

"A TERRIBLE dilemma is posed: Shall we have unemployment and economic liberty, or jobs and dictatorship" says Stuart Chase. This sounds smart but it is not an accurate statement of our position. Rather we face a problem, that of finding means to have an adequate volume of employment and a satisfactory amount of personal liberty at one and the same time. So far we've made little real effort to do this, and the time is getting short. We need, first to agree on a policy. Below, reprinted from the October Fortune, but slightly abbreviated, appears a 12-point statement of economic philosophy prepared by William B. Benton of the U.S. Committee for Economic Development. It seems to merit our consideration.

1. The good of all—the common good—is a means to the enduring happiness of every individual in society and is superior to the economic interest of any private group, not only in war (when the validity of the principle is obvious) but in peace as well.

2. The privilege and responsibility of every citizen in a democratic society is to share in defining the common good as well as in giving service to it. The economic system is a tool for achieving the common good and in a free society is shaped, maintained and modified by the free choice of the whole community.

3. The economic system chosen by the American community is loosely (often too loosely) called the free-enterprise system. This system when it functions properly, permits the maximum freedom to the individual consistent with the common good.

4. In a democracy there is a place for private enterprise and there is a place for public enterprise, and it is necessary to clarify basic lines of division between them. The area for private enterprise should extend to the limit of the ability of private individuals better to serve the common good. Beyond this limit, government enterprise can better serve that good.

5. In that part of the economy where private enterprise can better serve the common good, the people through their government must devise and enforce rules of the game—reasonably stable rules that will encourage private, voluntary enterprise—rules to which government itself will adhere and which government will enforce—rules that intelligent and forward-looking men can understand and under which they can operate for the common and their own good.

6. Essential to a system of free enterprise is a climate in which new, small, and independent business can be conceived and born, can grow and prosper. New, small business is the bulwark of a system of free and private enterprise. If the opportunities for new business are destroyed or otherwise disappear, a system of free enterprise will atrophy.

7. It is in the public interest that business organizations be allowed to grow and become great as the result of useful service to the community. Provided that the power that comes with size is not permitted to stifle competition and is not permitted in other ways to be abused, big business can serve the common good.

8. To compensate for the weakness of their individual bargaining position, wage earners need the right to combine into organizations for collective bargaining. Provided that the power of these organizations is not permitted to stifle technical progress, or unduly to limit access to jobs, or in other ways to be abused, labor unions can serve the common good.

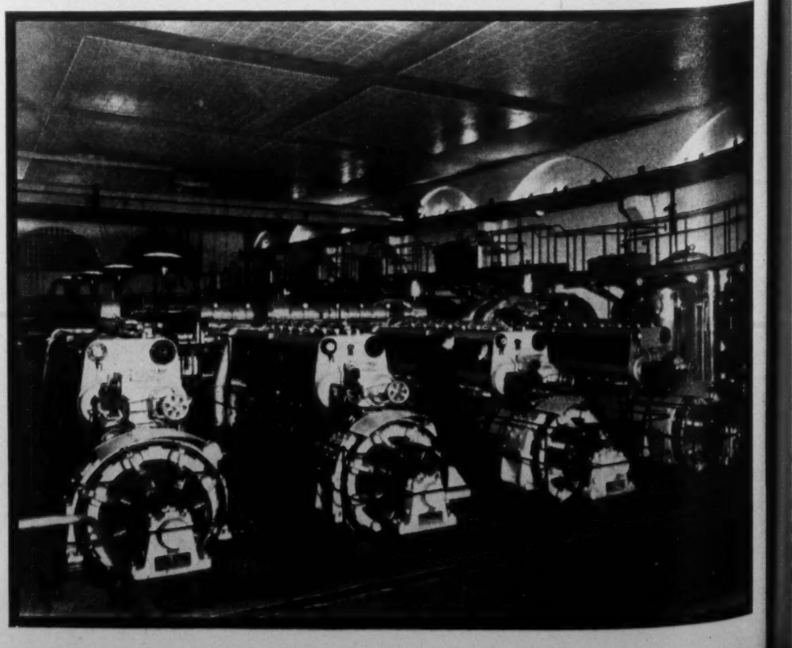
9. It is the natural tendency of men with interests in common to organize into groups for their own advantage. Such organizations, not only in business and labor but in agriculture and among veterans and consumers and others, can help their members and the general community to a better understanding of the relation of individual interests to the common interest. However, should they use their power to further monopolistic practices, cartels, or other special interests that check the rise of the country's standard of living, they can become dangerous.

10. Prolonged and severe depressions, as the result of which millions lose their savings and their jobs, cannot be accepted as natural and irremediable phenomena. The people's elected representatives and the agencies of government are responsible for establishing fiscal, monetary, and other policies that help prevent the fever of inflation and the paralysis of deflation and depression. Constructive policies respecting taxation and public expenditures (including expenditures for public works), intelligent handling of the national debt, and enlightened control over credit and money can greatly retard or prevent excessive swings of the business cycle.

11. While taking steps to expand private employment and needed public employment, the government must do its best to provide for those who are unable to find work, never losing sight of the fact that unemployment benefits are at best but a poor substitute for the opportunity to work and earn a living. Through their federal government, the American people have wisely provided a program of social security—unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. Such individual protection against hazards should be extended as rapidly as practicable.

12. An economic system based on private enterprise can better serve the common good, not because it enables some men to enrich themselves, but because it develops a high and rapidly rising standard of living. It can provide the maximum economic opportunity for the largest number of individuals and protect the individual from the dangers inherent in too great a concentration of either private or public power.

To the present writer, this appears to be a pretty sound basic philosophy.



To date the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" has escaped bomb damage, but actually the Bank is equipped to carry on in almost any emergency. Well protected deep below street level are these diesel engine driven electric generators which supply light and power for essential services. A room in the vaults has been furnished for use in emergency by the Board of Directors. Voluntary fire guards have been operating in the bank since the first of the war. Since 1780 a detachment of the Guards has mounted nightly guard there, but the bank is now protected day and night by Military Police who have their own quarters within the bank.

(*Continued from Page 46*)

argued that the proposed burden, real as it is, will represent a crippling charge upon the national resources. The analogy with the cost of the war is admittedly false, but the sharp comparison between something like £15 millions a day for war over a more than 5-year period and the approximate £1¾ millions a day that the social security plan will cost in 1945 (and of this more than half would anyway be expended under existing schemes) is striking enough.

It is, of course, true that the Government is also committed to other programs that will cost money, and the conclusion is indeed inescapable that a strong and persisting uptrend in the national income will be required to keep these allocations in reasonable proportion. But it is necessary to ask whether from either the political or economic standpoints the Government could afford not to have the program.

The political good is self-evident; the economic good emerges from the truism that they work best and longest who live outside the shadow of literal poverty. Also, it is to be noted that, so far from the plan tending to destroy initiative, it is likely to stimulate industry and commerce to new efforts, to cover the not-negligible addition to working costs that it will entail.

Relation to Prices

The question of relating the scheme to price movements is being forcibly debated in economic circles. Sir William Beveridge allowed for a rise in the price level, and the monetary scale of his insurance plan was specifically tied to the price assumption. The Government scheme, on the other hand, makes no such allowance.

It is here that criticism of the proposals is most acute. Obviously, a purely monetary scale of "security" is quite meaningless except in the context of a certain price level. It is not money, but what money will buy that counts.

Perhaps the Government is convinced that the present level of prices will not alter significantly, and if that proves correct no one will quarrel with the adequacy of the majority of the benefits. But it is difficult to guess what substance there could be in such a conviction, which would be altogether against the evidence.

Britain has had a substantial degree of inflation already in the war, and the indications are that the trend will be maintained, if not accelerated, after the war, when control is relaxed, and the appeal not to spend loses its major force. It is to be hoped that the discussion of the proposals in Parliament will not leave this radical issue unresolved.

New and remarkable speeds in assembling prefabricated houses for bombed-out Londoners were demonstrated recently at a Bloomsbury building exhibition. From beginning to end, ten men took five and a half days to build the house. Most of the walls, ceilings and floors are made of wood cement, 16 ins. thick. Each wall and ceiling is a single factory-produced unit, but the joints of the wall units are sealed with a hot iron as shown above. The complete floor was laid in seven minutes and 40 mins. later was secured by screws.

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It will give a continuous winning performance in the race for lower production costs.

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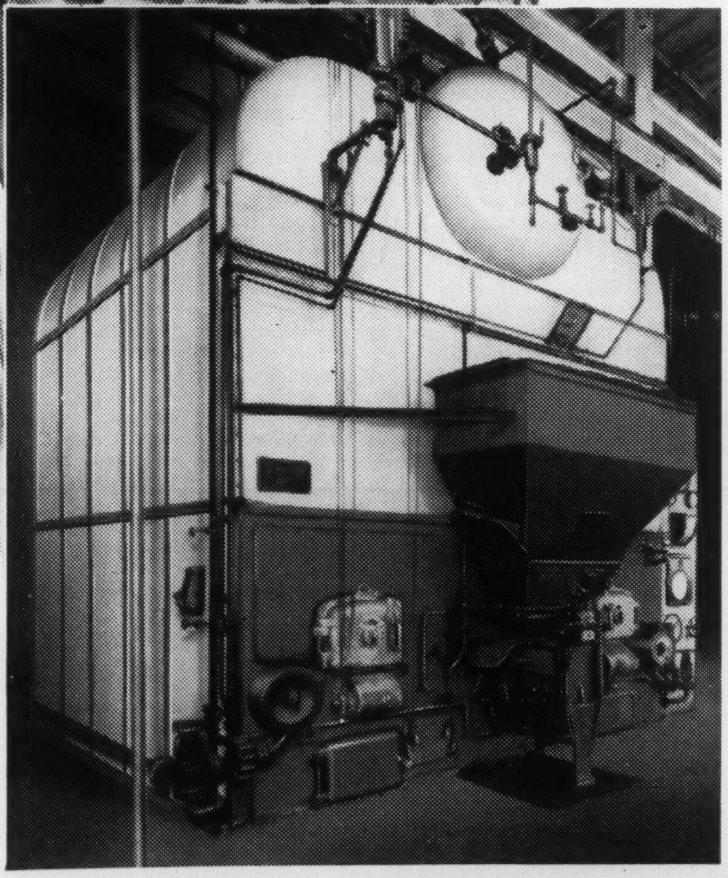
Ask your Consulting Engineer to check over your present equipment and give a report on its efficiency. Vickers will gladly co-operate in any alterations and installations which he may recommend.



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

H. V. A., New Westminster, B.C.—While street certificates are saleable as readily as any other, if a market exists for the stock, one of the principal advantages of having them in your own name is that the directors of the company can keep you informed of developments. Further, if the company is paying a dividend the distribution naturally will go to the name on which the certificate is registered. MOOSHLA GOLD MINES, LIMITED, has been succeeded by Mooshla Gold Mines Co., Limited, on the basis of 100 new shares for one old, subject to pool. Some time ago the company advertised requesting shareholders to have certificates registered in their own name so they may receive information on new property interests acquired. The transfer agent is Guaranty Trust Company of Canada, 70 Richmond St. West, Toronto 1. A group of 31 claims is still held in Bousquet township by Mooshla and this property is likely to be further explored when conditions warrant. Thirteen claims were sold to Mic-Mac Exploration for $50,000, and this year property in Malartic township was sold to Lapalartic Mines for a share interest.

W. N. B., Hamilton, Ont.—CANADIAN BREWERIES' report for the year ending Oct. 31, 1944, will not be out for some time, but reflecting expansion in business volume resulting partly from acquisition of additional subsidiaries, the company's net profits (taking credit for the estimated refundable portion of excess profits tax) continued to show a marked upward trend through the 9 months ended July 31, 1944—despite the fact that provision for the excess profits tax siphoned off the bulk of the improvement in earnings before taxes. For the three months to July 31, 1944 net profits including estimated refundable tax were $434,218 against $281,387 in the corresponding period of last year, being an increase of 55%. For the nine months to July 31, 1944, net profits including estimated refundable tax were $839,718 against $569,107 in the corresponding 1943 period—a gain of 47%. These increases were shown after provision for income and excess

Lake of the Woods Milling Co. Ltd.

THE Canadian flour milling industry, of which Lake of the Woods Milling Company Limited is an important unit, has been operating to capacity during the war years and the heavy demand for Canadian flour is expected to continue for many years after the cessation of hostilities. European mills have been destroyed and their grain supply cut off by the war. The Dominion will have to provide food for the peoples of impoverished Europe. Rebuilding of continental mills and postwar trade agreements will be factors in the length of time the Canadian industry will operate at capacity for the handling of export business.

Canada as one of the largest grain growing nations in the world is in a position to produce flour economically and it is possible postwar trade agreements will recognize this fact. The increased tonnage of shipping built in recent years will be available for carrying Canadian flour to world markets and bringing back other products. Following the First World War, continental countries took to growing grains and milling flour so as to be less dependent on outside sources. Should the threat of future wars be removed, such countries could leave the milling of flour to those nations which can do so most economically and divert their efforts to manufacturing and production of commodities for which they are better suited and which could be exported to secure funds for payment of imports.

Net profits of the Lake of the Woods Milling for the fiscal year ended August 31, 1944, amounted to $386,964 and after preferred dividends was equal to $1.91 per share of common stock, compared with $341,134 and $1.60 per share for the previous year. The 1943 profit included no refundable tax as under present arrangement no portion of the excess profits tax from August 1, 1943, accrues to the company. The increase in net profit for 1943, compared with 1942, is accounted for by the provision by which the Standard Base Profits were increased to the extent of 5% of the increase in the capital employed from September 1, 1938. The net profit provides a substantial margin over the current annual dividend rate of $1.20 per share on the common stock, and in view of the improved liquid position an increased rate of dividend is possible. Surplus of $2,775,829 at August 31, 1944, was an increase from $1,931,514 at August 31, 1939.

The company has been able to report an improvement in net working capital over a period of years with the totals of $2,464,089 at August 31, 1944, an increase from $2,263,857 at the end of the preceding year, and increase from $1,085,105 at August 31, 1938.

Outstanding capital at August 31, 1944, consisted of 15,000 shares of 7% cumulative preferred stock of $100 par and 147,689 common share of no par value. The preferred stock is non-callable and is preferred as to assets and dividends. The currently outstanding common shares are the result of a three for one split in 1928 of the old common of $100 par.

Dividends are paid to date on the preferred stock and the current annual rate on the common is $1.20 per share, payable quarterly. Dividends were paid on the present common at the annual rate of $3.20 from June 1, 1928, to December 1, 1930 inclusive. No further distributions were made on the common until the payment of 50c June 1, 1940, with similar payments December 1940 and June 1941. A final dividend of 20c a share was paid for the fiscal year ended August 1941 and the current annual quarterly basis of 30c per share established with the December 1941 payment.

Lake of the Woods Milling Company, Limited, was incorporated in 1903 with a Dominion Charter, and operates five flour mills with a daily capacity of approximately 15,000 barrels per day in Ontario, Manitoba and Alberta, and 110 grain elevators in the Western Provinces. The company controls Inter City Baking Company Limited, through ownership of the majority of the capital stock. This baking company and subsidiaries operates in Eastern Canada and has a daily capacity of 100,000 loaves and 2,500 pounds of cake.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive follows:

	Price Range High	Price Range Low	Earned Per Share	Price Earnings Ratio High	Price Earnings Ratio Low	Dividends Per Share
1944	26½-a	23-a	$1.91	14.0	12.0	$1.20
1943	26½	19	1.60	16.6	11.9	1.20
1942	20¼	14¾	2.79	7.3	5.3	1.20
1941	18½	12	2.53	7.3	4.7	1.20
1940	27	14	2.52	10.7	5.6	0.50
1939	28½	13¼	3.19	9.0	4.2	—
Average 1939-1944				10.1	6.6	
Approximate current ratio				13.3		
Approximate current yield				4.7%		

a—To Date.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Year Ended August 31	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$ 386,964	$ 341,134	$ 517,060	$ 478,700	$ 476,601	$ 576,694
Surplus	2,775,829	2,666,983	2,608,075	2,373,242	2,176,770	1,931,514
Current Assets	5,080,569	7,154,476	4,045,667	4,373,085	2,482,839	1,759,804
Current Liabilities	3,216,481	4,890,619	2,181,981	2,870,897	1,221,113	674,699
Net Working Capital	2,464,089	2,263,857	1,863,686	1,502,188	1,261,726	1,085,105

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WINNIPEG, REGINA, EDMONTON

THE MONTREAL COTTONS LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A QUARTERLY DIVIDEND OF ONE AND THREE QUARTERS PERCENT (1¾%), being at the rate of seven percent (7%), per annum, has been declared upon the preferred stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1944.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Valleyfield, October 18th, 1944.

The Montreal Cottons Limited

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A DIVIDEND OF ONE PERCENT (1%), has been declared upon the Common Stock of the Company, and cheques will be mailed on the fifteenth day of December next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1944.

By Order of the Board,
CHAS. GURNHAM,
Secretary-Treasurer.

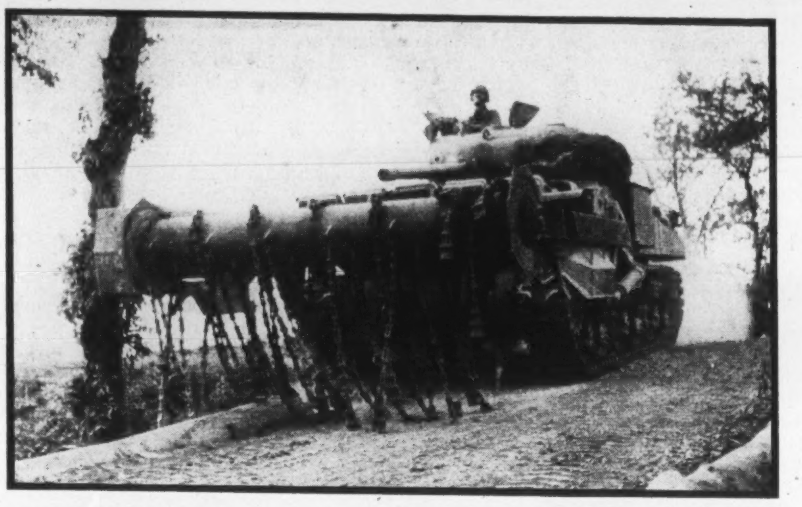
Valleyfield, October 18th, 1944.

profits taxes, less estimated refundable portion, of $1,261,750 in the July quarter against $606,000 in the like 1943 quarter, and of $2,255,750 for the 9 months to July 31, 1944 against $1,226,500 for the same period a year ago.

B. L. E., Moncton, N.B.—Whether or not ASTORIA QUEBEC MINES will locate ore deposits of commercial importance is something yet to be determined. Extensive diamond drilling has been completed in the latest program on its Rouyn property, about a mile south of Stadacona Rouyn Mines. This exploration indicated a persistence of values, although mainly on the low side, and it is possible lenses may be found which would be investigated by underground work when such development is again permitted. Occasional intersections in the drilling lead to the hope that deposits of commercial grade and size may yet be indicated.

J.A.C., Perth, Ont.—Yes, earnings on CANADIAN LOCOMOTIVE CO.'s common stock during the past three years have been substantial, but those for 1943 and 1942 were represented mostly by the refundable portion of the excess profits tax. Net for 1943 amounted to $7.86 per share, of which $6.78 represented the refundable portion of the tax, leaving retained net for that year of $1.08 per share. In 1942, out of net earnings of $4.23 per share the refundable portion of the tax amounted to $2.56, leaving retained net $1.67 per share—a total for the refundable tax in two years of $9.34 per share. The large net earnings shown for 1943 were after a deduction of 27% interest on the 6% bonds, covering current interest and arrears, while the earnings shown for 1942 came after charging 12% on interest account. At the present time interest and sinking fund payments are fully in accordance with the terms of the trust deed. Orders on the books and in prospect indicate that the company will enjoy a good volume of business for years to come.

N. M. Aylmer, Ont. — A total of seven groups of claims are controlled by MYLAMAQUE MINES in Quebec, Ontario and the Northwest Territories, and exploration of four of these is now underway. The company's original property of 800 acres adjoins south of the producing Lamaque Gold Mines in Bourlamaque township, Quebec, where two drills are operating. Property is also held in the Kirkland Lake, Missanabie and Kenora areas of Ontario, as well as in the Yellowknife district. In addition to drilling the Quebec property, drills are also at work in Kenora and Missanabie and a crew is prospecting the Yellowknife group of claims. The company recently reported having $50,000 cash on hand, and there is still available 1,200,000 shares of the authorized capital of 3,000,000 shares for further financing.



The British are using flail tanks to clear paths through Nazi minefields in Holland. The flailing chains on a revolving cylinder beat against the ground and set off anti-personnel as well as anti-tank mines. These tanks also played a part in clearing invasion beaches of mines.

CAPITAL TRUST
CORPORATION LIMITED

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 326

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of FIFTEEN CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after FRIDAY the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st October, 1944.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on MONDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER next.
The Chair to be taken at noon.
By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.
Montreal, 17th October, 1944.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED
DIVIDEND NO. 104

A quarterly dividend of 25¢ a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Cumulative Dividend Redeemable Preference Stock of this Company, payable Friday, December 15, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, November 10.

DIVIDEND NO. 105

A dividend of $1.00 a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Common Stock of this Company payable Friday, December 15, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, November 10.

By Order of the Board,
FLETCHER RUARK,
Secretary.
Walkerville, Canada
October 4, 1944.

ALUMINIUM LIMITED
COMMON DIVIDEND

On October 19th 1944, a quarterly dividend of $2.00 was declared on the Common Shares of this Company payable in Canadian Funds December 5th, 1944, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 9th, 1944.

Montreal
October 19th, 1944
J. A. DULLEA,
Secretary

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

U.S. Election Pros and Cons

BY HARUSPEX

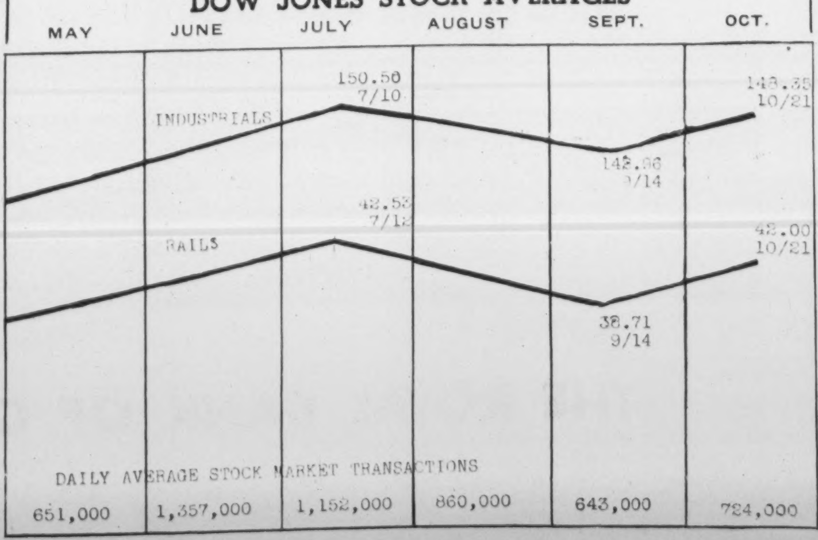
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

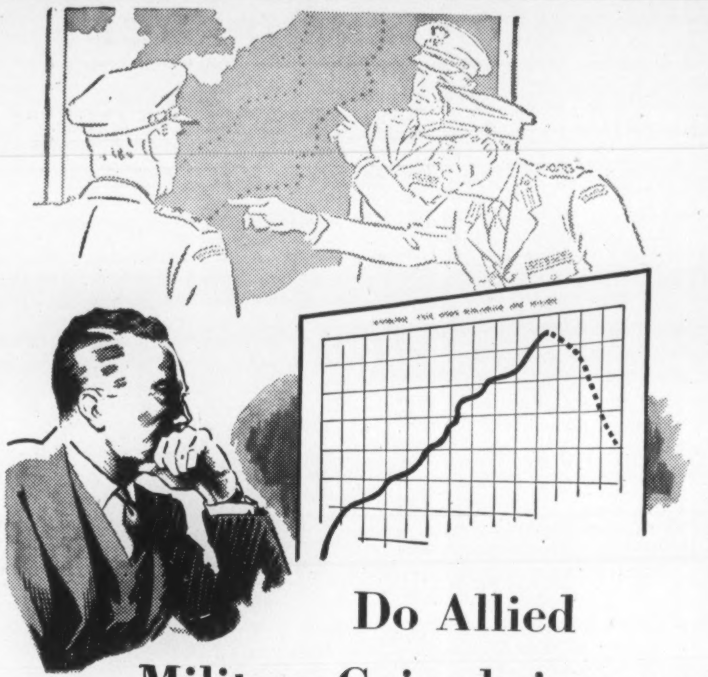
THE SEVERAL-MONTH OR SHORT TERM TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the late July 1944 high points of 150.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 42.53 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

Over the past five weeks the New York stock market has been caught between relatively narrow limits, the eventual upside or downside breaking of which will give some clue to the broader direction. These limits are the July rally peaks of 42.53 and 150.50 on the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages and the September support points at 38.71 and 142.96. Decisive downside breaking of the September support by both averages, with volume rising, would strongly suggest that the "reconversion" break or readjustment period from war to peace was under way. To the contrary, decisive upside penetrations would not only signal a reversal in the short term trend to an upward direction, but would indicate that the primary upmove from April 1942 had further to go. In such event, the 160/165 level on the Dow-Jones industrial average, alluded to in our Forecasts during market strength of last July as a possibility, might be achieved.

Currently, the market is near the upper limits mentioned above. The recent strength, in our opinion, has been based upon (1) an increasing opinion that the war in Europe will not end this year, thereby postponing the reconversion reckoning, (2) plus growing optimism with respect to Dewey's chances for the American Presidency. Dewey's election, as we view the matter, would justify an advance in the market, based upon the investment optimism that would thereby be engendered with respect to the longer-term future. We believe this advance would be temporary, however, as the problems of reconversion would still have to be faced, even under Mr. Dewey. Accordingly, any sharp run-up in prices that occurred because of a public conviction that Mr. Dewey was to be elected, or because of post-election evidence to such effect, would appear to us more as a buying climax, or place for further sales, than as an occasion for loading up with stocks.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES





Do Allied Military Gains bring you closer to Credit Losses?

Each item of good news from overseas emphasizes an impending business risk! Transition from war to peace will be full of uncertainties and upsets. War industry's shutoffs, layoffs and payoffs will jolt many a business. But what companies will be hit? How hard? How soon? Nobody knows.

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President
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ABOUT INSURANCE

Fire Safety of Ships and Wharves Necessary to Ensure Victory

By GEORGE GILBERT

In view of the vital importance of shipping in the successful prosecution of the war in Europe, in the Pacific and elsewhere, every precaution must be taken to protect vessels, cargoes and port facilities from damage or destruction by fire or any other cause.

Fire is unquestionably one of the main perils threatening the safety of ships and shipping facilities, and the adoption and rigid enforcement of special security measures becomes necessary if losses from this hazard are to be kept within reasonable limits.

AS HAS been pointed out by more than one authority, the number of vessels the Allied Nations can build, put in service and keep in service largely constitutes the margin between victory and defeat. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that public interest in ships and shipping has become more intense than ever before.

Because fire is one of the most deadly menaces to the safety of vessels and their cargoes and also port facilities, various government regulations have been put into effect with respect to the handling and storing of explosives and other dangerous articles on board vessels, and for the security of vessels in port and the protection of wharves and piers. Across the line the U.S. Coast Guard has entered the fight to protect ships and shipping facilities against fire, and now maintains and operates a fleet of over 250 fire boats, fully manned and equipped and ready for service. These boats do not operate as independent units but are intended to supplement the waterside protection afforded by municipal fire departments, and their responses to fires and their fire-fighting operations are closely co-ordinated with these departments.

According to a recent official report, the Coast Guard's fire protection activities are concerned with: "(a) Preventing of fire so far as it is possible; (b) Detecting as promptly as possible those fires that do occur; and (c) Providing means for extinguishment."

Training Methods

A training station is maintained by the Coast Guard at Fort McHenry where port security personnel are trained not only in the technique of extinguishing fires in vessels, but also in gaining access to the compartment in which the fire is located, in approaching close to the fire, using protective means such as oxygen breathing apparatus and fog or spray nozzles. As the report points out, it is not enough to know that foam is a good extinguishing agent for an oil fire; the fire-fighter must know how to put the foam on it. As a ship is a closed container, attack on a ship fire must usually be made from above, a most difficult avenue of approach.

Training of personnel is made as practical as possible. While enough theory is taught to give an insight into the chemistry of fire, the travel of heated gases, the combustive properties of various materials, the tactical use of various extinguishing agencies and devices, for the most part the trainee learns by doing. Advantage is also taken of local fire department training facilities, as the Coast Guard units must work in close co-operation with municipal fire departments which they supplement. Not only are Coast Guard fire-fighters constantly drilling and training, but every man on port protection work, whether it be guarding, sentry duty, patrol activity or inspection work, is given the essential rudiments of fire-fighting training.

Emphasis in the report is placed on the fact that the Coast Guard's fire protection activities are based on the principle that the proverbial ounce of prevention is worth more than the pound of cure, and that more effort and more thought is expended in preventive effort than in any other. In this connection it is pointed out that the greatest attention is given to those situations where the hazard is greatest or the cargoes are of prime importance.

Ammunition Ships

Before they go to the loading terminal, ammunition and explosives ships are given a thorough inspection for the purpose of eliminating all fire hazards, checking the condition of fire-fighting equipment, and in general to make sure that they are as safe as they can be made. All loading of ammunition vessels with explosives is supervised by a specially trained commissioned officer. During the loading special fire-fighting equipment is stationed at the pier, either a fire boat or trailer pumps, or perhaps both, with crews ready for action. Coast Guard details supervise not only the loading of those products commonly thought of as munitions of war, but also their chemical components, raw materials necessary for their manufacture, and other hazardous products such as ammonium nitrate for fertilizer.

Inspection of vessels is made by picked personnel, generally officers or petty officers with sea-going experience who have been trained in fire prevention and protection methods and who are thoroughly familiar with the regulations for the security of vessels in port. Their inspections deal with such matters as the sufficiency and alertness of guards; type of cargo being loaded; locking or guarding of critical spaces; availability and condition of fire extinguishing appliances; existence of fire hazards such as accumulations of rubbish, grease or oil; welding or burning operations; condition of engine and fire room, paint locker, boatswain's locker; posting of no smoking signs; and emergency towing hawsers.

Security Guards

In the case of important vessels, a security guard detail may be posted on the ship and at the gangway, special fire inspectors may be used to patrol the ship, and additional stand-by fire protection may be provided. In ordinary cases, the Coast Guard sees to it that ships' officers and guards are informed of location of fire alarm boxes, of pier extinguishing equipment, telephones and of emergency telephone numbers. Instruction signs and placards must be provided in different languages for the benefit of foreign ships.

From the very complete fire records kept by the Coast Guard, it appears that since January 1, 1944, a total of 320 fires have occurred in the United States on board vessels of all types, including tugs, barges and motor-boats. The main cause was welding and burning, as was logically to be expected, which accounted for 100 fires, or 31.3 per cent of the total. Only one of the 320 fires was attributable to riveting operations. The second major cause was careless smoking which accounted for 46 fires, or 14.4 per cent.

Among the miscellaneous fires recorded were several caused by overheated winch gear; others were caused by dropping tools or metal objects, creating sparks which ignited paint, turpentine or gasoline fumes. Spontaneous ignition fires were mostly coal bunker fires, although four fires developed from leaky containers of phosphorus.

Two fires occurred as a result of cargo cluster lights being carelessly buried in coal bunkers. The screened cargo lights were left in the bunker in a lighted condition, and the bunkers were then filled with coal. Ignition took place several hours later from the heat generated. One fire in a vessel being fitted out resulted from failure to remove wooden disks protecting the elements of an electric range installed in the galley. These disks ignited when generators were being tested.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you tell me anything about the Ministers' Life and Casualty Union, with headquarters at Minneapolis, Minn.? Do they operate as an insurance company, and are they regularly licensed to do business in Canada?

—T. J. A., Colborne, Ont.

Ministers' Life and Casualty Union, with head office at Minneapolis, Minn., and Canadian headquarters at Toronto, has been in existence since

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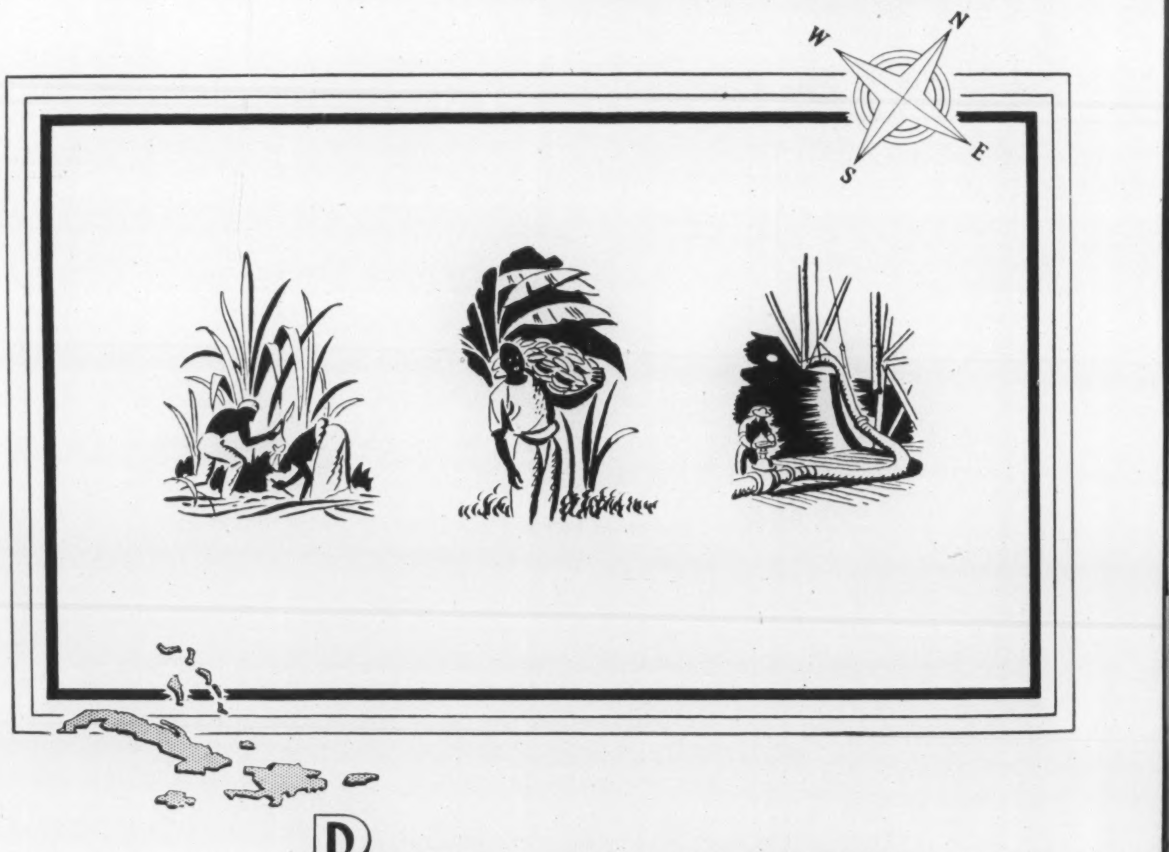

Points of Contact in the West Indies

Since the establishment of its first branch in Havana in 1899, The Royal Bank of Canada has become one of the best known business institutions throughout Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico and the islands of the British West Indies. This wide network of branches provides the Canadian business man with a convenient avenue through which to arrange his collections and other banking business in the Islands and to investigate future trade possibilities in this area.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

1901, and has been operating in Canada under Dominion registry since June 20, 1935. It is regularly licensed in this country as a fraternal benefit society, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the exclusive protection of Canadian members. All claims are readily collectable, and it is safe to insure with for fraternal insurance, as it is required to maintain a Government deposit in Canada of an amount equal at least to the reserve on its policies in force in this country. At the end of 1943 its total admitted assets in Canada were $350,627, while its total liabilities in this country amounted to $240,899, showing an excess of assets in Canada over liabilities in Canada of $109,728. It is authorized to transact life, accident and sickness insurance in this country in accordance with its articles of incorporation, constitution and laws.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Gold Discoveries in Manitoba Promise Well for Postwar

By JOHN M. GRANT

IS THE mining industry in Manitoba, a province of which three-fifths is potential mineral-bearing territory, destined to grow increasingly important? Only time will answer this question but gold discoveries have been made which give material assurance that new and promising developments will follow the end of the war. It is less than three decades since metal mining first appeared in that province and, while there have been disappointments, optimism prevails as the search for new mines progresses. Reason for this renewed optimism is found in activities in the Snow-Herb Lake area of Northern Manitoba, where a camp of real importance appears to be shaping up.

Encouraging results have been obtained in the Snow-Herb Lake area, which has been attracting considerable attention from prospectors and developers for the past two years, following the success which attended extensive diamond drilling by Howe Sound Exploration Company. This activity has resulted in the discovery of some of the most promising gold occurrences exposed to date in Manitoba. Today, without ostentation, and lacking the usual promotional activity which heralds new mining fields, there is evidence that exploration efforts of a number of established mining companies is providing the basis for a major gold-producing camp. Already one mill is projected as soon as Ottawa removes restrictions. With such companies as Howe Sound, Pioneer Gold Mines, Northern Canada Mining Corporation, Macassa, Consolidated Mining and Smelting, Sherritt Gordon, the Jowsey interests and International Mining Corporation, active there, it can be expected the postwar period will witness intensive development of the area's possibilities.

Snow Lake is located about 90 miles northeast of the town of The Pas and immediately to the west of the north end of Herb Lake, scene of some of the earliest gold discoveries in the history of the Province. The Parres group of claims was brought to the attention of Howe Sound Exploration in the fall of 1940, and scouts and prospectors for other mining companies entered the area in the fall of 1942 and early spring of 1943. Staking has extended from the Howe Sound ground to the west, east and northeast. Pioneer Gold and Northern Canada, in partnership, are reported to have four good surface finds on their 128 claims. The newest and most spectacular is on the Morgan Lake group, staked this year, about 10 miles southwest of Snow Lake. Sherritt-Gordon has also reported a gold discovery on its large claim group northeast of Snow Lake.

Although there has been no official word on the size and grade of the deposit indicated by 50,000 feet of diamond drilling on the Howe Sound claims, there have been unofficial reports of some 2,000,000 tons of around $7 material. Recently an engineer was said to be on the ground surveying the mill site and while the size of the plant is a matter for conjecture, figures mentioned run from 1,000 to 2,000 tons. The coming into production of mines in the Snow-Herb Lake area should prove to be of the greatest importance at a time when postwar construction will be receiving general attention. Some hope is held that the government will relax restrictions on development with a view to affording postwar employment.

The decline in mineral production in Manitoba in 1942 and '43, was not due in any way to lessened activity within the Province, but rather to the increased amount of ore being drawn from the Saskatchewan side of the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company's Flin Flon property. The over-all value of production last year was only down about $800,000 from 1942 when total production was $14,643,269. Both God's Lake and Gunnar proved war casualties. Output of base metals in 1943 was higher than in the previous year while gold recovery dropped.

Northland Mines (1940) Ltd., holds 23 claims, together with an option on 11 additional claims in Gauthier township, Kirkland Lake area. The company is capitalized at 3,500,000 shares, of which 2,700,000 are outstanding, including 990,000 shares in escrow and 1,290,600 sold for cash. Options are outstanding on 800,000 shares at prices ranging from nine cents to 50 cents a share. In operations by a predecessor company, a two-compartment shaft was sunk to a depth of 1,000 feet and about 5,000 feet of lateral work completed on two levels. A second shaft was sunk 50 feet and a little lateral work completed. A contract was recently let for 10,000 feet of diamond drilling from surface and this work is securing some results. Drilling in the southwest portion of the property where ore sections were found in former drilling, has extended the zone for a length of 600 feet and gave values from $8 to $17.50 over two-foot widths. Gold values have also been found in drill holes on each side of this zone.

Recent listings on the Toronto Stock Exchange include Heath Gold Mines and Northland Mines. Heath holds a block of six claims in Todd township, Red Lake area. The company is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares, of which 2,100,005 are outstanding, including 700,000 held in escrow: Coin Lake Gold Mines underwrote 600,000 shares at 10 cents each and has since purchased 250,000 shares at 15 cents and a like number at 20 cents. Options are held on 250,000 shares at 30 cents per share and 150,000 at 40 cents. Bulk sampling of part of one of the zones has indicated the possibility that a large low grade orebody occurs W. P. Mackle, consulting engineer, expresses the opinion that the property has an excellent chance of developing into a large tonnage, low cost operation with a possible grade of between $6 and $7.

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F. B. DALGLEISH, Chief Agent.

Certificates of Registry

Notice is hereby given that the Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company has been granted Certificate of Registry Number C 984 by the Dominion Insurance Department, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Earthquake Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, in addition to the classes for which they are already registered.

F. B. DALGLEISH, Chief Agent.

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